

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

OUTRAGEOUSLY
CHEAP!

395



PECS
AND WHAT TO
DO WITH THEM

BIG MEAT
ROUND-UP

SPANKING
HAND-TO-MAN

NEW! OUR
LEATHER REPORT

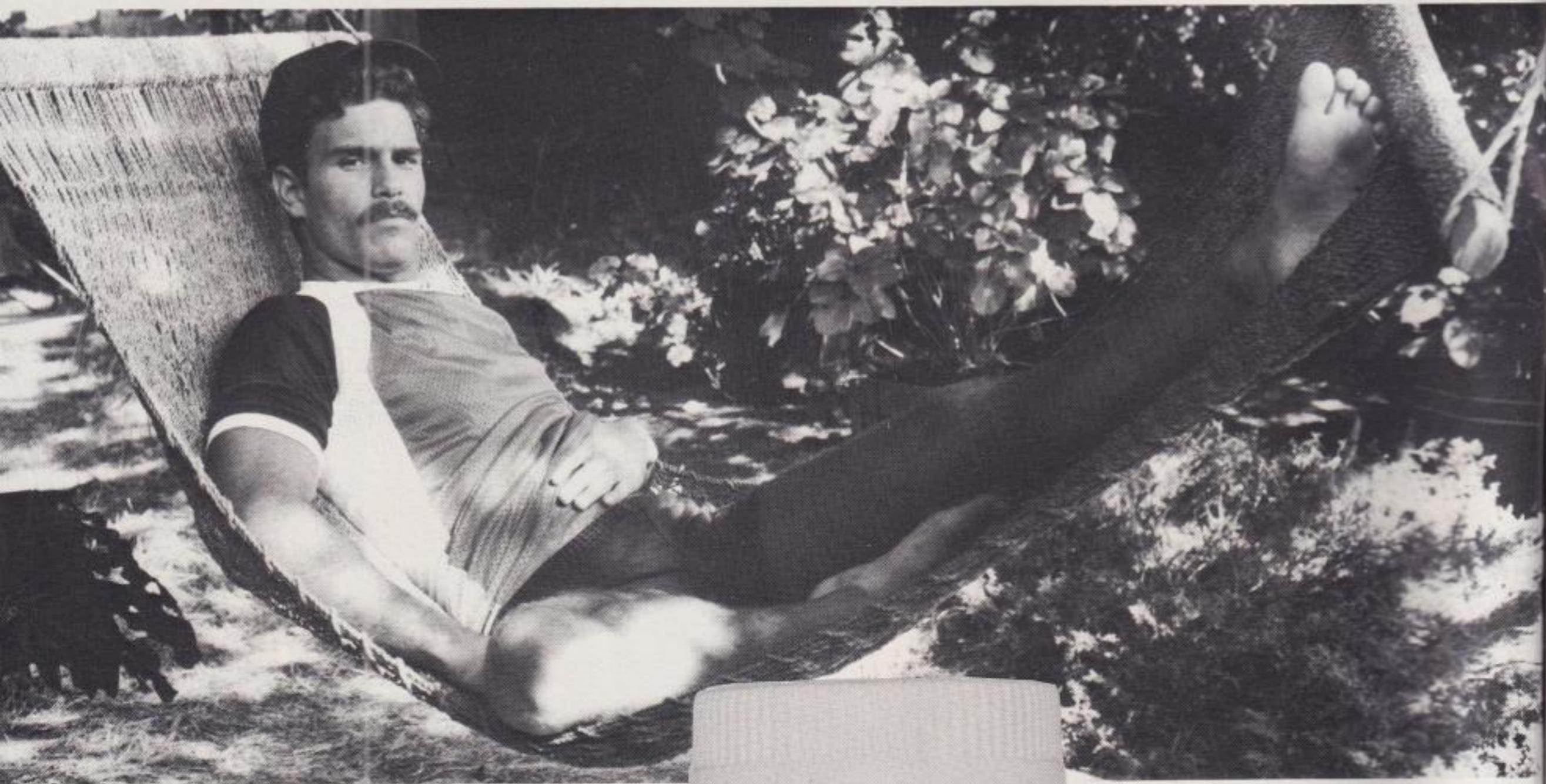
HUN
CENTERFOLD!

FICTION:
SMUGGLER'S
MOON

CONCLUSION:
MALORY &
HIS MASTERS

DRUM
DRUMMER
DADDIES
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We're on your

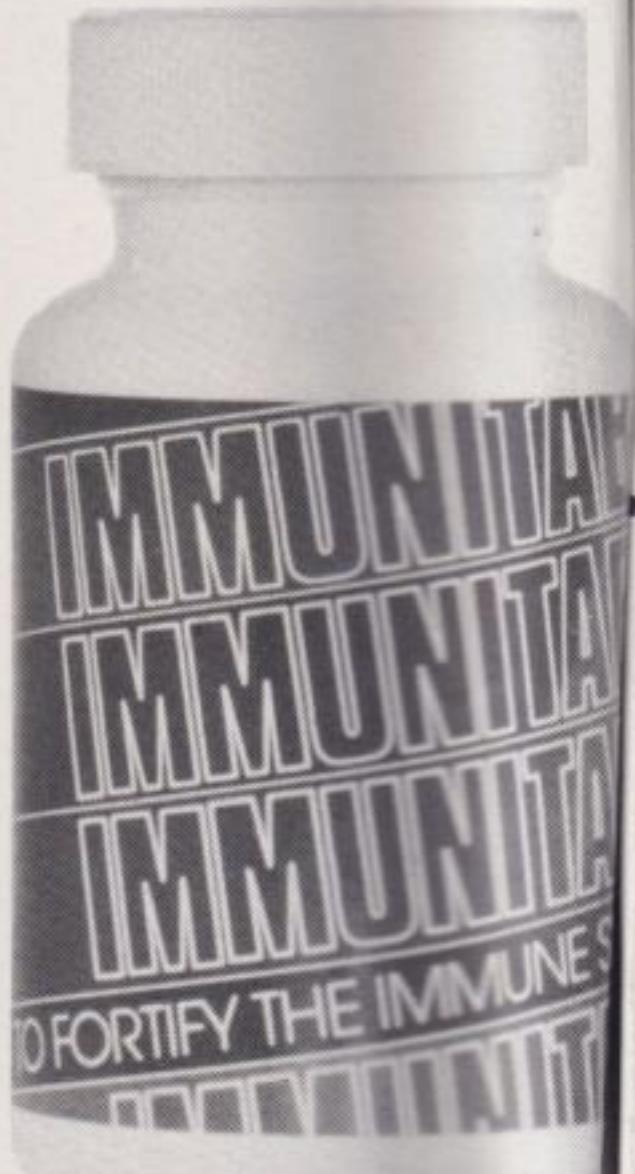


We went to the physician developers of the best formula for men and told them we wanted a better one. Better ingredients, less money spent on the packaging—more on the contents. The results was the first VITA-MEN in the homely brown bottle with the black label. Then we analyzed the other big name formulas. There wasn't much they excelled us in, but the doctors revamped our formula and now NO ONE can touch us. VITA-MEN is formulated with you in mind, not for the mass market.

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR PECSI

DRUMMER



PICK THE BIGGEST COCK IN THE CROWD!

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or faraway."

Henry David Thoreau



GETTING OFF

Here is an editorial that will sound like a subscription ad, perhaps, but it needs to be said. For several years *Drummer* has done its own circulation rather than be distributed by some of the biggies. That is the reason (other than *Drummer* itself) you won't find us in convenience stores and supermarkets. These are areas in the country where the reading materials is controlled and censored by those into just that, and naturally we avoid those areas. The gay magazines which are not published by gays enjoy much wider circulation than the few who are. This is the nature of things.

We are no longer taking first class subscriptions, other than those overseas. We have to charge too much for them because of the exorbitant postage and they seldom arrive faster. We are shipping earlier to our preferred customers—those who support us by subscribing. While they pay less for their copy of *Drummer*, they give us an operating fund which does not necessarily come from regular distribution.

Drummer is developing a new look and a new shape. You will find there is more to it than in any of the pretty packages you can absorb in a few minutes time at the newsstand. There is meat and potatoes in *Drummer* and its once outrageous cost is small potatoes by today's standards.

You want what *Drummer* has to offer? Fill out the damn-fool coupon on page 44 and mail us your hard-earned money or credit card number. It's your magazine and it has a lot waiting in the wings on this, its tenth year of being America's *Mag for the Macho Male*.

That's you, kid.

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Cover: A visitor from Olympus, captured by the camera of Gerhard Pohl.
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PECS

...and what to do with them

by T.R. Witomski

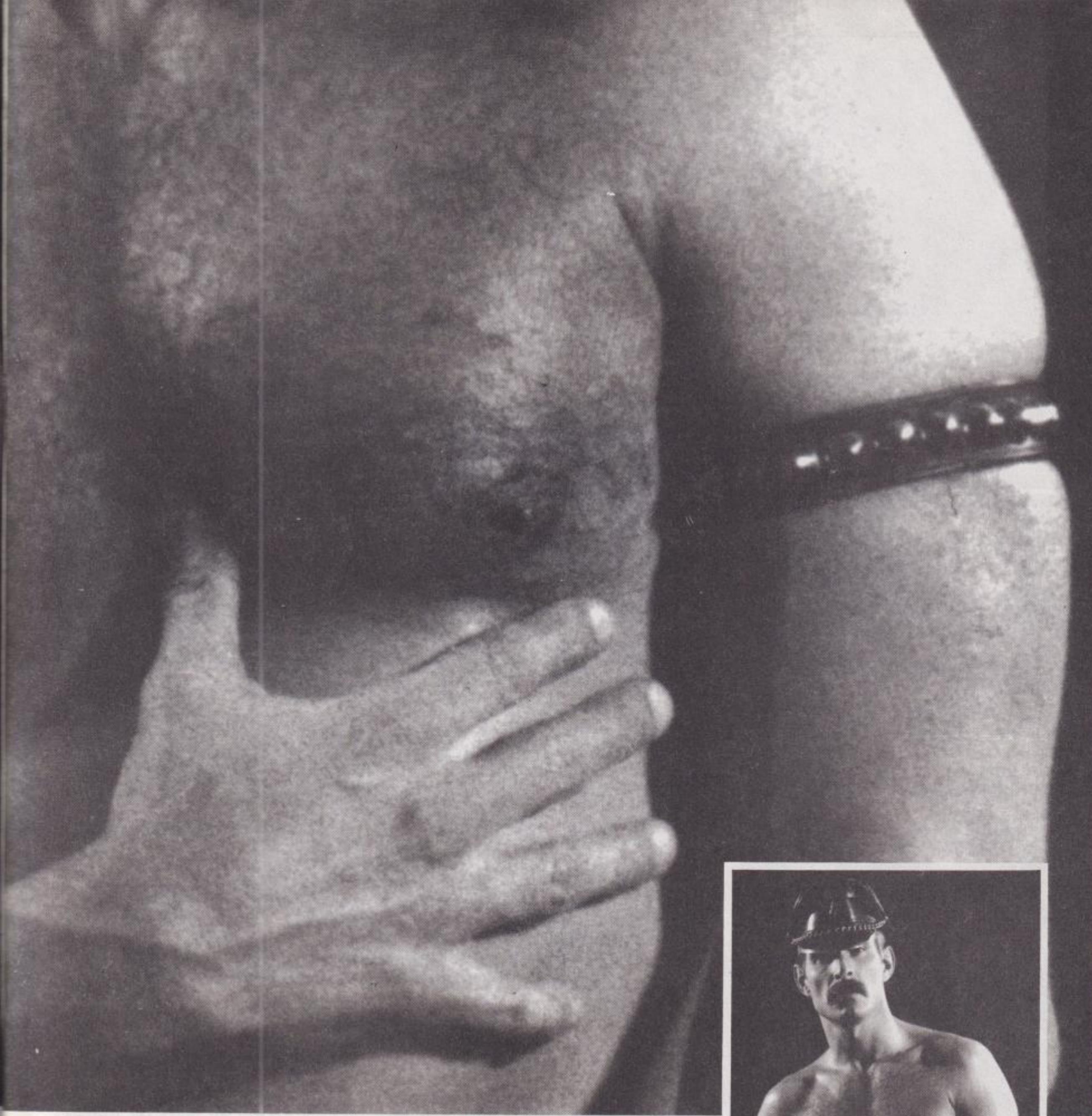
Way back in my barely pubescent years, I was extremely self-conscious about the size of my nipples. They were larger than quarters in a world where it seemed that everyone else's were dimes. Of course, I hated gym, despised going to the beach, and went out of my way to avoid taking off my shirt in front of others.

Even though I eventually realized

that there was nothing abnormal about my pecs, it wasn't until I became sexually active that I became "into" pecs. My sense of pectoral eroticism was late in developing (I was jerking off, sucking cocks, and getting it up the ass years before I thought about playing with pecs), but it's since become my most powerful source of erotic stimulation. Torture my tits and I'll follow you anywhere!

Not only am I into my pecs; I get

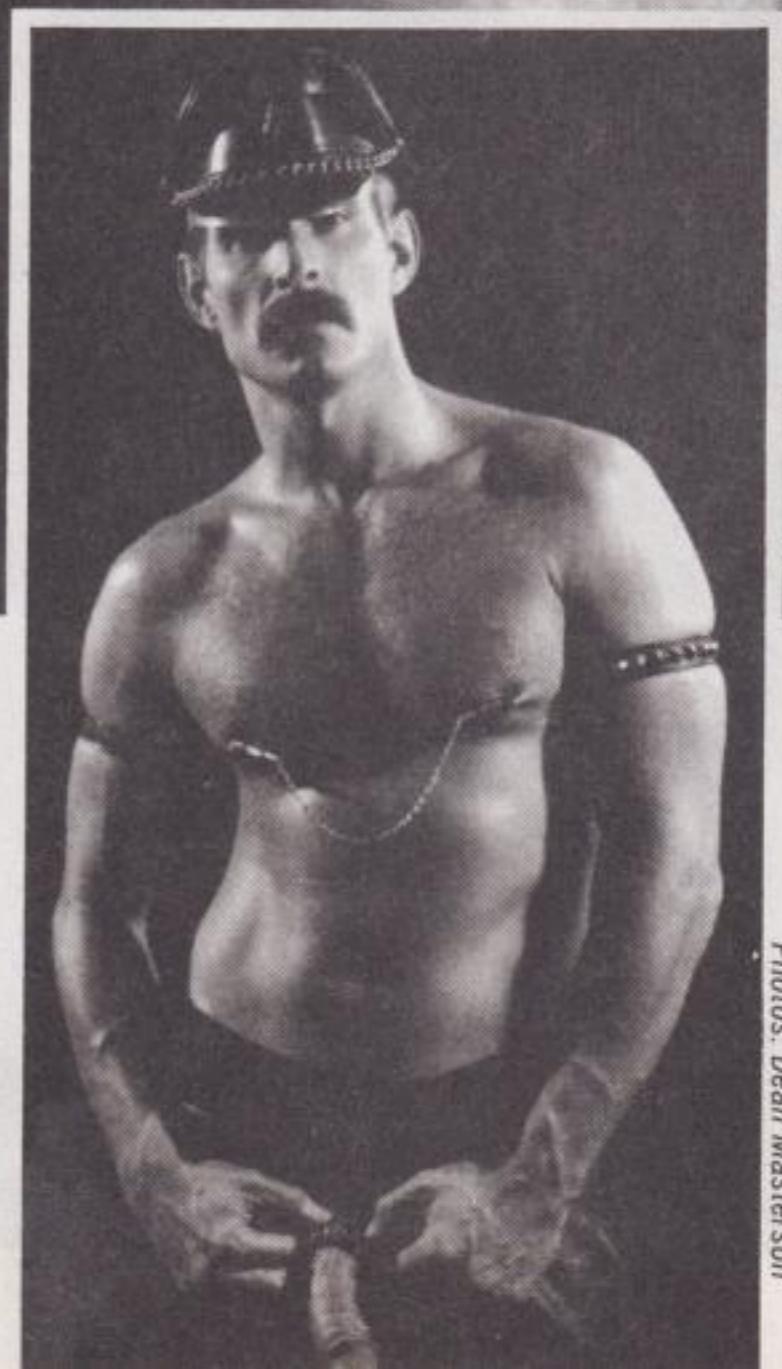
super-hot over other guys' tits too! Summer's my favorite season because there's always lots of opportunities to see bare-chested studs—particularly construction workers. To me, there's nothing sexier than a guy in workboots and jeans or cut-offs, sweat dotting his chest, making his pecs shine like jewels in the sun. My three years of living in Florida were heavenly in this respect. The endless summer of sex: All year long there



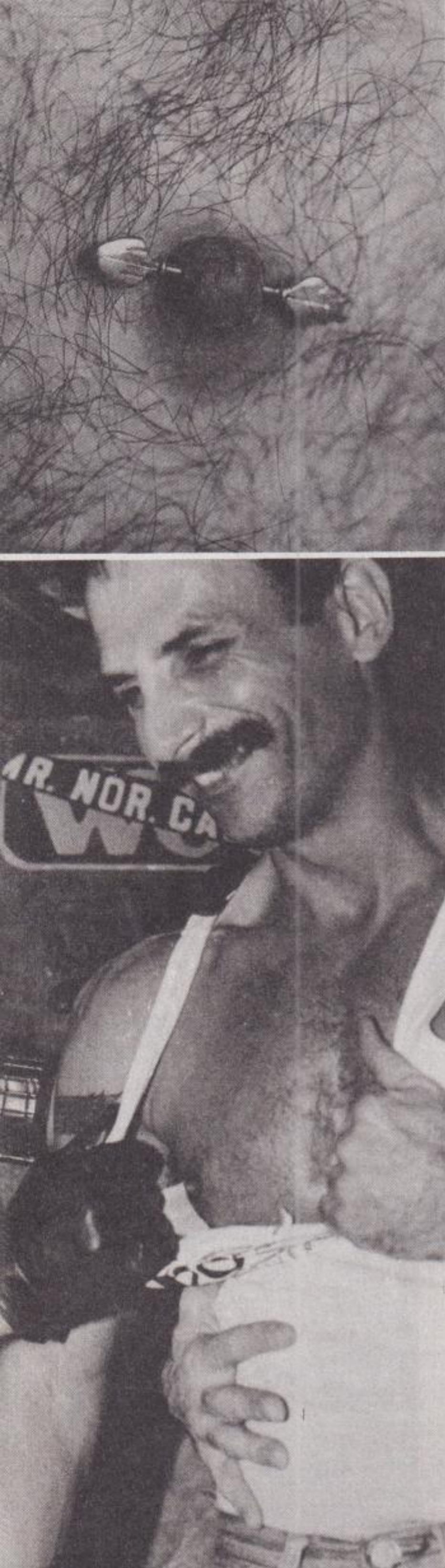
were plenty of bare male chests for me to look at, fantasize over, and not infrequently actually get to show my appreciation for.

Of course, I like to do more than just look at pecs. Pecs are made for kissing, licking, sucking, biting, chewing, squeezing, clamping, worshipping, torturing, loving. My nipples function as an erector set. Just the lightest caress of them gets my cock hardening; as the pressure of the hand or

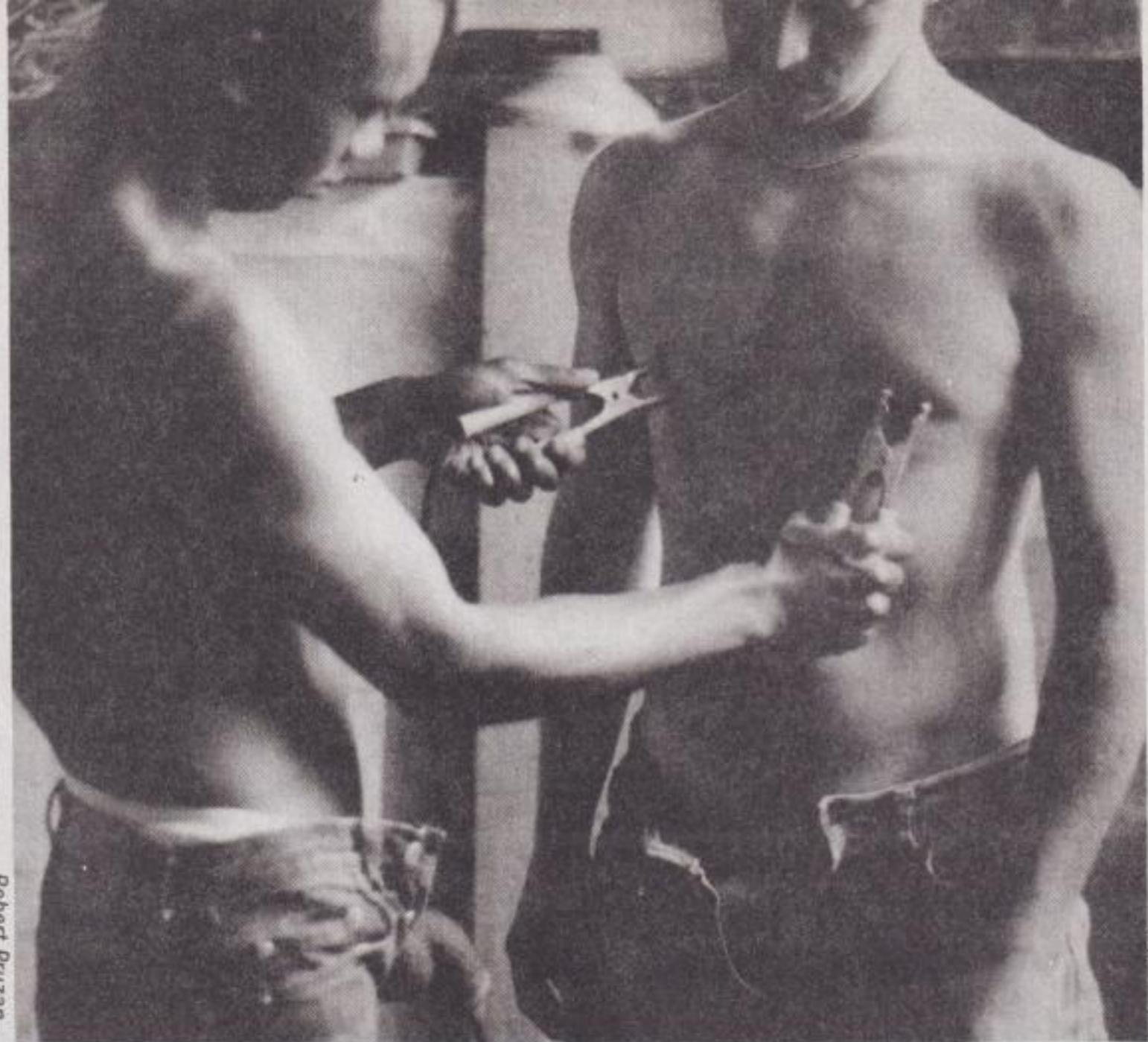
mouth or toy increases, so does the steeliness of my cock. In prolonged pec-play, my pre-cum easily bubbles out of my piss slit. Occasionally, I even shoot off my load just from having my tits worked over. It's not something that happens often—generally only when I'm very horny and my partner is a real expert pec-player—but when it does it's the wildest fuckin' experience. The conceit in the movie *Deep Throat* had Linda Lovelace's clit in her



Photos: Dean Masterson



Robert Pruzan



Gary Boyd

throat. In heavy tit scenes, it seems like my nipples have become two tiny cocks.

My pecs seem to have a mind of their own. One lover of mine claimed that my tits were always ready for sex even if I was saying that I wasn't in the mood. I might be thinking about a deadline or just off in some asexual space, but a squeeze on my nipples would instantly transform my thoughts to sex. I've been told many times that I'm extraordinarily easy to turn on. It's true—just go for the pecs. In the group-grope atmosphere of a sex bar, I ignore the guys who first grab at my cock or ass, but the number whose first thought is my chest is generally someone I want to get to know better

There's very little middle ground in pec sex. Either you dig it or you don't. True, guys who are into tit play have degrees of heaviness—some go all the way into needle play and other esoteric forms of pectoral abuse while others are more restrained. But men who aren't into the scene can be almost paranoid in defense of their "pectoral purity." Just a little lick on their pecs will have them saying, "Hey, I'm not into that." I've found that guys who are into their (and others') pectoral eroticism are generally freer in their exploration of other avenues of non-vanilla sex as well. Not all pec-men are into smelly armpits and cruddy jocks and feet and boots (some of my other fetishes), but it does seem that once you get your erotic focus off cocks and only cocks, the

sexual possibilities that you are willing to open yourself up to are only limited by your imagination.

A lot of guys have hang-ups about nipple play. They've been conditioned to believe that only women's tits are erogenous zones, and they can't deal with the fact that two guys can have a lot of fun with each other's chest. Some tricks have freaked out when I've paid what they thought was too much attention to their pecs; their idea of sex was limited to cocksucking and assfucking. What a fuckin' pity! Pec-men know that cocks and asses are only part of the total sexual picture. There are all sorts of delights to be found above the waist.

Pec sex comes essentially in two varieties—SM and non-SM. The but-no-rough-stuff non-SM version usually just involves some soft stroking and gentle oral contact and perhaps some pec-to-pec rubbing, but it can become more ritualized—into the activity known as body (or muscle) worship.

Pec worship is a specialized subdivision of the cult of the bodybuilder. Some BB lovers get off on adoring the whole body, but me—I concentrate most of my attentions on a muscleman's chest. Shit, that's the part of his body he spends most of his time working on. Chest out, stomach in—part of the American military mythology. You wanna get a bodybuilder's attention? Forget about his cock. He's had hundreds of guys before you on their



knees in front of him, slobbering all over his dick, gulping it down, thinking they're doing him a big favor. He's bored with guys who only have his cock on their minds. Get your mouth, tongue, and hands working on his pecs, the area of his body he's spent countless hours working on, grunting and straining and breathing heavy to give you something to show your appreciation for.

Currently, the *numero uno* BB in my life is a young man named Pete. Nominally straight—the wife and kiddies bit—but really hot for other guys who'll give his pecs some respect. Pete's not a super-muscleman; he's great looking, but he's not in the class of competitive bodybuilders. Pete's naturally

muscular; he works out three times a week just to fine-tune his body, to keep what he's got, not to appear on a muscleman mag cover.

Pete's pecs are a work of art! Two perfectly formed hard mounds capped by brownish-red nipples. When Pete's turned on, his nipples harden and stand up, just like his cock. And the way I figure it, three hard cocks are better than one. Pete doesn't go for the "heavy stuff." Thinks sex toys are for "perverts." But he sure does love it when I massage his pecs with scented oil. How great his pecs look when they are glistening, shimmering, shining with lube! I can make love to his pecs for an hour or more at a time, loving every second of it. My hands and my

mouth work in concert on Pete's pecs. When my tongue is licking, slurping, sucking on one pec, my fingers are doing a job on the other. When Pete can take no more pleasure without release, he pushes my head down to his huge, rock-hard cock. He's so charged up by this time that only a few seconds of sucking is enough to get his load of hot cum creaming in my mouth.

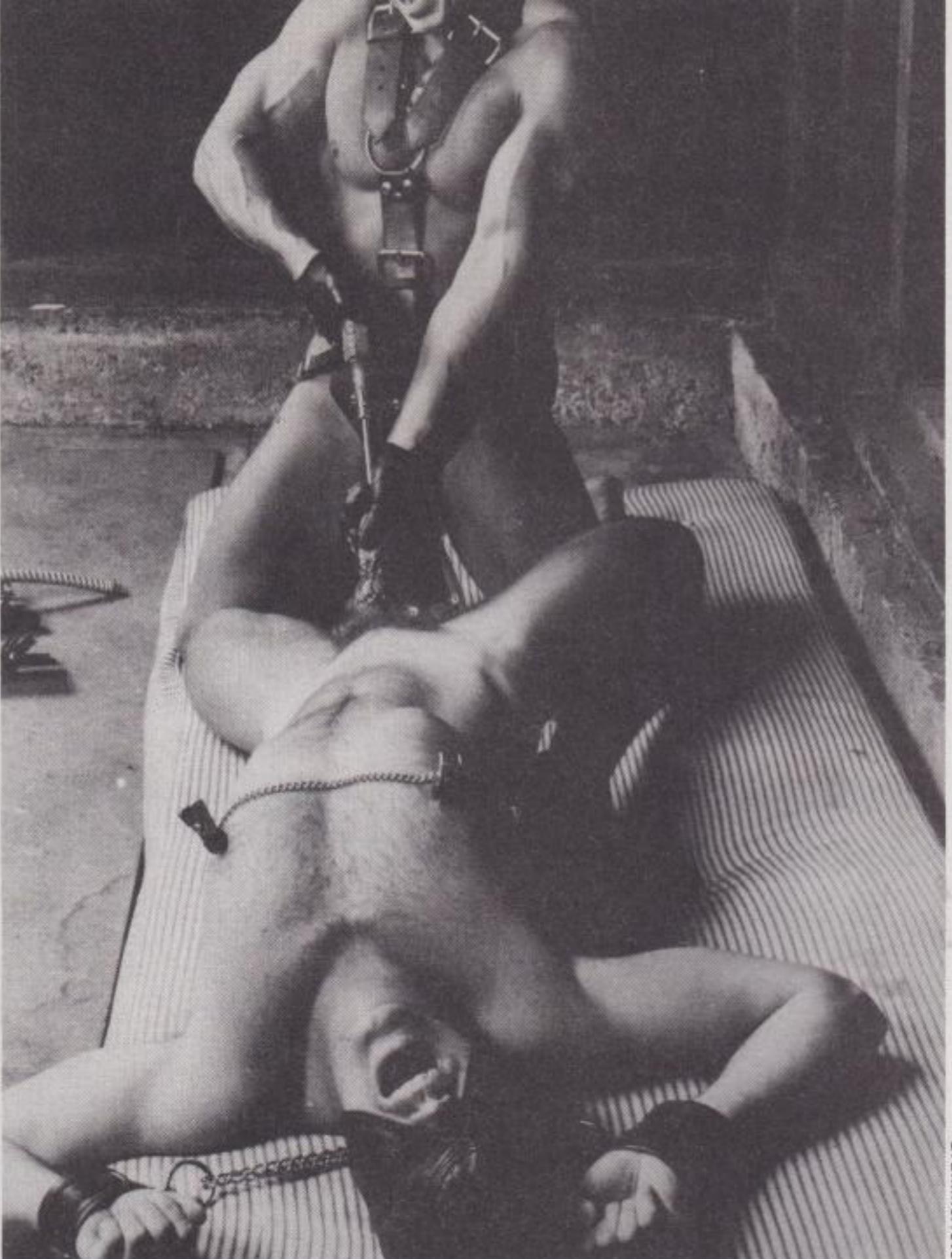
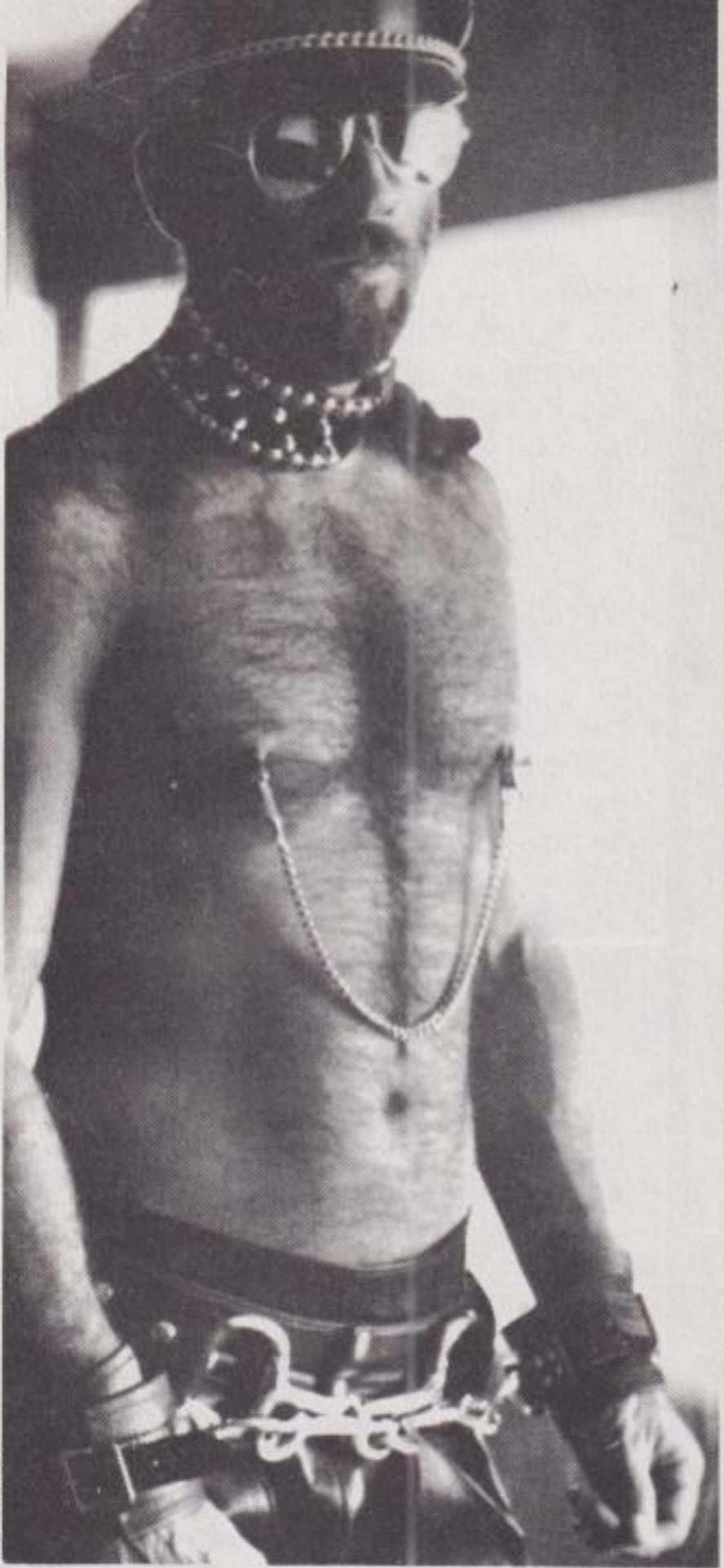
But Pete's basically trade. That's cool once in a while, but reciprocity's not his thing. And the best pec scenes are give and take. And no one's better at mutual titplay than Greg, my A-1 pec buddy. Greg and I always get into some serious pec workouts whenever we get together, which we've been doing for several times a month for the last several years.

Both Greg and I prep for our scenes together, first pumping our pecs and perhaps even using those little suction cups from snake-bite kits to get our nipples ready for action. Pecs prepped, we put on tight t-shirts that really hug our chests. I have a few well-worn shirts that are lightly scratchy against my pecs. As the material rubs my erect nipples, I get hotter than hell.

When I see Greg's nipples poking through his t-shirt, I can't wait to get my mouth working on them. Greg's pecs are sexy even when covered. In fact, he and I can go through a whole repertory of pec-tricks while both of us are fully clothed. Greg sometimes jogs over to my place so I get to feast on a sweaty tank top that's plastered against his beautiful chest. But that's just the appetizer; the main course is yet to come!

Greg and I are both big fans of tit toys. Between the two of us, we must have a hundred different toys. Basically, all tit toys are variations on the clamp. But oh, what many delightful variations there are! There are tit toys for everyone—from the most naive novice to the hardest of hard-core tit-men. Most guys probably start out with clothespins—simple, inexpensive, and hardly painful at all.

The first time I ever played with tit toys I played with clothespins. I'd noticed the pile of clothespins by the side of my trick's bed, but I didn't think much of them. I soon learned they weren't a sign of sloppy housekeeping when he snapped one of them on my nipple. God, what a feeling! I damn near shot off then and there. When he put the second pin on me I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Just two ordinary clothespins made for the



Drummerfoto

most exciting sexual experience of my life to date. My nipples were sore for days afterwards—but my cock was almost continually hard.

Experienced T/T buffs may find clothespins a bit prosaic, but most still use them, maybe for nostalgic reasons, maybe to start off a scene the slow and easy way, maybe for relief from more involved devices. Sex toy shops and catalogs offer many types of tit clothespins: basic black clothespins, metal ones, miniature and oversized ones, pins coupled together with leather thongs or chains. Clothespins—they're not just for hanging out the laundry anymore!

Tit clamps: plain and fancy, mild and spicy, delectably sensational and excruciatingly painful. Alligator tit clamps that grip the tender nubs of flesh with dozens of tiny sharp teeth. Magnetic tit clamps: add a weight and feel the pressure increase. Add another weight. Another. Are your nipples feeling like they are being pulled off your body? Add another weight. Tit clamp/cockring combos: is the plea-

sure flowing from your pecs to your balls or is it the other way around?

Tit clamps: they bring men together. Get yourself two pairs of clamps. Put a clamp on your buddy's nipple. Watch his face beam with the special mixture of pain and pleasure that comes only from this very special kind of play! Let the cold chain dangle down his chest for a moment, pulling on the sensitized nipple. Attach the other clamp to your tit. Feel the erotic charge pass between you. Now it's his turn to join you two together with the other set of clamps. Two men united, chest to chest, pec to pec, nipple to nipple. Feel each other's hard cock, pulsing, throbbing, alive. Bodies pressed together, cocks dancing, pecs on fire...

Perhaps the most passionate moment in mutual T/T scenes is the removal of the clamps. Do one at a time or, for an extra charge, both together. The nipples, when freed from the embrace of the metal, will respond ecstatically, sending shock waves throughout the body. Possibly the most sublime sexual moments of my

life are when I take a pair of alligator clamps off Greg and watch how he hisses, sighs, and moans. His whole body contorts as if he's been shot through with an electric current. Unless you've experienced the removal of a pair of tit clamps for yourself, you can't realize what a kick it is! It's almost like an orgasm, but somehow more concentrated, more intense, more joyful.

More formalized SM pec play calls for defined roles: torturer and torturee, as it were. I once spent several incredible hours bound in a sling while my pec Master worked me over with a virtual arsenal of tit toys: clamps of every description, feathers, electric devices, even a special pec whip. My entire being became focused on my pecs; I became my tits.

Have you ever laid at the feet of a Master and had his boot work your pecs, feeling utterly crushed by another man's power? Have you ever tortured your own tits, taking pride in how much you could take? Have you ever worn tit clamps underneath your

business suit, trying to concentrate on work while at the same time you're getting off on the fireworks exploding in your pecs? Well, what are you waiting for?

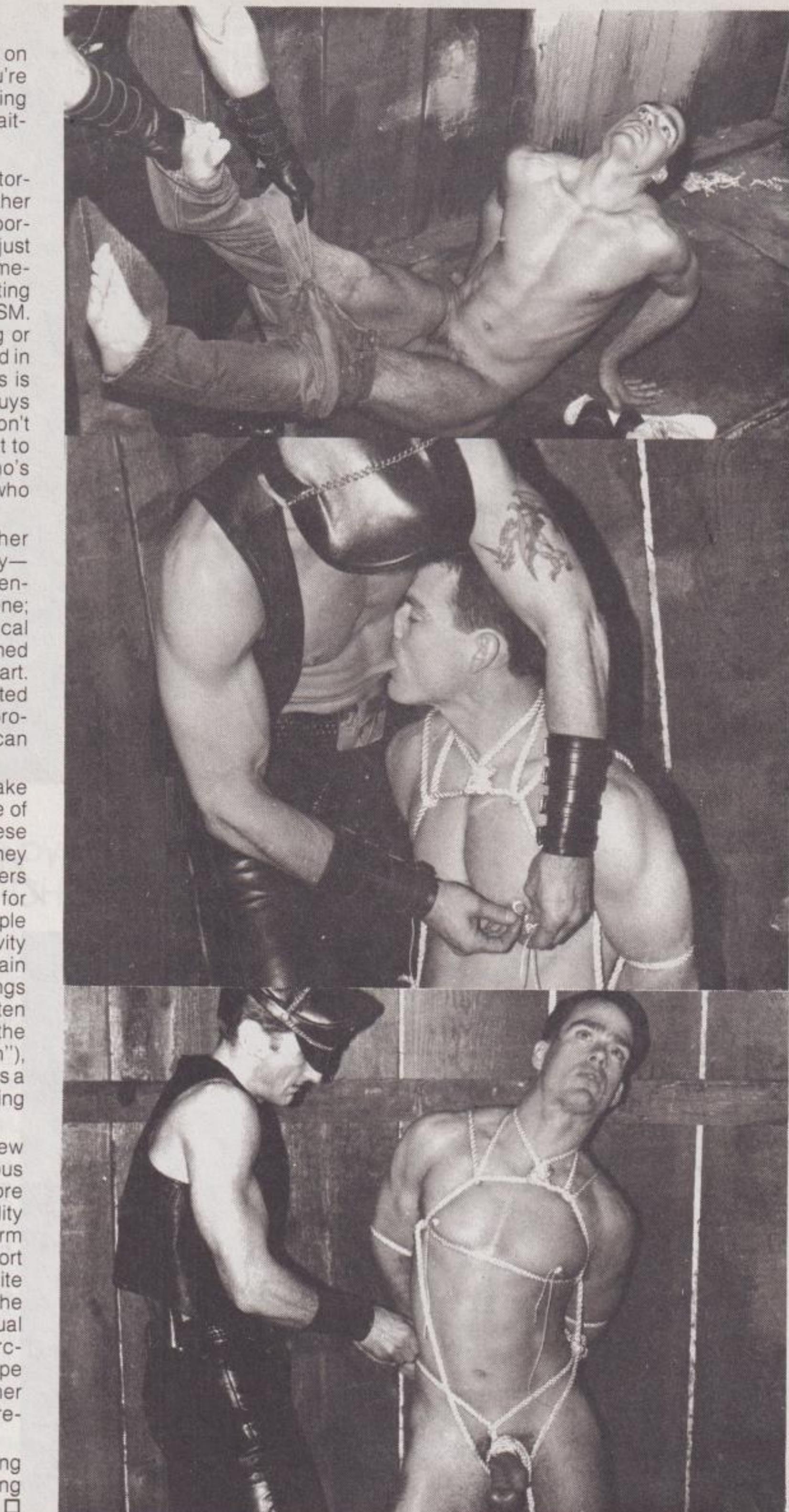
Tits can be worshipped and tortured. They can also be pierced, either temporarily or permanently. Temporary tit piercings or needle play is just what it sounds like. But it's not something you just do; playing with putting needles in the pecs is advanced SM. You gotta know what you're doing or your scene will end up being played in a hospital. Needle work on the tits is not at all a turn-on for me, though guys who are into it have told me I don't know what I'm missing. If you want to give needles a try, find someone who's got experience in this area and who understands safety procedures.

Permanent piercing is another ballgame—or, I guess I should say—pec-game. These piercings are generally not done as part of a sex scene; they are, essentially, minor surgical procedures and should be performed by someone well-versed in the art. Master piercers, who can be located through hot classifieds, medical professionals, and some tattooists can safely pierce your nipples.

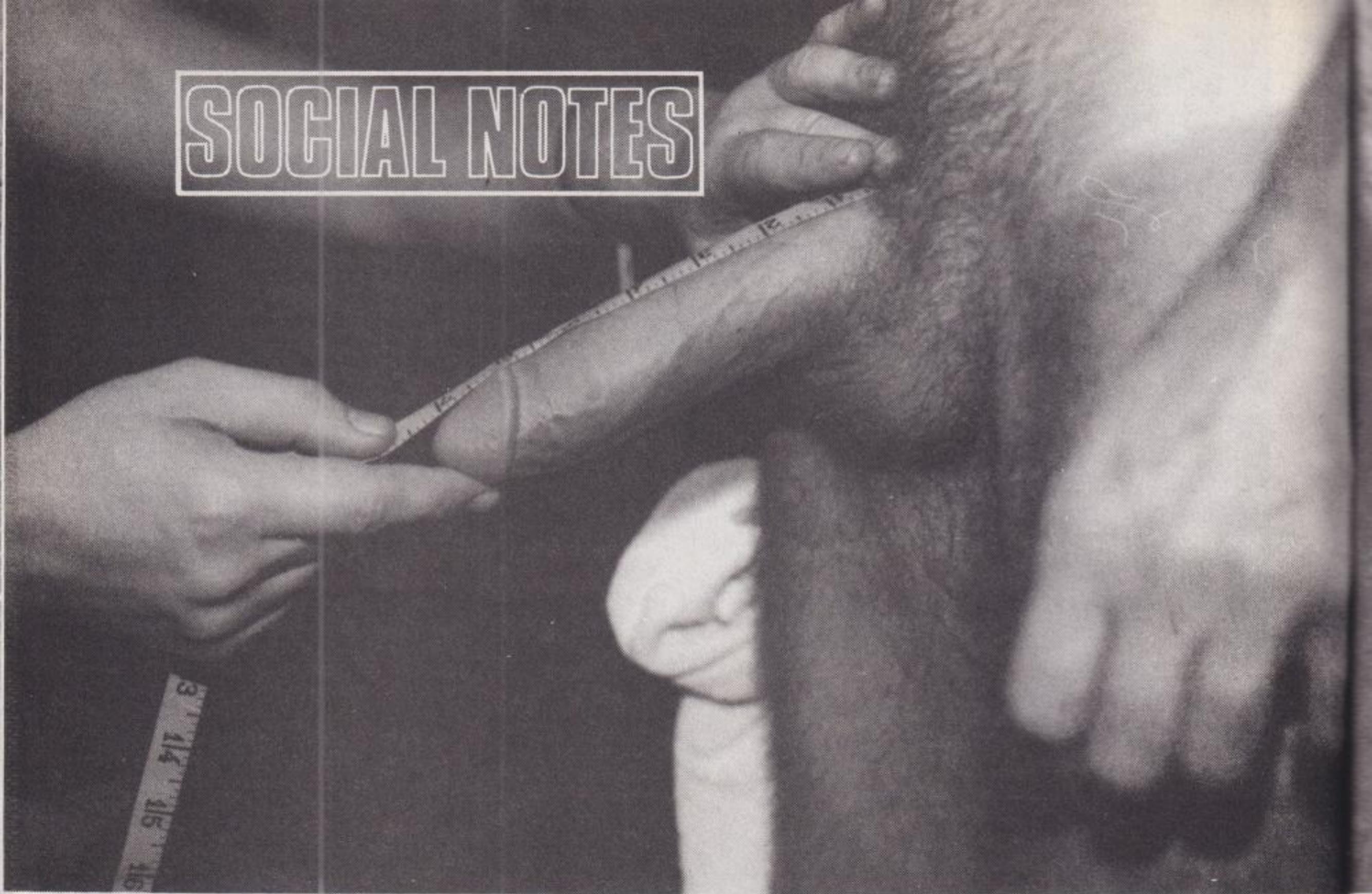
Rings through the nipples do make for a striking image. But tit men are of two schools of thought about these permanent piercings: some claim they increase pectoral eroticism, others that they decrease it. It seems that for guys who are already very into nipple play, piercing decreases sensitivity (and it is impossible to use certain devices on the pecs when the rings are in place, not to mention the often protracted healing period when the nipples are effectively "out to lunch"), but for guys who don't find their pecs a chief erogenous zone, nipple piercing increases their erotic response.

Piercing of the nipples is not a new scene thought up by adventurous SMers. The Roman centurions wore nipple rings as a sign of their virility and courage and and a uniform accessory for securing their short capes. Tit piercing was also quite common, believe it or not, among the Victorians, who found it a visual enhancement. Today the lure of piercing is primarily sexual, providing a type of "titillation" achieved by no other means. For many, tit piercing is a tremendous psychological turn-on.

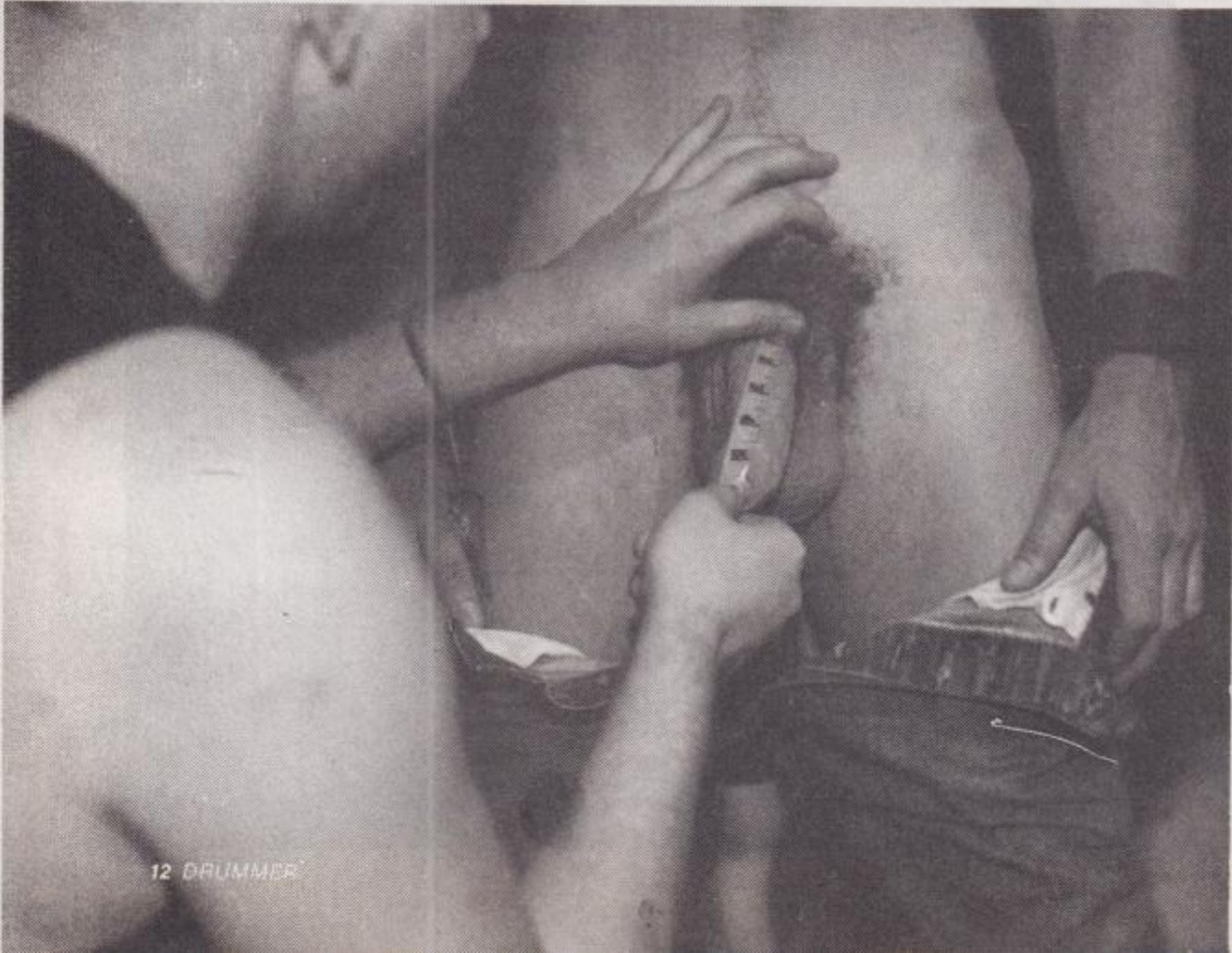
Well, don't just sit there thinking about nipples and pecs! Do something with them!



SOCIAL NOTES



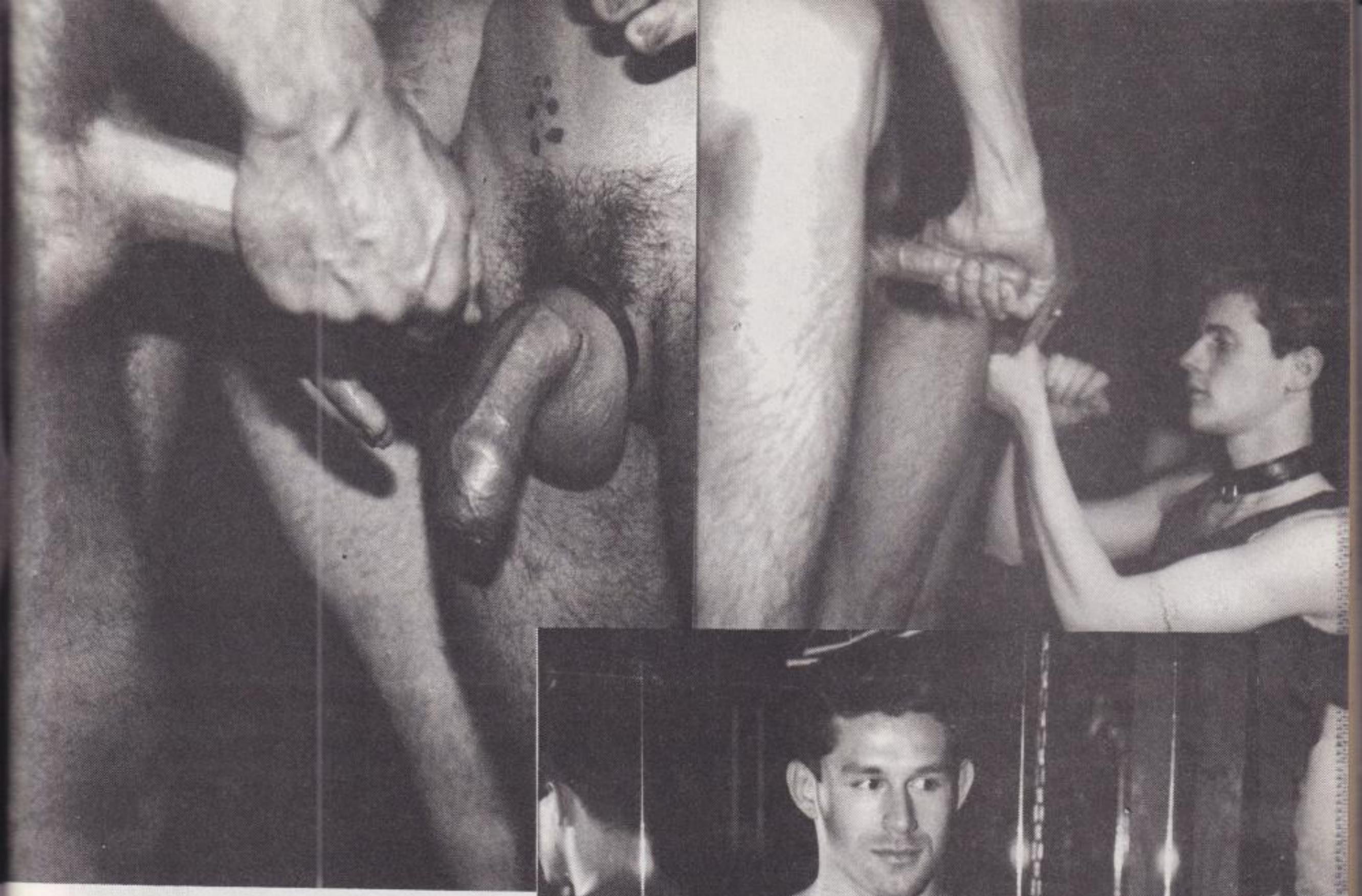
DRUMMER GOES TO A *BIG DICK ROUND-UP AT THE CORRAL*



Southern Californians are notorious for liking to show off—as a stroll down any beach within a hundred-mile radius of Los Angeles will demonstrate. But the land of the Body Beautiful may also be getting a reputation as a domain of the Endowments Plentiful, thanks to a series of Big Dick contests at the Corral Club (3747 Caheunga Boulevard), a North Hollywood private men's club.

To wrap up 1984, the Corral set out to round up the biggest dicks in sight. The men showed up—and showed hard. Contestants were allowed to step onto the viewing platform already erect, or bring along a stiffener to whip them into shape. Naturally, a few Masters brought along a slave or two to demonstrate what makes a man swell with pride. All in all, the audience stayed just as hard as the men on display.

Candidates got no points for poise, but try keeping your cool amid wall-to-wall hard-ons, riveted gazes and jaws dropping open in awe. No prizes for outfits either, though a leather vest or fringed western chaps were bound to catch eyes. And tattoos weren't mentioned in the rules—but you couldn't help noticing



RAL Photos by JOE TIFFENBACH

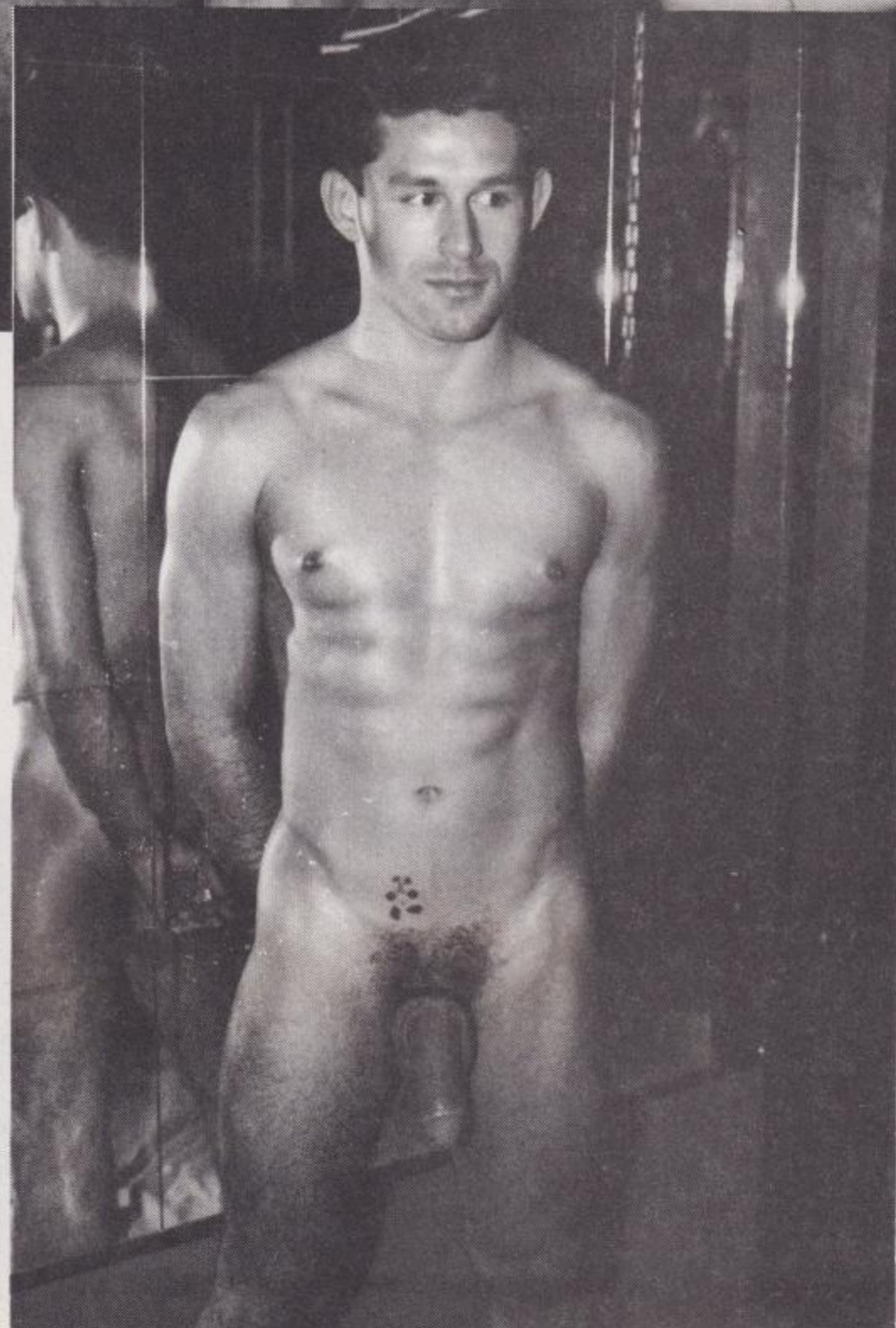
the strange one sported by one handsome young stud, just above what had to be one of the meatiest foreskins ever to gift-wrap a thick slab of cock.

Precise measurements were duly recorded, and the atmosphere was more like a lockerroom than Atlantic City.

The winner (shown here with measuring tape) totaled an amazing fifteen-and-a-quarter inches (that's length *plus* circumference). Poundage of the triumphant organ was not recorded, but the winner would no doubt have been satisfied to collect its weight in gold.

The Corral has plans for further cock contests, so if you're extra-hung and like to prove it, or if you'd just like to watch the proceedings, give 'em a call. And the Corral isn't just into size. Management is considering adding categories for longest, thickest, best looking, and handsomest uncut dick. (Perhaps they should also consider naming Most Congenial for the cock with the friendliest reputation.)

Big Dicks contests have also been held in San Francisco and San Diego. Imagine a West Coast regional run-off—followed by national and international Big Dick contests.





Categories could be endless—most intriguing tattoo on a cock (we've seen some beauts), most interesting curve (for

the kinkiest cock), straightest (no pun intended), best grower (many a dick will quadruple in size when aroused), and

perhaps a special prize for the cock with the best head on its shoulders.

The results could be staggering. □



THE DAYS OF BLOOD!
THE NIGHTS OF TORMENT!

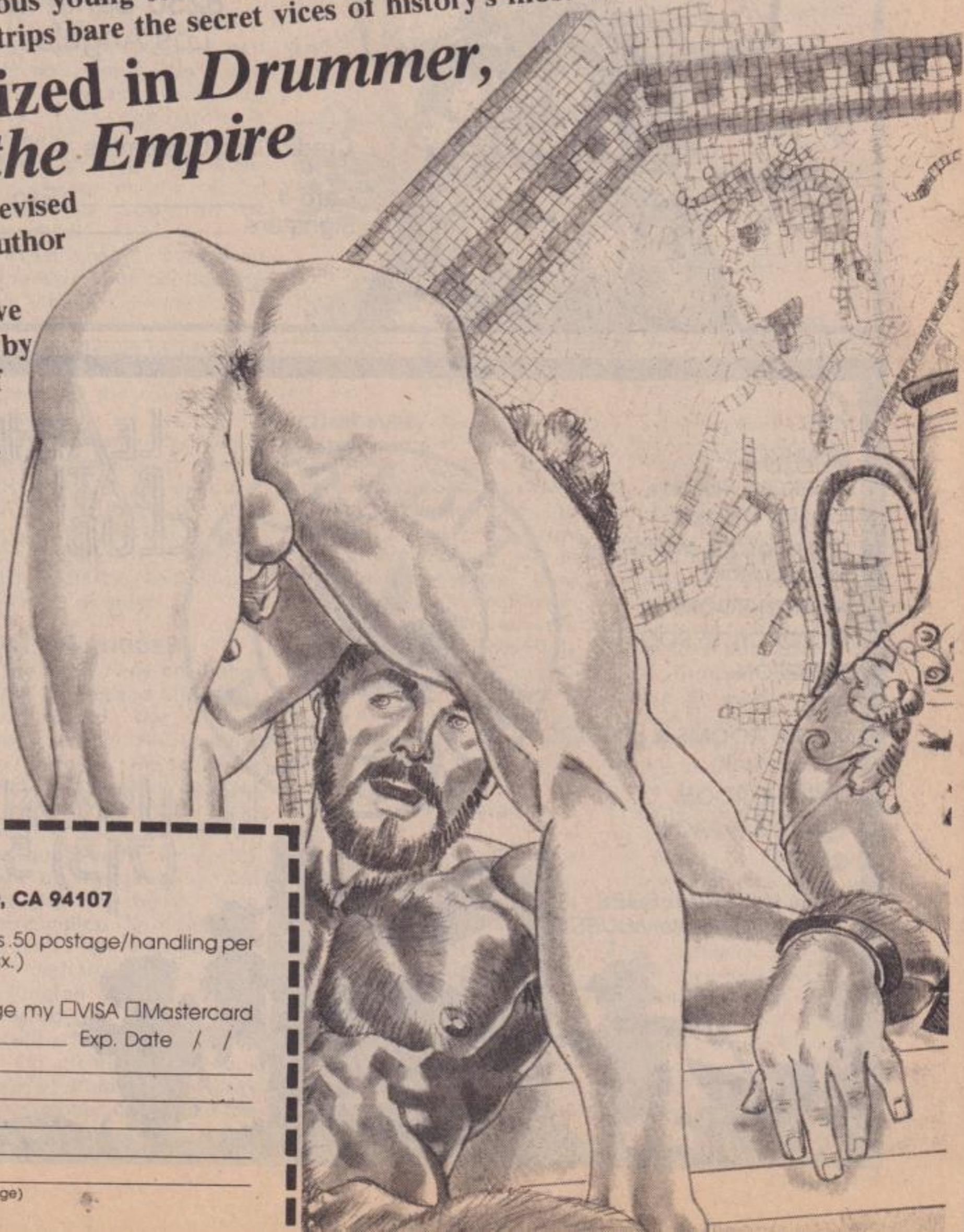
Aaron Travis'
SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

Illustrated by Cavelo

Rome at the height of its Empire—captured in all its decadence and depravity! Aaron Travis' *Slaves of the Empire* follows the fortunes of Magnus, greatest gladiator of his time, as he makes his way through a treacherous maze of lusty senators and captive slaveboys, savage gladiators and voluptuous young eunuchs. Intensely erotic and filled with brutal detail, *Slaves of the Empire* strips bare the secret vices of history's most fabled era.

**First serialized in Drummer,
*Slaves of the Empire***

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and expanded by the author
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fantasy and bondage
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zine-size edition is
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side table and one
for the vault!

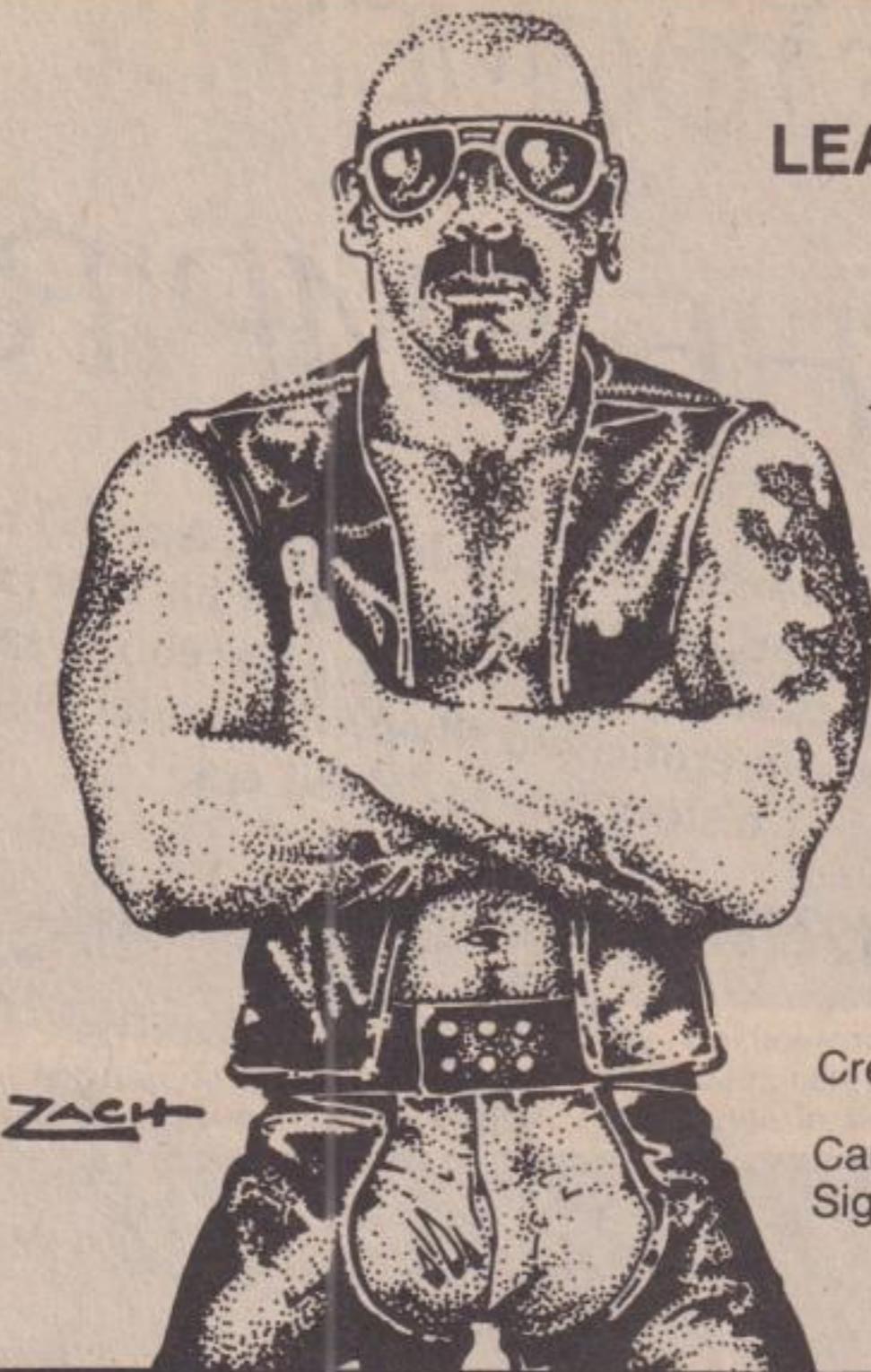


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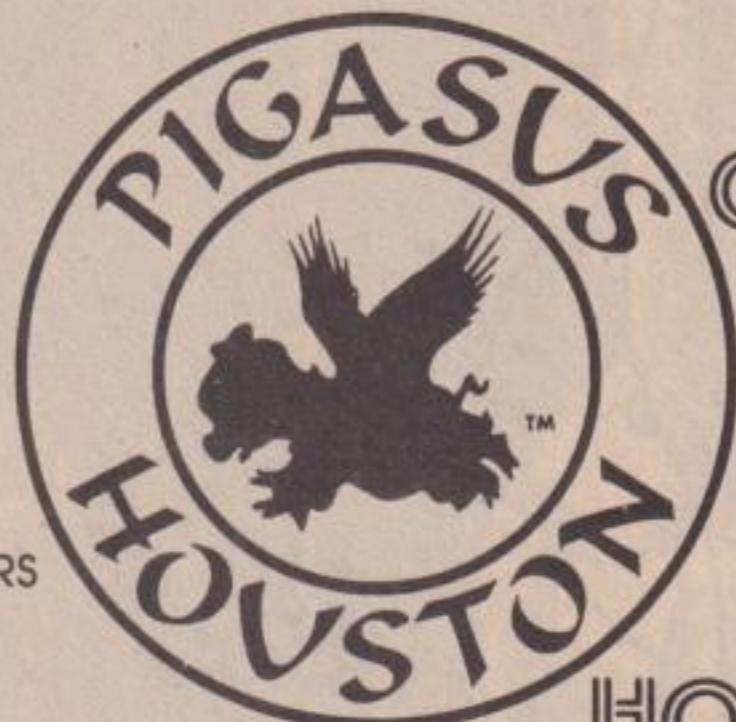
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REPORT

CRAYON TIME

Last year we witnessed the debut of *Hun Book One*, the premiere collection of erotic art by the notorious Hun (as reported in *Drummer* 75). Outrageous exaggeration (grotesque or erotic, depending upon your personal reaction) was the trademark of the work that made the Hun famous—awesome musculatures to make Mr. Universe cringe with envy, testicles swollen to the size of baseballs, protruding nipples the size of cocks...and cocks the size of baby watermelons. Of late, the Hun has grown a bit more restrained; his men, awesome as ever, nevertheless are beginning to resemble someone you just might meet in reality...and never forget! (See this issue's centerfold for positive proof.)

Now make way for *Hun Book Two: The Hun Coloring Book*. That's right—a big, oversize (11"x15") book of nasty Hun drawings in bold outlines, awaiting your hand for enhancement, shading and color. And when we say nasty, we mean nasty—some of the Hun's sleeker, more realistic work is here, but so is some of his most outlandish. Fingers and humongous dick disappear up slurping assholes, cocks spurt geysers of juice, swollen sphincters pucker and pout, and everything drips with manly excretions.

The book also features artwork by uniform afficianado Cirby and *Drummer* contributor Skipper.

There's plenty here for the fetishist into piercing, chains, bondage, prison and gang rape, Daddies, firemen, Black men, White men, Masters and slaves. And, of course, if a drawing doesn't quite hit your spot—change it! The Hun, with pedagogical abandon, invites buyers to do what they will with his coloring book, so long as it satisfies a creative itch. With pen, pencil, watercolor or other medium, you

may add or delete body hair, change a figure's features or even his race, fill in your own whiplashes, add dialogue balloons, draw tattoos on a bulging, naked bicep, or adorn it with a chrome-studded leather armband. Or you might simply end up adding random stains, using accidental media like oil, lubricant, and bodily fluids...

The *Hun Coloring Book* is big, bold, eccentric...and safe sex. A disclaimer notes: "This is a work of erotic fantasy. No suggestion is intended nor 'permission' implied for the patron to actually engage in any of the behaviors depicted or described!"

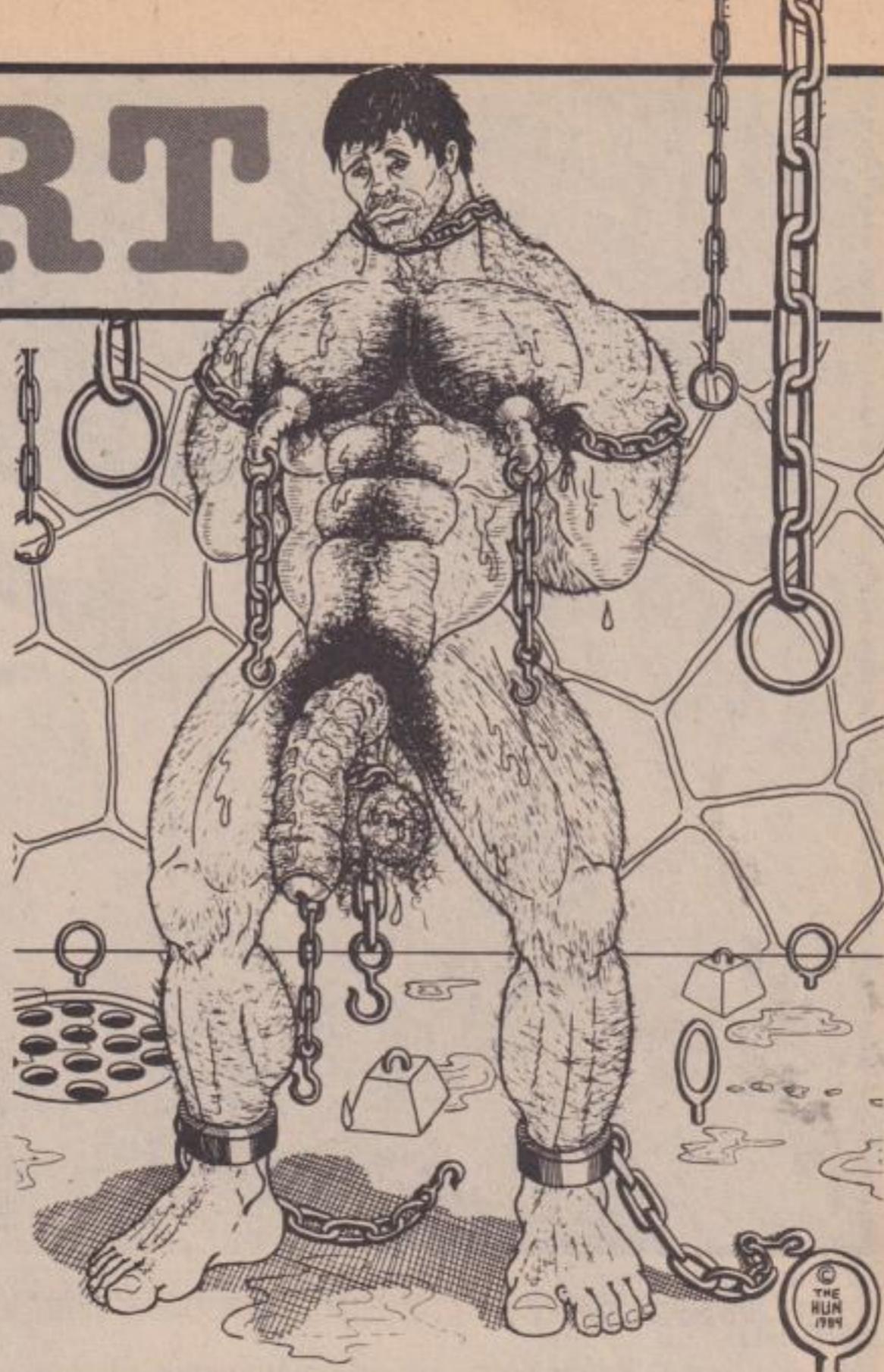
At \$20 a copy, it's also a tad expensive—but considering that *The Hun Coloring Book* is both explicit and educational, Hun fans should be happy to pay this tuition into the higher spheres of the coloring student's art.

For information on ordering the coloring book, or numerous other Hun products (prints, originals, etc.), write to: The Hun, PO Box 19240-A, Los Angeles, CA 90019—enclose a SASE, and tell him you're 21 or older!

BRITISH RUBBER

The latest news on rubber mania in England arrives via *Rubberband*, the official newsletter of RMC-London. The big news: the establishment of a regular "Rubber Night" every Wednesday at The Cellar Bar, one of the various nooks and crannies that make up the sprawling, and very popular, Heaven disco club complex. The dress code: "At least a pair of wellies" (or, for American readers, a pair of Wellington boots), strictly enforced.

Rubberband correspondent Pip attended The Cellar's premiere Rubber Night back in November, and issued this snappy report: "Arriving early, I found to my surprise



CHAIN MALE: From the outrageous Hun Coloring Book.

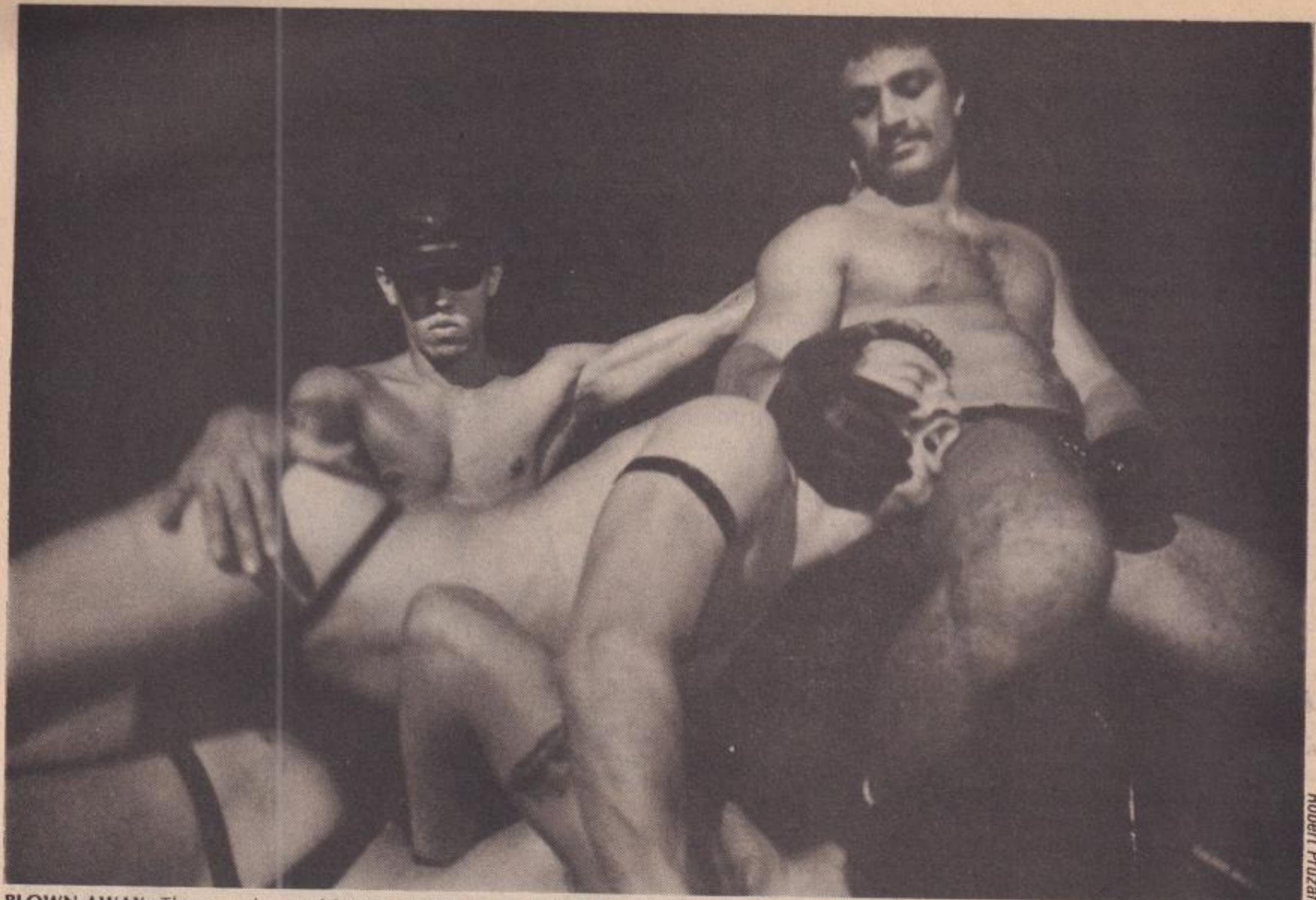
and delight that about 30 guys were already there. By eleven o'clock, I had lost count of numbers and was enjoying the atmosphere. Rubber was in evidence everywhere, from wellies to full suits and more. The Cellar staff, who all wore some rubber, had obviously done a lot of work in preparing the bar for the opening party. Huge rubber balloons hung from the ceiling, and PVC draping walls, etc., together with careful lighting, gave a rubbery atmosphere to the bar.

"However, the real bonus was the number of guys in rubber, and lots of it. Many of them were not members of RMC (at least not yet—I'm still working on it). Apart from the RMC members, there were a number of familiar faces, many of whom I didn't know were into rubber. (Certain shops must have done a roaring trade.) It's surprising how 100 or so guys in rubber can create a great atmosphere.

"With so few places catering to the rubber fan, The Cellar on Wednesdays will quickly become the place to go. Congratulations and thanks to the management and staff for a great night and for being farsighted enough to cater to those of us into rubber. One final thought—the atmosphere and smell was truly a Rubber Heaven."

Rubberband also reports having found a new meeting place for the RMC—The Craven Club, 32 Craven Street, on the second Saturday and last Friday of each month. (Those attending must produce an ECMC membership card to gain admittance.) And RMC members, still rubbery in the knees over the success of their 1984 club outing to Amsterdam, are looking ahead to a similar trip to Paris in May. Tentative dates are May 3-6.

To contact *Rubberband* and the club, write to: BCM RMC, London WC1 3XX.



BLOWN AWAY: The crowd roared for Kass and Company at the '84 Mr. Drummer contest, but the act proved too strong for cable TV.

LAPD HUSTLE

On a Tuesday evening in November, 1984, two days before Thanksgiving, K.O. Wright was arrested in his home in Los Angeles by two plainclothes policemen. The charge: misdemeanor prostitution.

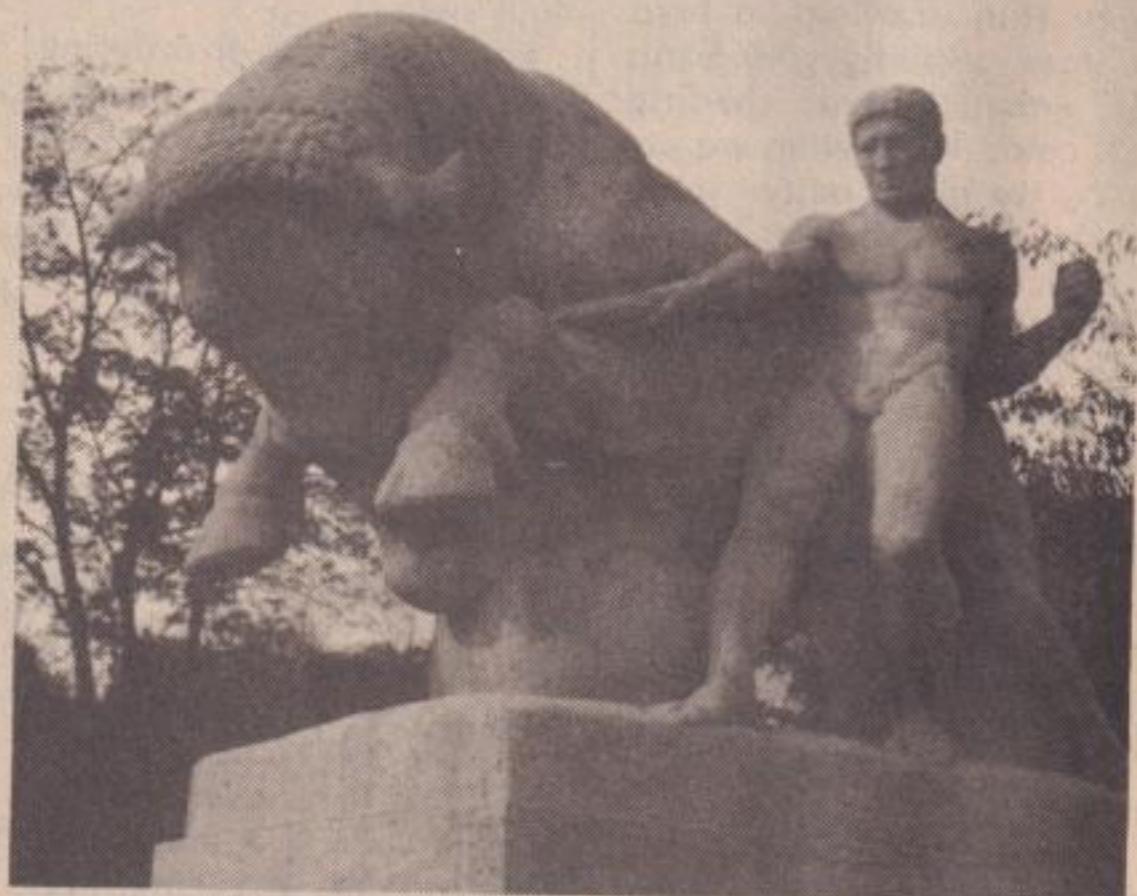
K.O. Wright calls himself an educator and trainer in safe, sane and health-conscious SM/BD practices. The police call him a prostitute. For a fee, he offered private lessons in his home to "novices, intermediates and the advanced." Wright advertised in the Los Angeles gay paper, *Frontiers*, as a "skilled, respected leather top—professional educator and trainer" in "S&M B&D Training/Adult Education."

K.O. Wright is the registered DBA of Kenneth F. Oldham, a middle-aged, professional educator, employment consultant and trainer with a career that has included teaching at high school, university and graduate levels, employment and personal development counseling, and social work in San Francisco's South of Market area. He has

served on numerous advisory boards and donated much time, effort and funds to AIDS-related projects.

Oldham, as K.O. Wright, is also a well-known and long-respected figure in leather and SM circles. Eventually he merged his professional expertise and sexual proclivities "to make a contribution," in his words, to the gay and SM community. Wright wrote about SM for the San Jose paper *Lambda Rising*, organized AIDS information forums for a specific SM audience, gave demonstrations in safe and sane SM practices, made an SM videotape, "The Dungeon Key"—and ultimately set himself up as a private trainer, for which he was arrested. (Ironically, Wright's personal literature on SM education frequently cites the difference between constructive counseling and exploitative prostitution).

According to Oldham, two men (later discovered to be plainclothes vice officers) made an appointment to re-



HUNG LIKE ONE, TOO? This photo of man and beast adorned the customized New Year's greeting that arrived in the Drummer offices from Loge 70 (Schweiz) of Zurich, Switzerland. Loge 70, members of the European Confederation of Motorcycle clubs, remains one of the most active leather organizations on the continent, with good taste to boot. On your way to the Alps? Contact Postfach 725, Ch-8025, Zurich...and echo our return greeting of ein gluckliches neues jahr. (Photo: HMW.)

ceive training, presenting themselves as lovers interested in SM and BD. After a 45-minute interview, Oldham

agreed to accept them as students, and took them to his special training room.

Oldham says he began

wondering about the men they asked if his housemate, a woman, would participate and have sex with them. "I told them no, she isn't interested in gay men." When his housemate arrived home, the officers nevertheless insisted on meeting her and asked if she would have sex with them; she declined.

Back in the living room, the two men announced that they were police officers and placed Oldham under arrest for prostitution.

Oldham claims that he had been under surveillance for several weeks, and that his phone had been monitored; that he made it clear to the officers that he offered professional counseling and training for a fee, not sex for money; and that no physical contact occurred between himself and the officers, except for handshakes, until he was placed in handcuffs.

Responses to the arrest in the LA gay community have been mixed. *Frontiers*, in an editorial in December, commented: "Some might say the LAPD action was not an oppressive act, that it is just an isolated incident. However, it is becoming increasingly clear that the LAPD is making an organized effort against the leather community. Witness the LAPD 'raid' on Cuffs on Oct. 23" (a Cuffs bartender was cited by undercover vice officers for serving an intoxicated patron; the case was later thrown out of court). "If the leather community does not even support its own in times of trouble, it is only a matter of time before other segments of the gay and lesbian community who are 'different' will experience similar acts of oppression."

TOO HOT FOR TV

San Francisco's local access cable TV system is not ready for prime-time leather action—even if it's only tongue-in-cheek.

For months, the Viacom cable system's Channel 6 aired a weekly segment of GTV (or Gay TV), a locally-produced half-hour of gossip, news, soap opera, and flashy footage of big events like the Gay Day Parade and the March on the Democratic National Convention. Then came the falling-



BACK TO BASICS: Colt Studio returns to leather in a big way with Issue No. 10 of Spurs. Chiseled physiques, massive endowments and raunchy attitude—all packaged in leather, levi and chrome—makes this one of Colt's best efforts in years. Rip Colt's introductory essay sets the tone: "Believe this: we are all masters, we are all slaves. It is only to what degree that makes the difference." Spurs No. 10 is available from Colt Studio, PO Box 1608, Studio City, CA 91604. Cover price: \$12.50.

out. As reported in the Bay Area Reporter:

"The tongue of John Kass slowly licked the thigh of a half-nude, leather-clad Patrick Toner standing spread-eagle against a wall. As Kass' tongue moved up and met the right cheek of the man's ass, it spelled curtains for Gay TV on Viacom's Channel 6. The station found the erotic vignette too much for cable and cancelled the show."

The controversial material was from a 60-minute erotic video titled "John Kass' Male Erotica," a series of non-graphic (no cocks to be seen),

choreographed vignettes. Kass and his troupe performed live at the 1984 Mr. Drummer competition; Kass was cover-man for Drummer 74, Toner (aka Elias) for Drummer 71.

GTV producer Tom Rosso confirmed that he had made a previous "gentlemen's agreement" with Viacom not to broadcast erotic material. Viacom replaced the series with a series on family counseling. And John Kass may have actually benefited from the imbroglio. A newspaper ad for his live "Male Erotic" stage show proudly boasts: "Live Show & Video Banned on TV's Cable

6—Now on Stage at Savages Theater!"

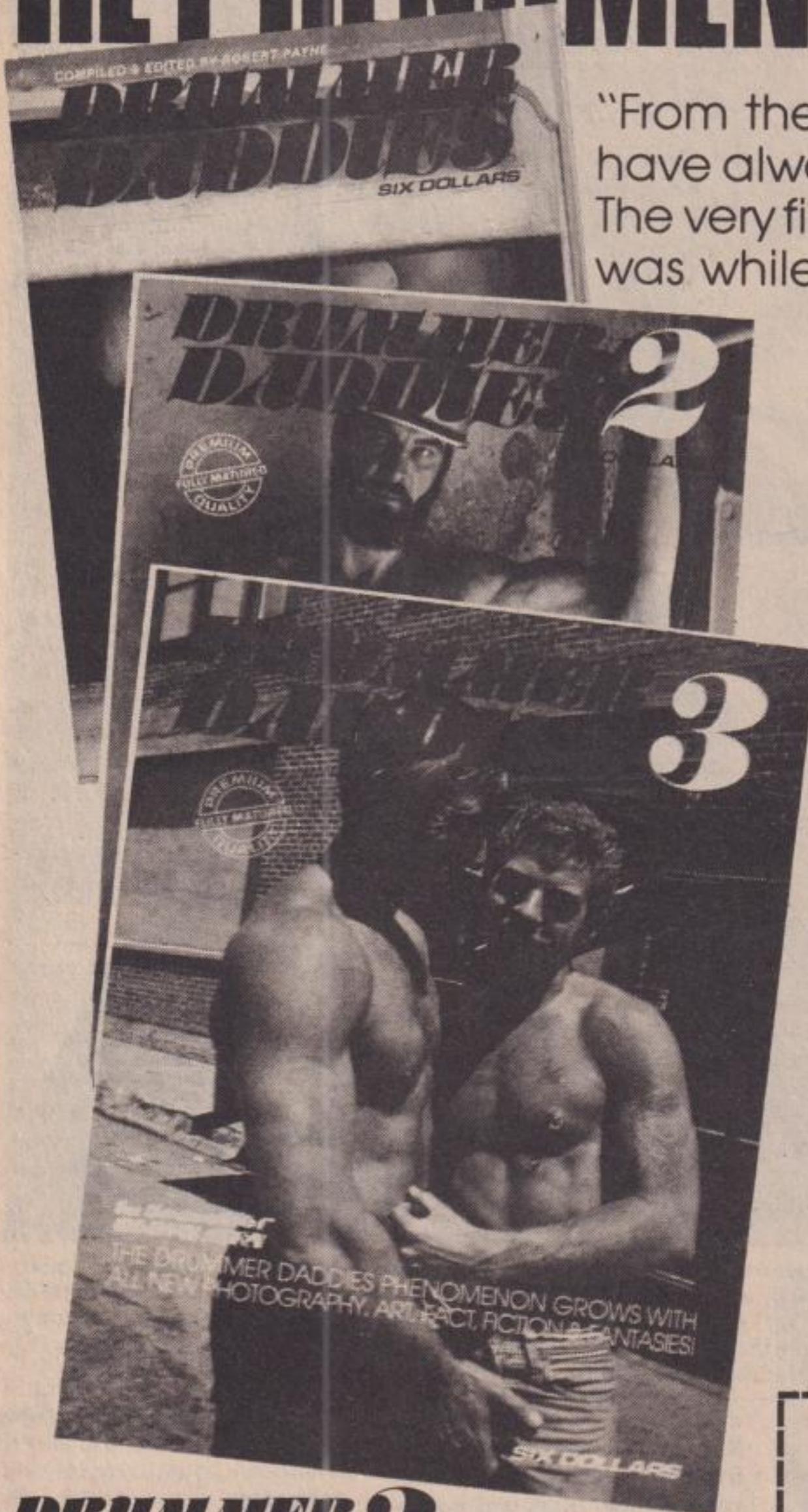
SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep Drummer readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: International Leather Scene, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □

PREMIUM
FULLY MATURATED
QUALITY

THE PHENOMENON GROWS...



"From the earliest that I can remember, I have always had a hard-on for my father. The very first erection that I can remember was while he was playing pony with me..."

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

The Search for Older Men begins! It started in Drummer, when we put out a call for Daddies and their sons to share their personal case histories—and did they ever! Pretty soon it was clear that we'd discovered a genuine sensation, and the phenomenon grew too big for even *DRUMMER* to contain it—and *DRUMMER DADDIES* was born!

DRUMMER DADDIES 2

In Search of OLDER MEN

The Search for Older Men reaches fever pitch in *DRUMMER DADDIES 2*, the only possible follow-up to the first *DRUMMER DADDIES*! We explore the phenomenon in greater depth than ever before—new case histories, new fiction, new photography, and exclusive new artwork, including stunning never-before-seen masterworks by Olaf and Rex!

Like its predecessor, *DRUMMER DADDIES 2* is cover-to-cover excitement with no advertising.

ADD FOUR-BITS A BOOK FOR POSTAGE!

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

964 FOLSOM STREET/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

I'm joining the search for Older Men! Send me:

- DRUMMER DADDIES (\$6) DRUMMER DADDIES 2 (\$6)
 DRUMMER DADDIES 3 (\$6)

Add .50 postage and handling per copy.
California residents add 6½% sales tax.

Enclosed: _____ Charge my VISA MASTERCARD

Card no. _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Signature _____

(I am over 21)

DRUMMER DADDIES 3

In Search of OLDER MEN

As you'll discover in *DRUMMER DADDIES 3*, The Search for Older Men continues at full throttle! A recent call for more true-life Daddy/son tales brought in a shit-load of horny reading—and some of the hottest fiction that's ever singed our presses! Plus new art and photography of the kind you've come to demand from *DRUMMER DADDIES*, all in a great new package of the hottest in older guys and the happiest of younger guys, as the beat goes on...

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

STROKING MR. TRAVIS

I should have written sooner, but I guess procrastination sets in when there's no one around to take charge! At any rate, I felt that someone should praise Aaron Travis for his consistently superb stories in *Drummer* over several years. As a fledgling writer myself, I appreciate how difficult it must be for him to contain an overt sexual focus within such imaginative and psychologically detailed stories. I especially enjoyed his tale of an American diplomat subjugated by a Turk on a ferry boat ("Crown of Thorns," *Drummer* 69) and, of course, the incomparable "Blue Light" (*Drummer* 44), which in my view is the finest story *Drummer* has published since I began reading with issue number 6.

Now that I stroked his ego for an entire paragraph, I wonder if Travis would tell me where to find that stud he described in "Happy New Year" (*Drummer Holiday Special*). He is too good to be fiction!

Carl Thomas
New York

SORE SPOTS

Re: *Drummer* 75 Editorial

It is obvious you are very bright and it is divisive on your part not to understand the difference between gay and straight pornography. If you understood the difference you would not attack the feminists for taking the important stand against the abuse of women in straight pornography. Your argument makes about much sense as "let's not outlaw rape because there is sex." Censorship has nothing to do with the importance of the abuse of women in straight pornography. I'm sorry Mr. Embry, no one has the right to abuse women in pornography or anywhere else. No one is going to censor *Drummer* anymore than when the law was made to stop the abuse of children in pornography. Your paranoia of censorship in this case is not applicable.

A. Orange
No address

(Editor's note: A second letter on the same subject follows. Read on...)

MORE SORE SPOTS

I read *Drummer* because it's hot; I don't care that it doesn't have women in it. But it would be nice if you had enough sense of solidarity with us not to echo the anti-SM, anti-porn "feminists" who claim that feminism and sexually explicit material are mutually incompatible. Feminism is about women being human

beings. (Somehow, I'd expect gay men to know that.)

Feminists have valued viewpoints as well as differing sexual tastes. Some feminists tie up people and whip them. Some feminists like to be caned. Some feminists even read *Drummer*.

Brenda Howard
New York, NY

(Editor's note: For clarity, we'll reprint the paragraph of the "Getting Off" column in *Drummer* 75 that kicked off this controversy:

"In Minneapolis, the feminists were able to bring in good old-fashioned censorship, using the ploy that pornography was detrimental to the image of women. If that school of thought continues, it won't be just the T&A magazines that will end up getting burned. Using that same rationalization, one can work all the way up to the Bible's Old Testament . . . the text of which is far more male chauvinistic than anti-homosexual."

The message here is anti-censorship, not anti-feminist—though the direct link between the new push to outlaw certain ideas and images in print, and certain feminists, like Andrea Dworkin, is inescapable. The idea that certain groups and individuals should be able to bring suit against stories and images repugnant to them would lead to a free-for-all of recrimination and censorship, with a chilling effect on free speech.)

JERK-OFFS

We are several guys who run JOE (Jerk-Off Enthusiasts) NYC and are very offended by your recent item concerning our club ("Basement 1984" in *International Leather Scene, Drummer* 79). This was a night of relatively SAFE SEX for guys into leather, rubber, denim and uniforms.

Our commitment to giving men the choice persuaded us to modify our standards for guys into the scene by permitting anal and oral sex with condoms. Our usual rules restrict this behavior regardless of whether someone wears rubbers or not.

This Tuesday night group fizzled out since guys into leather objected to guys in denim, and guys in Western objected to so much leather. Also, after handing out over 1500 fliers at most of the popular bars in New York for guys into this scene (many of which were returned to us on the spot), only ten showed up at our group.

We were therefore convinced that this segment of the population does not believe that an epidemic exists. Our

thoughts were reinforced by such comments by guys in leather as "I'll take my chances; after all, I could be hit by a truck when I walk out of my door," or "those figures about AIDS are made-up to sell newspapers."

Additional evidence of this attitude appears to exist, by the person who wrote the article. Most of what he wrote was lifted verbatim from our flier, but what little he did express on his own came out very hostile, like his reference to George Orwell's 1984. Maybe he is one of the men who disbelieves the statistics, which seemed self-evident from his put-down of our endeavors.

While we no longer hold these Tuesday night groups, we could consider re-establishing them if your readership writes to us and lets us know that they are interested in such a place. Not everyone involved in the leather scene, we hope, looks upon authority as "Big Brother." We have put a great deal of our time and energy into making these groups work and the offensive tone of this article seems unjustified.

Should your readership like to see us once again offer a night of relatively safe encounters, tell them to write to us at the following address (but let them be aware that our groups meet in Manhattan). Our address is: JOE—SM, PO Box 294, Bay-side, NY 11361.

JOE & Friends
Bay-side, NY

(Editor's note: Our attitude in covering JOE was intended to be tongue-in-cheek, not hostile or derisive. We are very much aware of the reality of AIDS, and acknowledge and encourage groups working to give gay men a "safe sex" outlet.)

BUSY SIGNAL

I had an ad in *Drummer* 76 for a son/slave and started getting calls before I got my copy. My ad so far has produced over 100 replies, and I have made my selection of a son/slave. I have had calls from all over the country, some lasting as long as 45 minutes.

I will never forget the wonderful men I have talked with, and I do not sign them off, as I want their friendship. Believe me, there are a lot of lonely guys out there who need a Daddy; in fact, my new son/slave and I have already talked over the possibilities of taking on a total in-house slave.

I am heavy into SM and bondage, and have a toy room setup to prove it.

Thanks for listening...

Fred
Massachusetts
DRUMMER 19

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of Older Men

DADDY LOVES ME

I met my Daddy 8 months and 18 days ago in a leather bar in Seattle, Washington, and although I have been very happy, I was blind to the extent of Daddy's love for me.

I have been in several bad relationships before this and although I have always dreamed of a Daddy/son relationship, I have never experienced anything more than some macho airheads who had no idea of the connection between love and discipline. Now all of this has changed.

When I got home from work on Saturday afternoon I was curious as to Daddy's whereabouts, since his car was not in the driveway. When I entered the house I was surprised to find the collar and leg irons, that I wear during sex, sitting on the coffee table on top of the following note:

Boy:

You know what these are for. After you put them on and are stripped naked there are some chores to do.

Sweep all the floors, vacuum, pick up all the newspapers and put them on the back porch and clean out the cat's litter box downstairs.

Your Master

P.S.: Don't you dare touch your cock.

Eagerly, I did as I was instructed and this was only the start of my happiness on that night.

My Master/Daddy came home with a beautiful watch for my graduation present, since I was graduating in five days from a local night course in medical administration. We also went out to a movie and supper, but when we came home, I fucked up just like most little boys.

I came in the house and sat down on the couch to read the paper. Daddy walked over to me and asked me what I

thought I was doing, wearing my clothes and not my collar and leg irons. I told him I was sorry and I rushed to obey him.

When I returned to him, he was nude on the couch and he quickly pulled me down to his hard cock and I hungrily started sucking on his hot, delicious meat.

As I knelt in front of him, he stroked my head and spoke firmly and softly to me.

"That's a good boy. From now on when you come home, you will strip naked and put on your collar and leg irons. Since you didn't do that tonight I will have to punish you."

A little while later, Daddy led me down to the basement and put me on my knees with his cock in my mouth.

After being chained to the pillar and having my ass fucked royally, I asked Daddy if he could attach the chain to my collar instead of just wrapping it around my neck.

The collar had no lock on it but I promised him that I would not take the collar off. I was a bad boy and I lied to Daddy and, of course, Daddy caught me in lying to him.

The next night Daddy punished me very sternly but very fairly. He handcuffed my arms behind me and attached my legs and arms to my collar, which Daddy had fixed that afternoon so that it can now be padlocked. As I lay there bound securely, Daddy beat himself off.

With this action going on only a few inches from my face, Daddy spoke firmly and softly to me.

"I was going to let you feel this up your ass and down your throat, but you lied to your Daddy and now I have to waste it."

I begged him to just let me taste, I whimpered and swore

that I would be a good boy and never disobey him again.

After he came on the hard wood he unchained me, and although I begged to lick it up, he gave me a paper towel and told me to wipe it up while he took a bath.

I was heartbroken but as I wiped up my Daddy's wasted load I understood in my heart that Daddy only did this so I would always remember to never disobey him again.

Afterwards as I lay beside Daddy I told him that I was sorry I made him waste his load and that I would be a good boy and never disobey him again.

Daddy smiled and said "I know. I love you, son."

Today is my day off and my balls are aching to shoot, but Daddy said never to touch my cock without his permission. Tonight when Daddy comes home I am supposed to have myself cleaned and chained to the bed. I will be waiting and ready for the Daddy who has let me know how much he loves me, by his love and discipline.

Daddy, I am the luckiest son alive.

Daddy Hans
and son scott

TYING THE KNOT

I thought it was about time I wrote you and told you about myself and my son. Both of us really like Drummer and we especially like the "Drummer Daddies" section.

Todd and I have been together for 18 months now. We met quite by accident. I'd moved to Iowa from the Chicago area about six months before and was driving back for a weekend of visiting friends or, should I say, a weekend being the Master that I am. My move to Iowa was a job transfer; I couldn't refuse and were it not for tra-

veling back to Chicago once a month and a slave or two coming here once a month, I'd have gone crazy.

As I said, I was driving back and it was pouring down rain. I don't normally pick up hitch-hikers, but it wasn't fit outside for man nor beast when I saw him standing at the side of the road, obviously drenched and soaked to his skin. He looked like he had a fairly decent build on his 5'8" frame, though he was quite slim. He had dark hair and bright blue eyes which seemed to twinkle even in the dimness just before sunset.

Though I turned on the heater, he continued to shiver and shake from being cold. I reached to the back seat and pulled a blanket over the seat, telling him that he'd better get out of his wet clothes and wrap himself in the blanket before he caught his death of cold. He responded with "it doesn't matter one way or the other if I live or die." I simply told him to do it and do it now. He did. I caught a glimpse of him naked and noted that he had a good-sized cock and more than ample balls.

As he slowly warmed up, I began to ask him all kinds of questions. He was honest about it all and told me that he'd dropped out of college after getting into trouble with the law, and that his family didn't seem to care about anything but him not giving them a bad name.

I'm still not sure why I did it, but I told that he wasn't solving anything by running away. I also told him that he could spend a few days with me to sort things out before heading to California where he said he was going. I pulled into a drive-thru chain and got us something hot to eat and he was grateful for that. He hadn't eaten since the night before and didn't have any money. I told him he would work for me a bit to earn something to continue his trip.

I think it was about the third day he was at my place that things happened. I'd found out that he could cook and was handy with making repairs around the place. He had a very cocky attitude though, and always seemed to have a

remark or retort for just about everything I said. While I was gone to work, he's been playing the stereo and he blew out one of my good speakers. I didn't mind that so much as his cocky attitude of "so what" when I found it out that night.

I guess I blew my cool at that. I didn't expect him to address me as "Sir" and all that crap, as I was just ten years older than he, but I did expect some kind of an apology. I told him he was and had been acting like a spoiled brat and it was time someone took him down a peg or two. Before he knew what was happening, I'd grabbed him, pulled down his pants and took him over my knees and proceeded to give him a fairly sound spanking with my hand. I felt I had a right to do it. After all, I'd opened my home to him and I'd bought him a few clothes since he'd had nothing but the clothes on his back.

When I finished and shoved him off my lap, he was crying and reached back to hold his sore ass. He screamed out at me, "Nobody has ever whipped my ass, you bastard! I hate you!"

I saw red! He wasn't going to speak to me like that. I told him he deserved it and more. With that, I grabbed him up again to my lap and this time used my belt and gave him a good whipping with it, hitting not only his ass, but also the back of his thighs. He screamed and kicked and cried, but I made sure that I'd given him a good whipping before I shoved him back to the floor. The fight must have been driven out of him, for he apologized for calling me a bastard and for busting the speaker and his cocky attitude.

I accepted his apology, but I also reached down and pulled off the rest of his clothes so he was naked. I took the clothes and told him that he could go naked until he learned a little respect and started thinking about someone other than himself. He quickly went to his room.

I went to bed later that night thinking that I'd get up in the morning and find him gone. I couldn't have been in bed more than 15 minutes or so, unable to sleep, when he entered my room and crawled



DRUMSTICKS



SA-5075-21A

"Boy the baths are sure different since they put in this new 'Safe Sex' policy."

Rasslin'

Submit? No?
Circle, circle.
Find an opening.
Hairy arm headlock,
straining bicep.
Punches, to weaken the grip.
Pull away.
Submit? No?
Forearm smash to chin.
Rebound knee to gut.
Tripped to mat.
Caught in sweaty, thick, hairy thighs.
Hot panting breath into
soggy, hot jockstrap.
Sweaty fist smacks sweaty skin.
Up.
Hard right to the gut.
Rebound off ropes.
Crushing groins bearhug.
Submit?
Hug.
Submit?
H-u-u-u-u-g.
Submit? Yeah?
Smile.

—Auggie Camelli



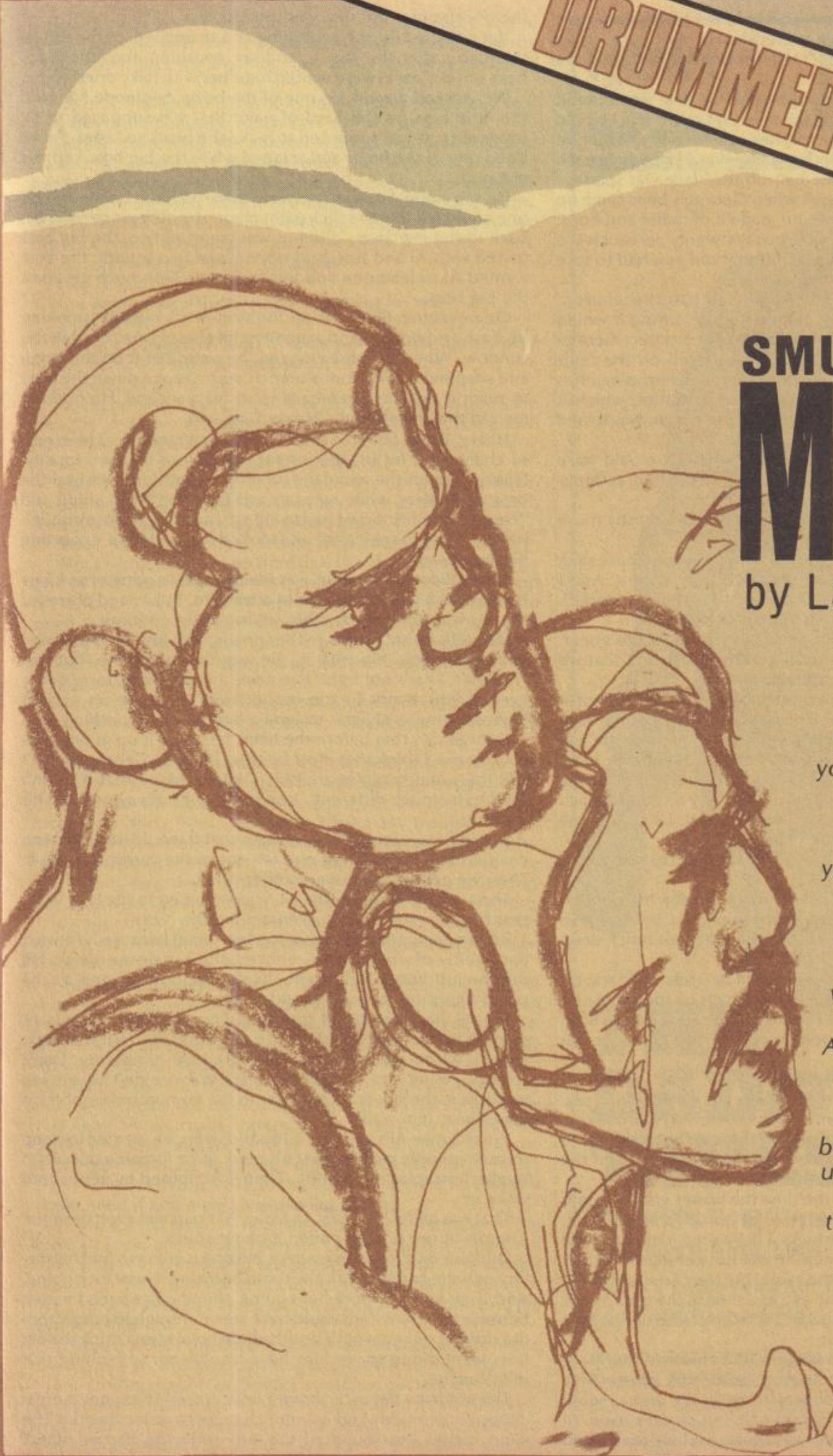
"Foot fetish, foot fetish. Why can't you go for grabassing like the rest of the guys?!"

DRUMMER FICTION

**SMUGGLER'S
MOON**

by Lars Eighner

You get by, however you do. You think you are beginning to get the hang of things. Then all of a sudden you realize something is out there in the darkness. A yellow eye opened in the dimness. That was what was between Al and Jess. Al had been with us a while. Jess was new. When we have a lot of new guys, the bosses take off and let us shake down. When they come back, if there are fewer of us, no questions are asked.



Jess claimed to be half Mexican. He had straight black hair, but his body was light enough to freckle. He said "aunt" like a New Englander, and he couldn't tell if you called him a son of a whore in Spanish.

He was about 6'4"—near enough to Al that they would stand back-to-back and ask who was the taller. If I could tell, I would not say. They measured their reaches against one another, at arm's length, patting each other's cheeks and pulling each other's sideburns—though the hair on Jess' face was sparse.

The bosses were gone a week when George's beer came up ripe. He called it beer because he made it of millet and hops. But it tasted like bitter cider. George says twenty percent is the limit. I'd say it was more. It wasn't bubbly and you had to take the first couple slowly to prime yourself.

What I recall: At one point, a body fell past the window. George made Al stop playing mumblety-peg, saying it would ruin Al's bowie knife. That might be so, but I expect George wanted to save his precious floor. Dan puked on the floor anyway—a good explosive shot which surprised him as much as anyone. And one of George's blue antique bottles, which is what he calls anything he scavenges on the beach, was tossed out the window.

Afterwards we didn't find the body where it would have landed, or the bottle for that matter. What we did find, as things came back in focus, was Jess in Al's bunk.

Some notice such things and some don't, and mostly those who don't can't be made to notice.

I know Al didn't remember how it went. Al would have said, Al would have talked about it, whichever way it went. And I don't think Jess knew either. I think that's how it started. Neither of them knew, but they both wondered.

We were all in bad shape for a few days after George's beer. We fucked around with the small arms to the extent that we could bear the noise. It was pretty ragged.

Whatever it was the night of the beer, that was all of it between them for the time. Unless you count jerking each other off in the shower, which we did not. You poke the guy next to you. He does you, you do him, and you both keep looking the other way as if nothing was happening. Even the hayseeds do that. But if Al and Jess did that any more with each other than with anyone else, no one noticed. Like I say, we didn't count that stuff. Not then.

What did happen was Jess moved his bunk to the one across from Al's.

I had the bunk above Al's. I could look right down on Jess. So I can tell you it wasn't what you might think. No, it was just so Jess could keep an eye on Al. Neither of them got much sleep after that.

Mornings, I'd look over and Jess would be stretched back, his hard-on nuzzling the single line of black hairs on the white part of his belly. I'd think he was dreaming. But if a spring creaked in Al's bunk, Jess' eyes would open quick and he'd glance across the aisle.

Then he'd close his eyes again, slowly.

The little smart-ass queen from Atlanta put it all down to sex. That was right, as far as it went. But even the very dumb hicks could tell it. When Al and Jess played chess in the mess hall, to walk through the room was enough to raise the hairs on the back of your neck. You could smell it.

If we had shaken down by the time the bosses got back, you wouldn't know it from Al and Jess. The bosses brought some bimbos back, as a treat for the hicks. I have seen Al do that kind of stuff a time or two, and I knew he was not getting any other.

The chessboard wasn't on the table, but they sat there as if it were, looking each other in the eye and then at the door to the entertainment and back again. In the night, when I thought sure Jess was asleep, Al got up.

But Jess was after him like a shadow. Wherever Al may have thought of going, he went to the head and peed. They whispered as they stood, shadow pictures, in the door. I could not hear the words, but I got the gist of it. Jess raised a hand. Al grabbed Jess' wrists and pushed them back, folding Jess around

the doorframe. And that was the kiss.

If it was the kiss, the squirming and struggling, or the dream that came after the kiss, I can't say. Morning, the little black hairs on Jess' navel were matted together with flaky dried come.

We worked a week on one of the boats. Someone had sold the little boss on this kind of paint that was supposed to be super-slick. It was supposed to make the boats go faster. So we lifted one of the boats and scraped while the big boss kept his eye on us.

He saw it too. So when we were done with the boat—and no one could tell that the slick paint made any difference—we got back to the exercises. When it was teams of two, the big boss paired with Al and Jess, and when it was two squads, the boss wanted Al to lead one and Jess the other. Not much gets past the big boss.

One evening, Shinji sat on the stonework outside, smoking his hash and opium, and watching the chess game through the window. When his pipe clogged, he pounded it on the stone and snapped a twig from a branch. As he broke down the pipe to ream it out, he came back to us for a second. He nodded toward the chessboard. "Heavy," he said.

Heavy. It was Shinji's same "heavy" as when the sudden gust of chilly wind hit us, the instant the eclipse reached totality. Heavy, like on the mainland when the flashflood washed the boss' jeep away while we watched from the bluff. Shinji said "Heavy," the first time I had to kill a man and I got close enough to the corpse to see its face and looked back to Shinji, expecting him to explain it.

Heavy. But no one of us was seeing it all, so none of us knew how heavy it was. It comes out afterward, in bits and pieces of the stories we tell each other, trying to figure it out.

Dan tells it that he was in the shower with Jess. Dan was hard and poked Jess' hip with it, the way that it is done. But Jess wouldn't. That's not right. I've never heard of it before. Cause even if you're not in the mood, even if you're an uptight hayseed, you're obliged to lend a hand and say nothing of it.

George says that before the beer, Jess gave it up as pretty as you please. I think that must be true, because George doesn't talk the usual bragging bullshit. I know myself that Al didn't used to be much different... except that he always wanted his upfront.

About here someone always says that it would have all been okay if they had just had one fair cut of the cards to settle it. Then we get up and have another drink.

The signs: When you saw Al, you expected to see Jess. Well, that happens sometimes, even among the hicks.

Recon exercises were easier on Jess' team because he always had a sense of where Al was—not exactly, but close enough. He said he just knew. But maybe, like old opposing generals, he could figure out how Al would move.

We all had a game of guessing who was on the stairs or coming to the door by listening to the footfalls. That was easy: Shinji's scurry-scurry-scurry, George's bear-lumbering, Dan's springy, young step, and all the others. We wouldn't have to see to know if there were a stranger in the compound—not if we could hear him walk.

We all knew Al's gait. But if Jess did sleep, he seemed to sleep through people walking past his bunk, guys jumping out of top bunks, horseplay and scuffle. Then if Al tiptoed by, Jess would wake up.

That was all on Jess' part. In a way, Al's part was even stranger. I began to see when I pulled lookout south.

Lookout on the south is a joke. No one is going to find his way through the barrier islands without knowing where he is going. And if he knows where he is going, then he has been invited, because the uninvited would have sense enough to come from the north. Lookout south was the little boss' idea. I think the big boss went along to let him have his way on something that didn't matter.

The point is a flat rock above a little gravel. The water there is choppy and muddy and its color changes to reflect the sky. The wind carries the sound of the surf from the barrier island.

Unless the weather is really bad, it's calm and peaceful. If you're in the right frame of mind, it's pleasant duty—especially as the radar would pick up anything, just about, that was really out there.

The only hassles are if the little boss catches you asleep or if you lose the binoculars, which isn't so hard to do.

Getting on toward the sunset, I stood up to stretch and walked to the point of the flat rock. The birds swooped and fished in the orange glimmers of the shallows to the west which we call an oso—only meaning a tidal pool made by a storm. When I turned back to my chair, I saw someone walking toward the rock across the salt grass and low scrub. It was Al.

"Anyone else out here?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"I'm going down there. Keep a lookout for me."

"Sure. Why?"

"I've got, you know, to have some privacy." He looked over his shoulder toward the compound.

"Al, what is going on?"

"Look, he won't leave me alone. He won't give up none. He won't let me have any other. He don't even let me, you know, have time to myself."

"Let? What's his letting got to do with it?"

"You won't understand. Just keep an eye out while I'm down there alone." He nodded toward the crotch in the rock which leads down to the little bit of gravel beach.

"God, Al, if it's like that, let me help you out."

"No, I need your eyes up here. It is like that. But I need to be alone." He leaned toward me from the ankles. I held him and he kissed my neck. I could feel the pressure in his shorts and smell the been-needing-it-a-long-time. Once Al and I...well, it was a long time ago and I don't even remember now why not. I touched his thigh with my hand and he stood up again.

"Alone," he said.

He crawled down into the crotch of the rock and when just his head was left, he hollered back, "Thanks for the thought, anyway."

I watched in the direction of the compound for a bit.

I hadn't thought of it before. The open bunks, the open stalls in the head, hardly a room with a proper, closing door. The hicks who don't fool around don't have any trouble finding privacy—those who think they need it. But no one's looking for them, watching their every move, anticipating where they're going and being there when they get there. Course, even they get caught at it often enough that it's not even a joke anymore.

It wasn't the touch of Al or the smell of him or the memories of our times together. Something they generated between them made me horny.

Hell, it made everyone horny. We were all draining some of that charge. The queens Al used to service sighed and acted as if they were languishing, but if you kept an eye out, you saw that they were picking up on the extra action. Guys two bunks away from Al and Jess would get up in pairs to shower three times in the night. Cold-fish hayseeds were in a rut, groaning and dry hunching their mattresses until dawn, or awkwardly allowing that they always really wanted to be shown how. And Dan came, one morning, to stand by my bunk and look up at me until I gave him a hand up and helped him because Dan—well, Dan's not cock-hungry like some, but he is sweet if he sees you really need it and aren't just playing around.

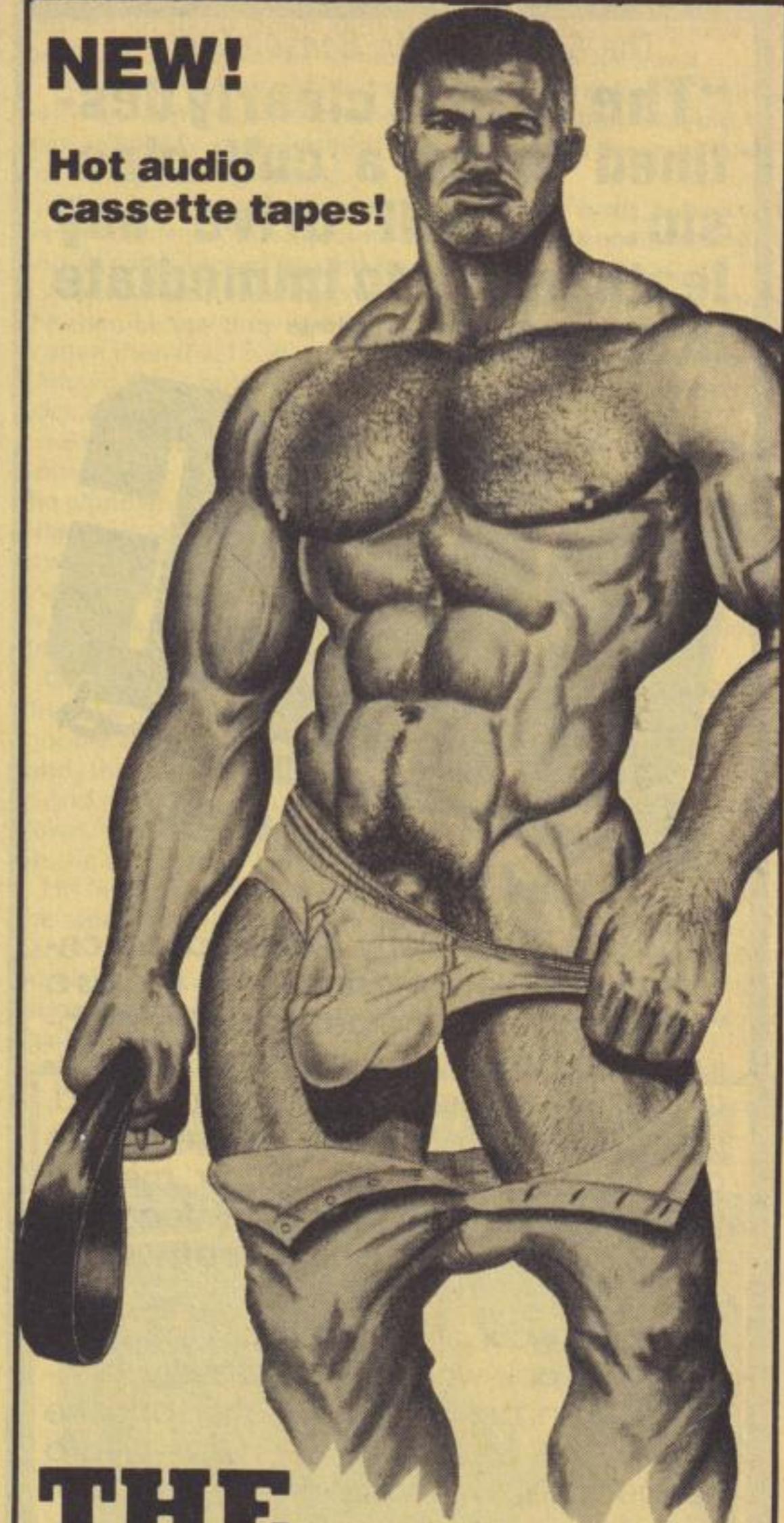
I wasn't scratching my nuts anymore. I was standing on the lookout rock, playing with myself. I walked to the crotch and took a step or two down, but thought better of it. It doesn't seem right now, to think of it, but I crawled to the very point of the rock and peeked over to spy on Al, my cock in my hand the whole while.

I could not see him, but the shadow of his cock poked out of the shadow of the rock on the gravel beach to the left.

The curling shadow of his cock stretched out and the shadow of his hand caressed it, rolling down it, tickling it two-fingered, and slicking it flat-palmed over the head, the slow, luxurious way of doing when you're alone and have the time and want to

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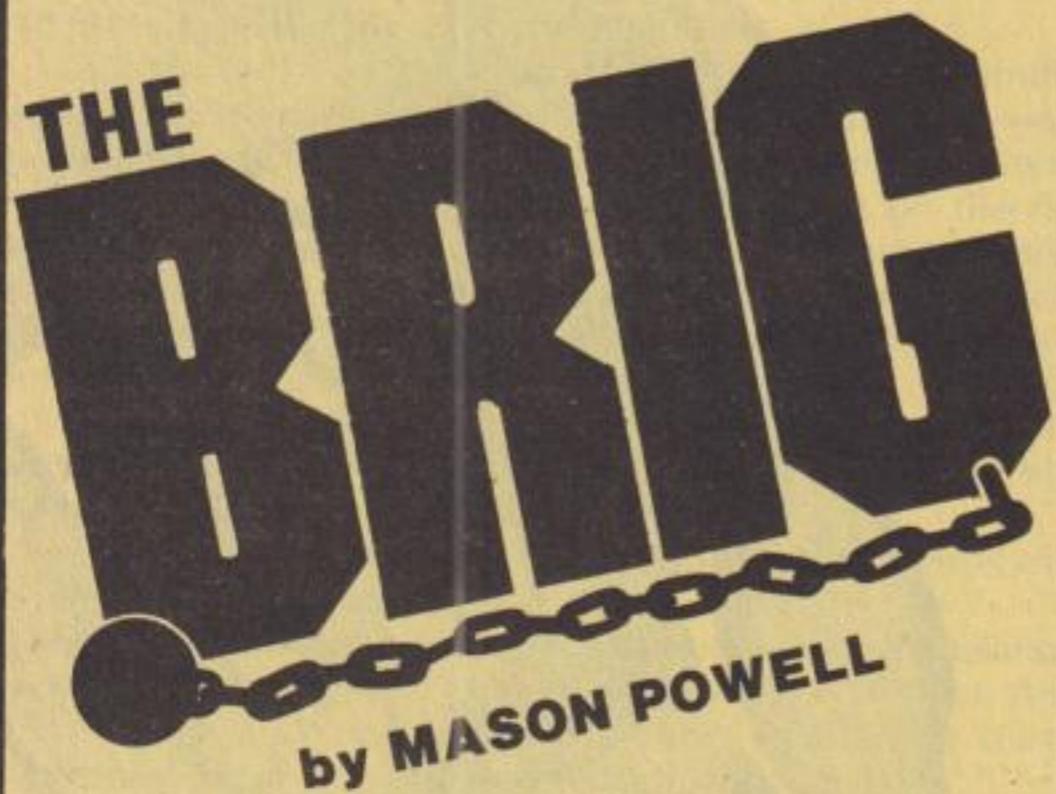
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make it good.

It had been three months since the night of the beer. That was Al's three months of quick, shallow strokes in his bunk, trying not to squeak the springs, pretending to be asleep—trying to get it out over the urinal in the five minutes before Jess would get suspicious and, at the last moment, pushing the other guy away because Jess' shadow with its shadow soap loomed over the tile threshold—running through the jungle, skivvies in hand, stopping for fast strokes and then running on because the crash of Jess' tread was getting too close—standing in line for dinner behind Shinji in his silk shorts, Shinji feeling the pressure and making his buttocks dance, and that is almost enough because the need is so bad, but the line moves on.

The slow hunching, heaving shadow of Al's hips pressed out of the shadow of the rock. I was up on my knees and shoulders, my face pressed on the point of the rock so I could watch Al's shadow jack off while I humped my fist, holding it back so I could come with the shadow wads, the weeks of it built up.

"Make a sound and I'll brain you." It was Jess with a big stone.

None of it was my business. It wasn't my job to put that pup in his place, seeing that Al wouldn't.

Jess crawled down the crotch. Al heard the rattle of a loose rock and his shadow head looked around. I yelled, "Watch it, Al," anyway.

The shadows struggled for a moment on the gravel beach. Then Al broke away and was on the beach himself, his cock still hard in his left hand and his right hand unsnapping the sheath of his bowie knife. Jess was after him, wielding a shell-encrusted timber in both hands. They circled each other on the gravel.

"Cheat," Jess shouted.

"I don't owe you nothing."

"Goddamn cheat."

"Leave me alone. I've got to be alone."

Al jumped out of range and stood up. He took his hand away from his cock. The cock stood out from his belly, still hard, still red, still glistening with spit in the last of the orange sunset. "Look. Here it is. Do you want it? You can have it, if you want it."

Jess growled and lunged with the timber.

"I didn't think so," Al hollered when he was out of range.

Jess swiped at Al twice more with the timber, but its weight was wearing on him. Al had a second to spit on his hand. Then Jess let the timber nose down in the gravel between them.

"Lookit. I can't get a hand job in the shower. Can't jack off in my bunk without your prying eyes. Can't pork a puta or get a blow job from an old buddy. Okay, this must be what you want."

Jess leaned on the timber, panting.

"You want to see a grown man begging for the chance just to jerk off, no pride left, out in the open in front of everybody?" Al jerked his toward me. "Well, then, I'm begging."

Al lowered himself from his crouch onto his heels and knees, his cock gripped in one hand, his knife still in the other. He began to move his hand on his cock again. But this time it wasn't slow and easy.

Sweat sluiced off his chest and he spat in his hand again. He rose off his heels, like he was aiming his cock at Jess' head. At the last second Jess shouted "NO!" Al whipped his hand off his cock and let it shoot by itself. One, two, three white lashes slapped down on the barnacles and the timber. Al milked the rest of it out in a puddle on the gravel. My load dropped off the point and splatted on the rocks below.

Only the glowing clouds were left of the daylight when Al climbed back up the crotch, snapping the bowie knife back into its sheath. Jess leaned on the timber until it was dark.

Days later, I found Al in the locker room, as alone as he got anymore. Jess was watching through the window.

I said "Al, we've got to talk."

"No, we don't."

"Al, you've got to stop it."

"I don't know how."

"Yes you do. Roll over if you have to. Seems to me that

stranger things have happened."

"Not now. Maybe that would have been okay before."

"Something's got to give."

"I know. I know." Al put the lock in the hasp, clicked it closed, and walked away.

I sat on the bench facing Al's locker. I beat my fists into the locker.

Dan came to stop me and I decked Dan. I threw his legs up and ripped his skivvies off and went into him dry. And he hollered that it hurt and to give him a chance to get it right. But I didn't and his head pounded against the locker the whole time. I kept my eyes closed because it needed to hurt someone, but I didn't want to see it hurting Dan.

When I was finished with it, I opened my eyes. As much to keep from looking Dan in the eye as anything else, I knelt back and sucked his cock as long and gentle and sweet as I knew how.

A hayseed came by and couldn't help himself but to lay down a barrage of come on my shoulders and Dan's chest. Dan came, but I kept his cock in my mouth a long time to avoid having to say something to Dan.

Dan spoke first. "I know. They're driving us all crazy. They've got to stop it."

In the morning, the boss had a little operation for us. We had to meet a boat on the barrier island—just for trade goods, no hardware. The boss took Dan, George, Al, Jess and me. I should have said something about Al and Jess.

We spent the day getting over to the barrier island. The little rubber raft we were using wouldn't carry more than a couple or three ingots at a time. Hauling the ingots to the windward side was no piece of cake either. Two ranks of dunes must be climbed and the loose sand on the dunes makes the climbing like trying to swim in molasses. The work was hard and heavy, but with Al and Jess it was Shinji's kind of heaviness and the hardness was the boner which showed in Jess' shorts almost everytime you looked at him.

But, at last, the ingots were stacked on the real sand beach of the island, above the tide line. George and Al set up the guns on the nearest dunes.

We found an old creosoted spar and built a fire for the boat to see and for us to cook our dinner. The boss saw it was okay and went back to the compound in the rubber raft.

It was, as they say, a smuggler's moon.

When the boat had come and made the exchange and left, Al and George came down from their guns. We should have put the fire out then, but didn't because the wind was damp and the boss wouldn't be back until sunrise.

Dan and George broke into the goods—the boss expects that and allows for it. I don't do it. At least, hardly ever. Al had a little. Dan began nodding. George had about talked Jess into it, in fact had Jess tied off, when Jess realized that Al was gone and had been gone too long for peeing.

Jess ripped the belt off his arm and stalked off toward the dunes. I watched George and Dan nodding in lotus land. I knew I would follow Jess.

By the moonlight, the sand was silver, white and gray. In the moonshadows of the dunes, I could not tell if I was following Jess' tracks or Al's or none at all. I climbed one of the dunes in the first rank, losing half of each stride in the loose sand. I was winded when I reached the crest.

Jess was a hundred yards into the flat, halfway to the leeward rank of dunes. I could tell from his deliberate pace that he had spotted Al. I slid and tumbled down the dune and rolled onto the flat. Loose sparkles showered over me.

I followed Jess' line across the flat until I stood where Jess was when I first saw him. Then I saw Al, too.

Al was lying on top of a leeward dune, his cock pointing up into the setting moon, his hands behind his neck. Jess had disappeared into shadows, but I knew he was climbing the dune towards the jumping cock and Al's body. Still I was startled when Jess loomed up suddenly at Al's feet.

Al breathed slowly and deeply and made his cock jump. Jess pushed his shorts down and Jess' cock bobbed up against his belly, the way it had all of those mornings in his bunk.

I didn't think it would happen that way: Al raising his legs up with the round muscles around his navel, Jess' hips nudging Al's legs apart, Al's cock and Jess' cock against the moon and Jess' cock disappearing into Al.

When I saw the galvanic spasm through Jess' body, I imagined he had come just as he got into Al, but his hips kept ramming Al and Al's legs locked around Jess' waist.

My hand settled on my cock. Though I felt starkly obvious on the flats, I knew they would not notice me or care if they did. I wished then that I had roused Dan to follow the tracks with me. I missed Dan's butt in that moment as much as if it had been my cock doing without all of that time.

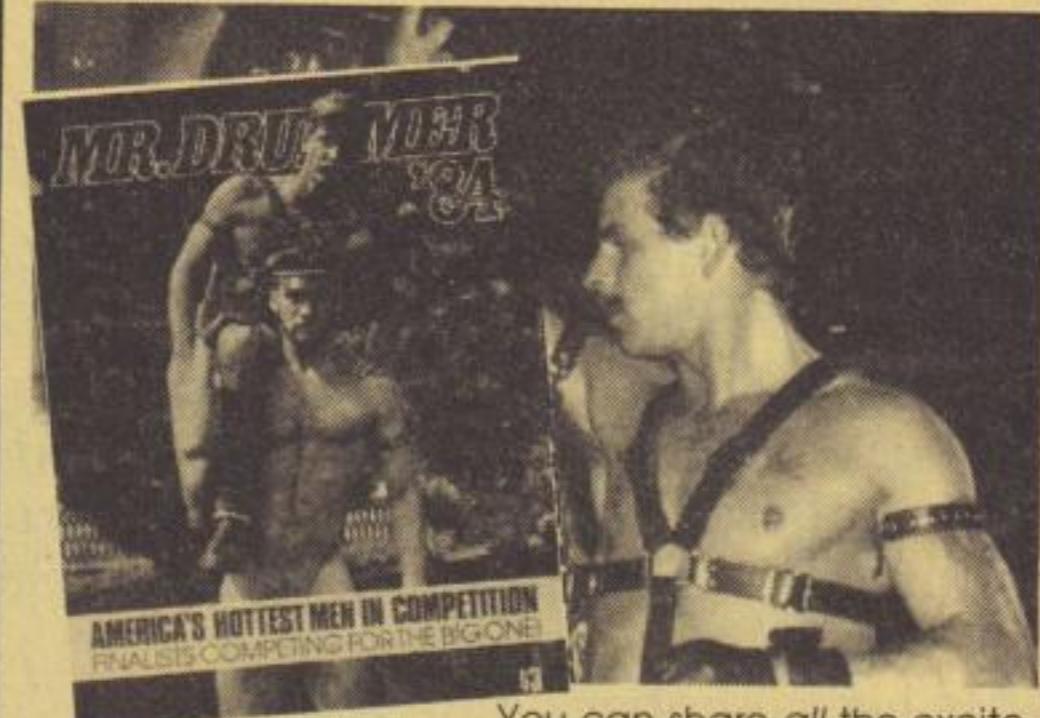
Jess snorted. He was going to come—or come again, I don't know which. After the snort was a mocking whoop. Then I saw the glimmer of silver as Al pulled his hand out of a clump of salt grass. Jess saw it too and struggled, first between the pressing toward Al in his gut and the pushing away from Al in his biceps, and then he struggled, trapped in Al's legs. They rolled together over the far side of the dune. I stood open-mouthed and slimy-fingered.

On the threadbare carpet of the brown and red creeping vines, where lizards run on two legs in the spreading moonshadows, I thought it was like the moon, this stretch of sand, this crater between the gritty dunes.

And if on the moon reptilian creatures have wings and swoop down, then it was the panicked cries of their prey I heard. I was on the moon for a long time.

His head first. Only his head cleared the dune. He slid back in the sand. Then there was the flash and rust of Al's blade in Jess' hand. Then his head and torso above the dune, his foot found a purchase. Jess stood on the dune, a silhouette against the moon, facing the wind from the sea and clasping his shorts up against his groin. □

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Conclusion

Malory & His Masters

Malory in Darkness

Malory could not see. He was blindfolded.

He could not speak. He was gagged.

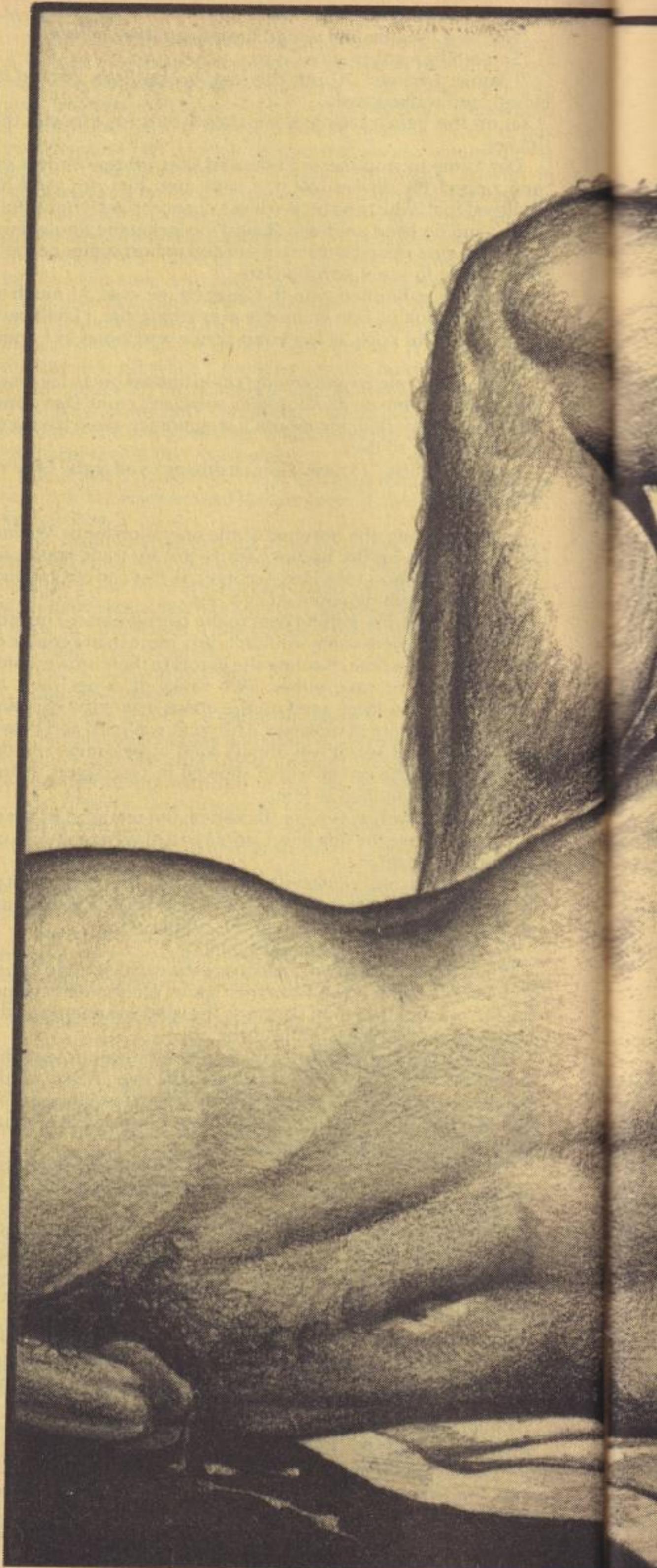
He could not move. He was bound.

He lay among the boxes in the back of the truck, lulled into a daze by the rocking roar of the axles beneath him. The roar continued in his ears after the truck lurched to a stop.

He heard the back doors unlock and then pulled open, and the scuffling of someone pulling himself up onto the metal floor. The doors were pulled shut again.

By

TOM HARDY





Footsteps approached. Someone stood over him. He did not know what his new possessor looked like. He had been trussed up before the truck had arrived and had been tossed in back without even an exchange of words that he could hear.

A hand touched his side and he jumped. The hand rubbed at his skin gently and he relaxed. A mouth pressed itself against his flank, the teeth and tongue joining into a kneading action of the muscles at the bottom side of his belly.

He gasped at the triggering of a deep spasm in the flesh. The hand rubbed more and the mouth kept chewing and he felt the spasm melt away and a deep sense of relaxation grew like a seed in his abdomen.

As if sensing this, the teeth grew gentler, the tongue more pronounced, lapping wetly and then pulling away as the hand rubbed the warm spit into his skin.

His boots were untied and removed and his sweaty work-socks pulled off his feet. Then the tongue was licking under his toes and between them, the mouth sucking each toe in turn and then continuing across the soles of his feet, making them flex and extend, then relaxing them until they felt loose and light, dangling from his bound ankles like a marionette's.

From his feet the mouth lapped up to the back of his calf. The teeth started gently on the taut muscles there and then dug deeper, finding the pain locked in the flesh, detonating it in quivering knotting that made him groan until they ran their course and disappeared in flickering tremors, eased away by the soothing tongue.

Moving to the tender depression of the back of his knee, the lips first kissed softly, then the wet warm tongue pushed at the cup, nudging the joint loose and free.

The spitty wedge slid around up the inside of his thigh. The mouth opened wider and bit down hard, working the thick muscle like a dog gnawing and shaking a bone, making it jerk frog-like. The passive eighteen-year-old groaned and then lapsed into soft whimpers as the tension was torn from the muscle and the limb flopped loose, spreading his crotch wide.

The mouth pushed under his nuts, between his buttocks. A soft breath blew over the heated flesh. He shook as the mouth spread and clamped down, sucking him out.

His hole twitched as the teeth nipped at his rim, pulling at the pink inner flesh of his hole, tugging at it, stretching it wide, making it buzz with pleasure.

Saliva drooled into him, warm and slippery. Fingers pushed in and rotated slowly, rubbing against the prostate, making his cock tingle with the piss urge as the fingers rubbed over the firm lump, back and forth until his lower body was numb with the humming pleasure, limp and passive.

The hand pushed harder at his hole, testing. The hole resisted any entrance past the knuckles. The pushing stopped. The fingers rocked back and forth over the prostate again, continuing the gentle insistent rhythm.

The mouth left his hole and then he felt a wet sucking encircle one tit, the lips spreading wide over the pectoral and pulling at the muscle as the tongue licked at the tender nubbin at its center.

The aroused tip stood up firm. The teeth nipped at it, first gently then harder, pulling it with increasing pressure until he could feel the flesh responding as it was remolded, extended, made bigger, thicker, standing out from his chest.

He sighed with pleasure and felt the sense of relaxation and passivity take him deeper, like the undertow of a warm river sweeping him to new depths of consciousness.

The pressure at his asshole increased and he breathed deeply, surrendering himself to it. The mouth moved to the other nipple.

He kept breathing deeper, slower, feeling as though he were approaching a point of suspension where there would be no resistance, no pressure, no in, no out, no up, no down.

Somewhere far away he could hear crackling echoes as though his joints were loosening and stretching out.

One more deep, deep breath—and then he pushed down

against the pushing up and felt his hole flex wide, and a great stretching thickness moved inside him.

The darkness inside his head turned pearly gray and he hung suspended without breathing, without the need to do even that much as the fist opened in him, the fingers spreading, stretching him out inside.

His mouth flexed open, like his asshole, in a great silent howl. His urethra expanded.

He shot piss and cum at the same time in an exquisitely burning rush that burst through the pearly gray in his mind like a blazing meteor of pleasure. Then he slowly, languidly slumped forward, folding about the fist at the center like the petals of a flower...

The banging at the doors of the truck seemed mountain ranges away. Even the harsh voice outside was only a distant echo in his head.

"Open up in there, mister. You're illegally parked."

Malory and the Cop

Officer Jack had no intention of taking the naked eighteen-year-old he found in the back of the truck to the station house. That was why he took the unusual step of locking him, still blindfolded and bound, in the trunk of his patrol car.

If the truck driver was surprised at this unorthodox move, he made no mention of it, being immensely relieved to receive only a ticket for illegal parking when, after all, he had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, so to speak.

Officer Jack was a patrolman on the local force, which meant he wore oxford shoes and blue serge pants and shirt, a mundane wardrobe to his mind, compared to the uniform of a motorcycle cop.

Nature, unfortunately, had denied him that occupation in real life, blighting him with an eccentric sense of equilibrium that made it difficult for him to manage even a pedal-driven bicycle, not to mention several disastrous attempts to keep a motorcycle verticle to the ground. So he had to be content with a rich fantasy life wherein he was a motorcycle cop with a more fetishistically-oriented mode of attire.

Being handy with his hands, he had built himself a setting in which to enact these dreams, possibly the only jail cell to be found in such a modestly plain suburban house—then again, possibly not. One who would judge the seed only by the husk may be surprised by the harvest.

However, until this afternoon and his startling discovery in the back of the truck, his dreams had been a solitary preoccupation, a monologue of desire settling into a ritual with an implicit assumption that there would be no fulfillment beyond that point. So great was his astonishment at opening the door of the truck and discovering the fulfillment of his fantasy within his grasp, he acted with a single-mindedness that comes rarely if at all to most, considering nothing but his dreams.

So it was that Malory found himself being transported in the trunk of a car, ending up in what sounded like a garage, from the sound of the automatic door opening and closing. Then the trunk was opened and Malory was lifted out and carried through several rooms, the last of which had a metallic echo.

There he was set down on a cot, still bound and blindfolded and gagged, then left alone with another clang of a metallic door. He took the opportunity to nap, not having much choice and having been already through a more strenuous day than even he was used to.

Though Malory certainly had no reason to know it, Officer Jack was a tediously conscientious worker, even if more interesting in other ways than his fellow officers were aware.

Malory was awakened from his dreamless sleep some time later by the heavy clang of the metal door that he could hear but could not yet see. He tried to open his eyes and move, and then realized that he was still bound and gagged and blindfolded. Heavy steps approached him and then hands were upon him, freeing the bindings on his ankles and wrists, then his gag, and finally his blindfold.

He blinked at the sudden assault of light and then gradually was able to focus on the figure standing over him, resplendent in tall black kneeboots with black breeches neatly tucked into the boot tops. Above that, a black leather Sam Browne belt circled the waist with a strap cutting diagonally across the neatly pressed black uniform shirt clinging to the broad chest underneath it—and above that, mirrored sunglasses on the face of his new possessor. So striking was the vision, implanted on Malory's mind like the first sight of a duckling fresh out of the shell, that he immediately forgot any thought of his previous captors.

"Okay, what's your story, punk?" the bike cop said roughly.

"Story, sir?" Malory said meekly, still a bit bewildered to find himself in what looked like a real jail cell, but was really the result of long loving weekend hours spent by Officer Jack in happy construction of his dream. Every inch of bar was hand buffed to a gleaming shine, every inch of institutional gray carefully mixed to the right shade. "What story, sir?" Malory inquired earnestly.

"None of your smartass lip, punk," the bike cop snarled.

Never having had such an opportunity to actually act out his fantasy, Officer Jack was tending to be a little rigid in this, its first articulation.

"Here, put this on, punk. We don't want you laying around with your ass hanging out," the cop snarled some more, tossing a jockstrap at the naked slaveboy.

Officer Jack was aware of more than one paradox in that statement even as he uttered it; the first being that one of the implicit functions of a jockstrap has always been precisely to leave the ass hanging out—and second, the blond youth's cock and balls looked very exciting in their exposed and vulnerable state. But a fantasy is a fantasy, and must be honored—and Officer Jack was determined to see this slave kneeling at the booted feet of the motorcycle cop, in only his jockstrap.

Even so, as the blond youth fumbled, pulling the creamy elastic over his stiff limbs, Officer Jack's mind raced ahead, trying to find a point of revision in his heated scenario where he could rip that strap off.

Because of this he was a little distracted as he said his next line—"Get up, punk!"—and was unprepared when the punk rose up and then slipped from the cot directly to his knees. Malory bowed his face to the bike cop's boots, extended his pink tongue and immediately began to lick at the black leather—thereby advancing Officer Jack's fantasy so rapidly it was as though the power supply for an entire town had suddenly been diverted to one dwelling, producing a feverish overload.

Officer Jack had never had so many buttons pushed at once before. He was literally incapable of speech or movement as he stared down at the blond punk licking at his boots, first covering the toes and heels with a glowing patina of spit and then moving up the leather where it fit over his calves. The softly moist lapping sound of the muscular submissive's tongue roared in his ears like tidal waves battering a coastline.

"Shall I buff them, sir?" the slave punk asked, shifting up on his knees and settling the pouch of the jockstrap down on the instep of one boot, beginning a insistent hunching movement over the slick leather.

The biker cop did not snarl toughly, mutter roughly or respond in any of the authoritative manners that he had worked out in his head. He merely emitted a bleating squeal of stunned surprise as he shot his load in his pants, quivering all over as the tidal waves receded and the power overload dwindled and he sagged down upon the cot, feeling suddenly exhausted.

Malory looked up into his eyes but couldn't see anything beyond the mirrored glasses. "Is something wrong, sir?" Malory asked, surprised to find the boot pulled away from his rutting crotch.

"No, nothing's wrong, punk." Officer Jack tried to snarl toughly and failed miserably, mired in the depths of post-cum depression.

"What do you want me to do now, Master?" Malory

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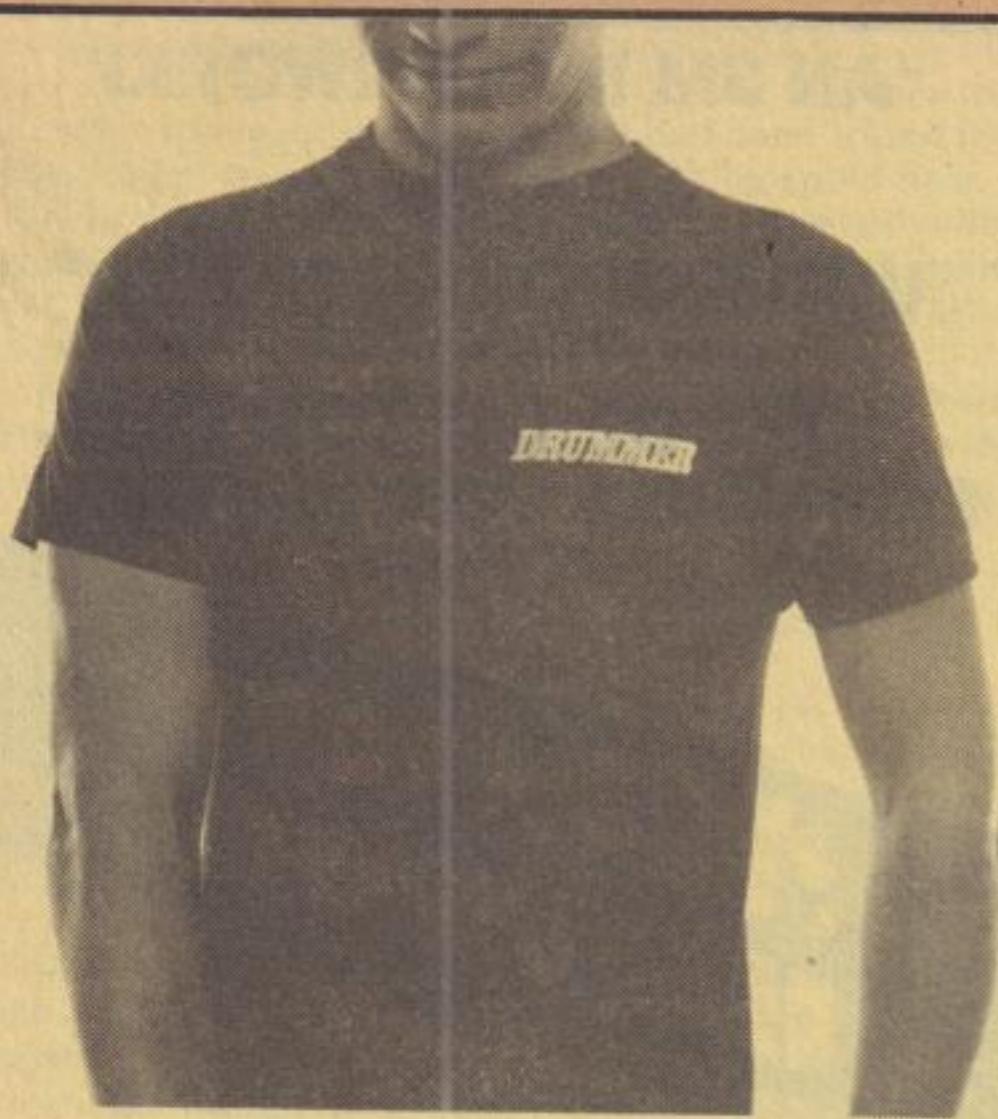
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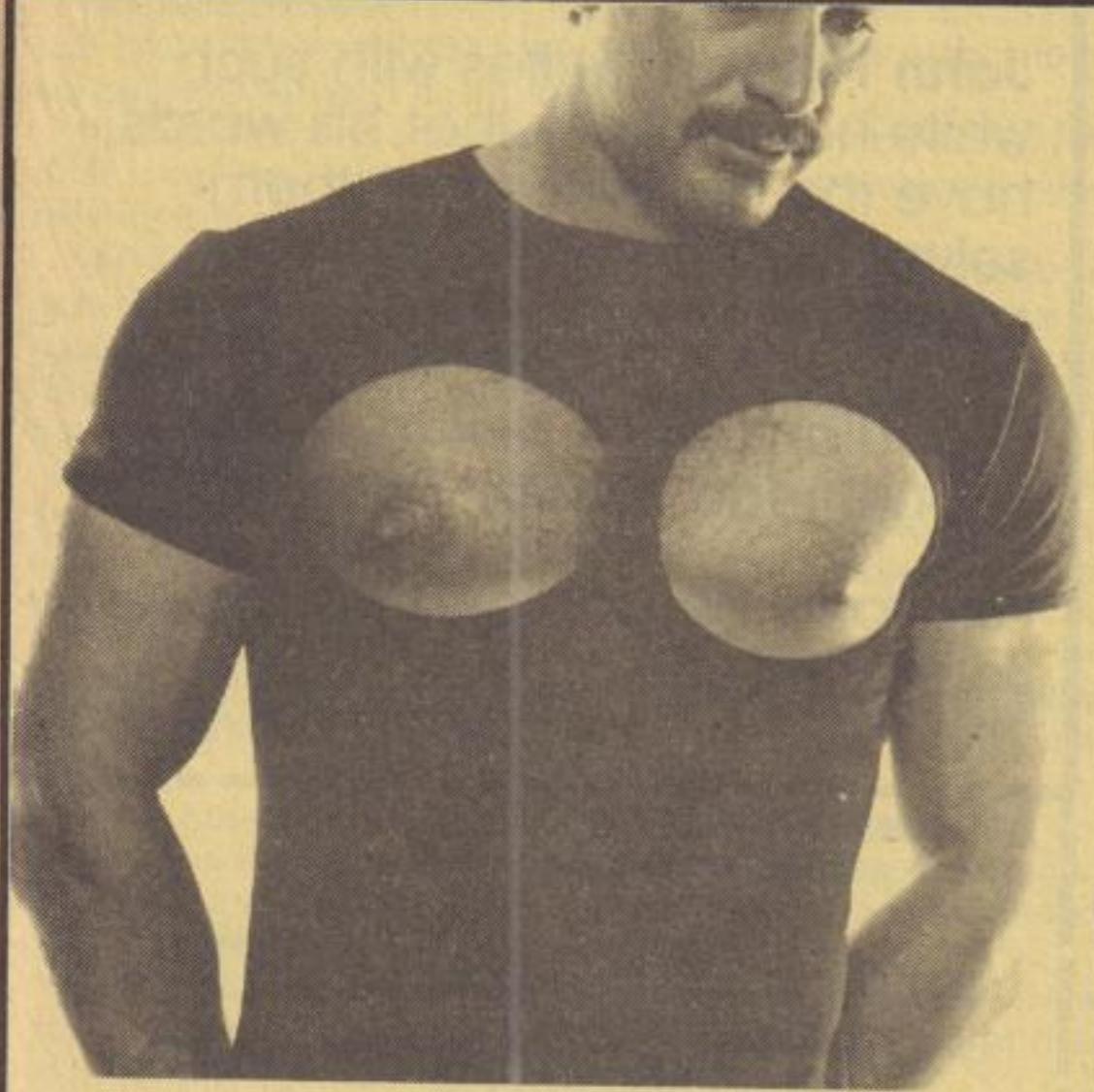
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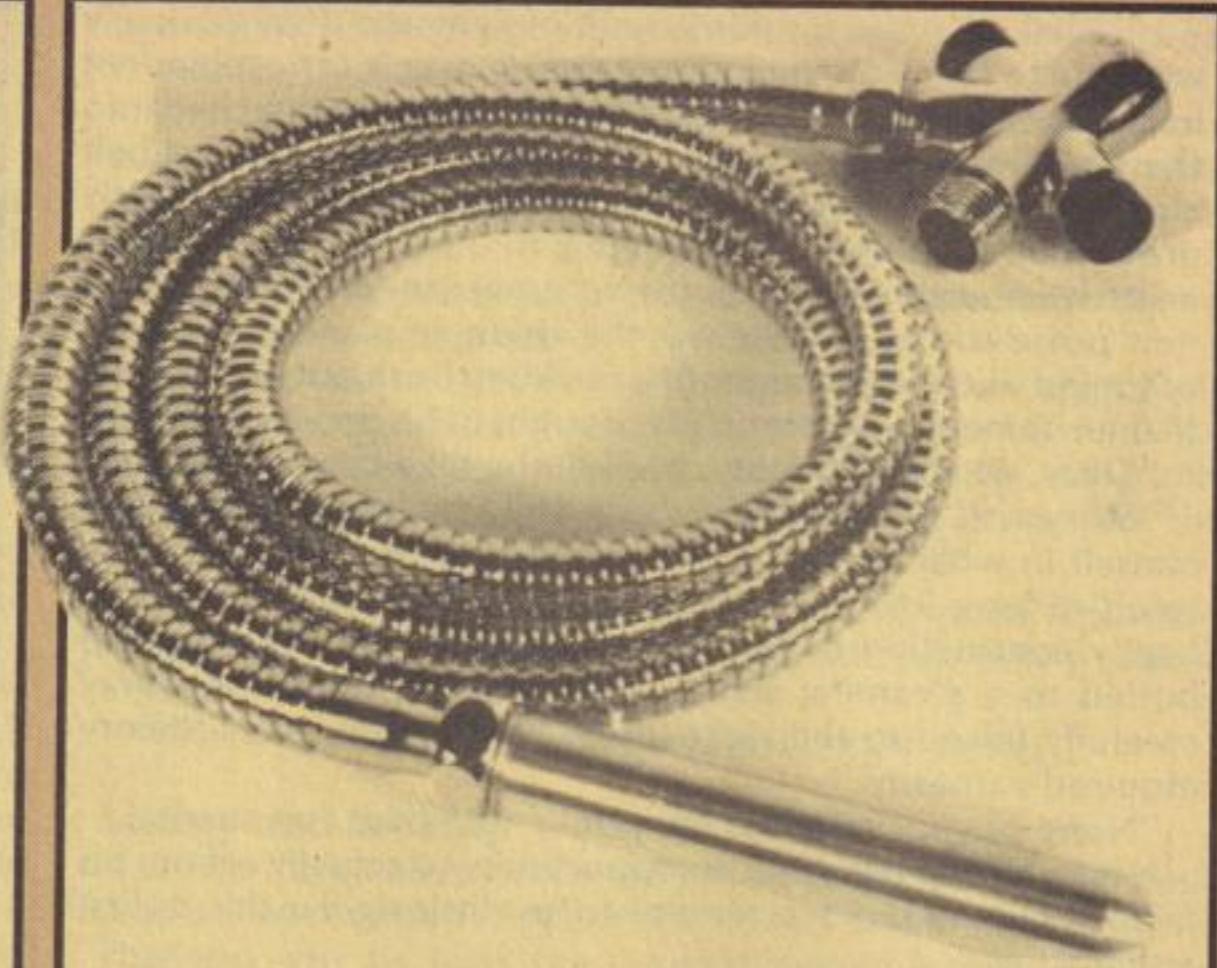
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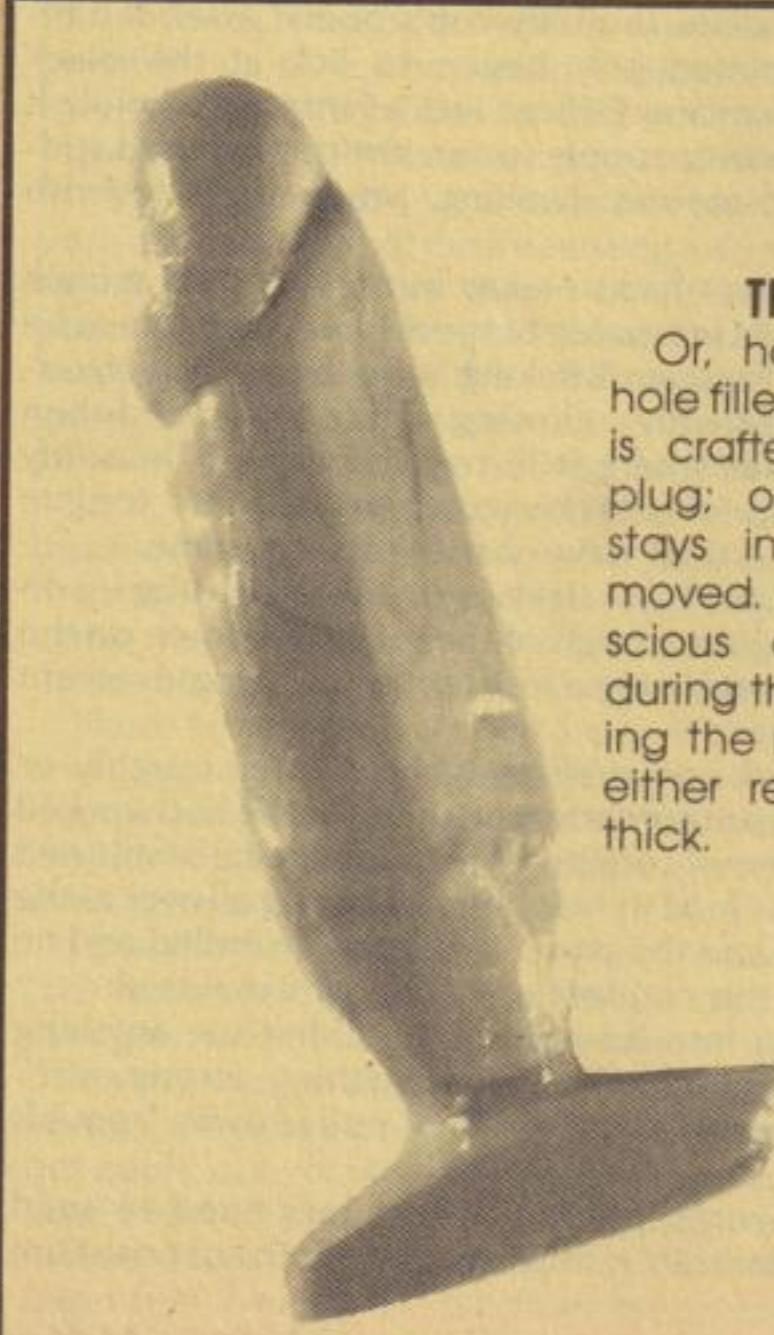


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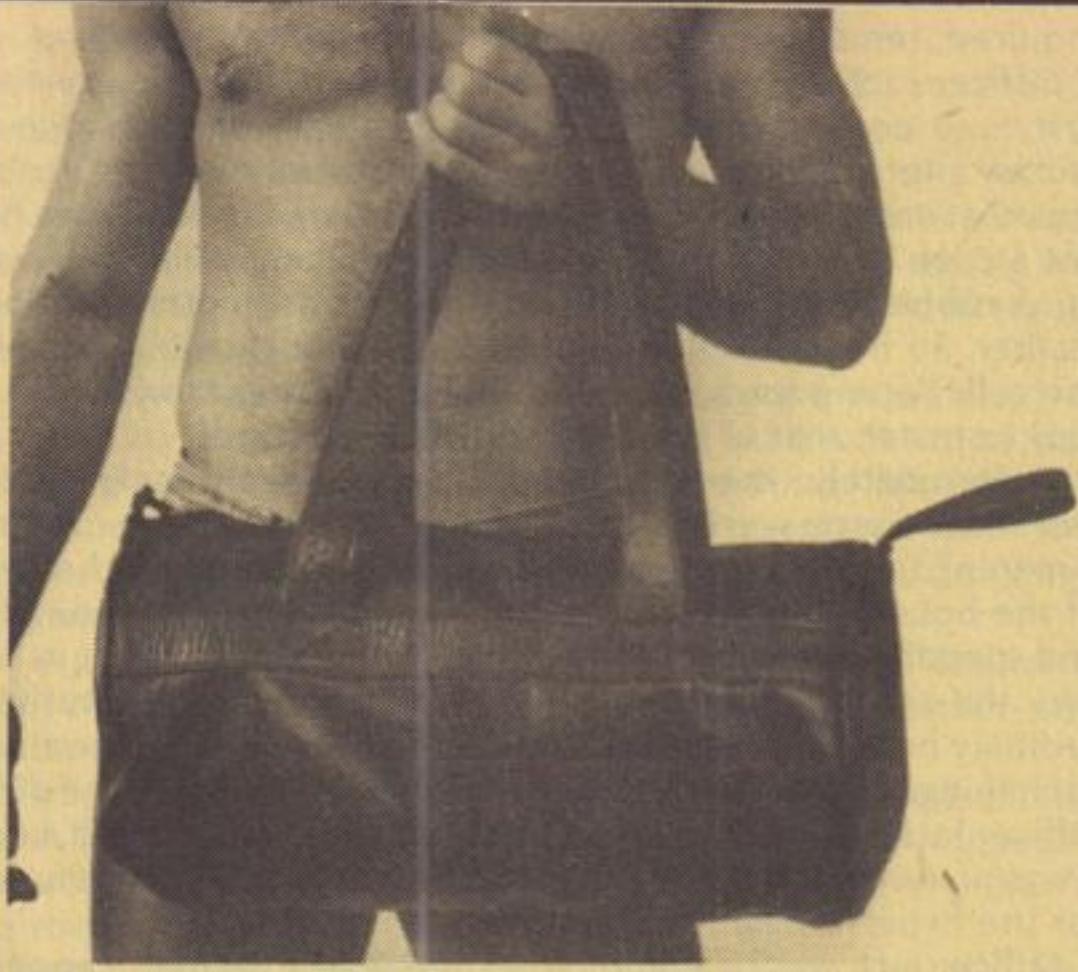
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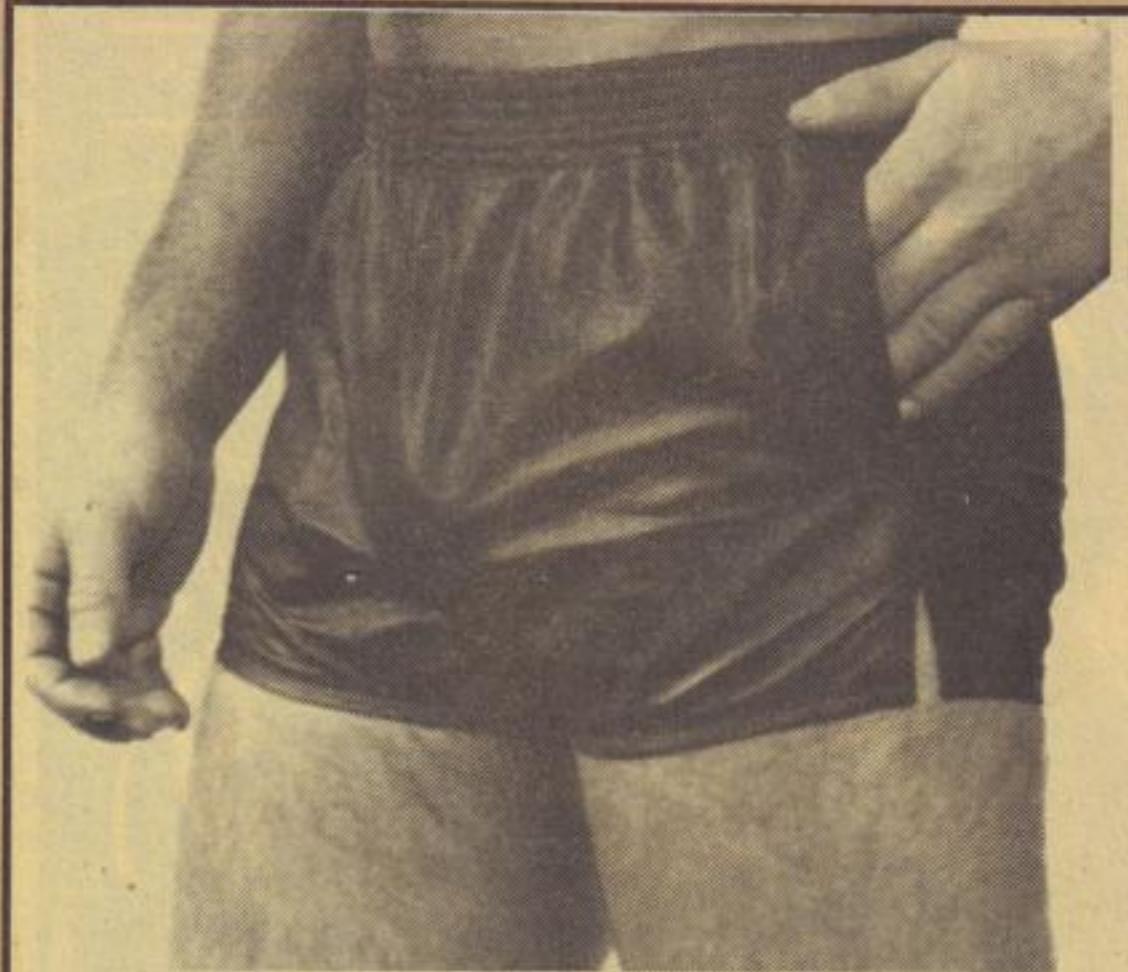
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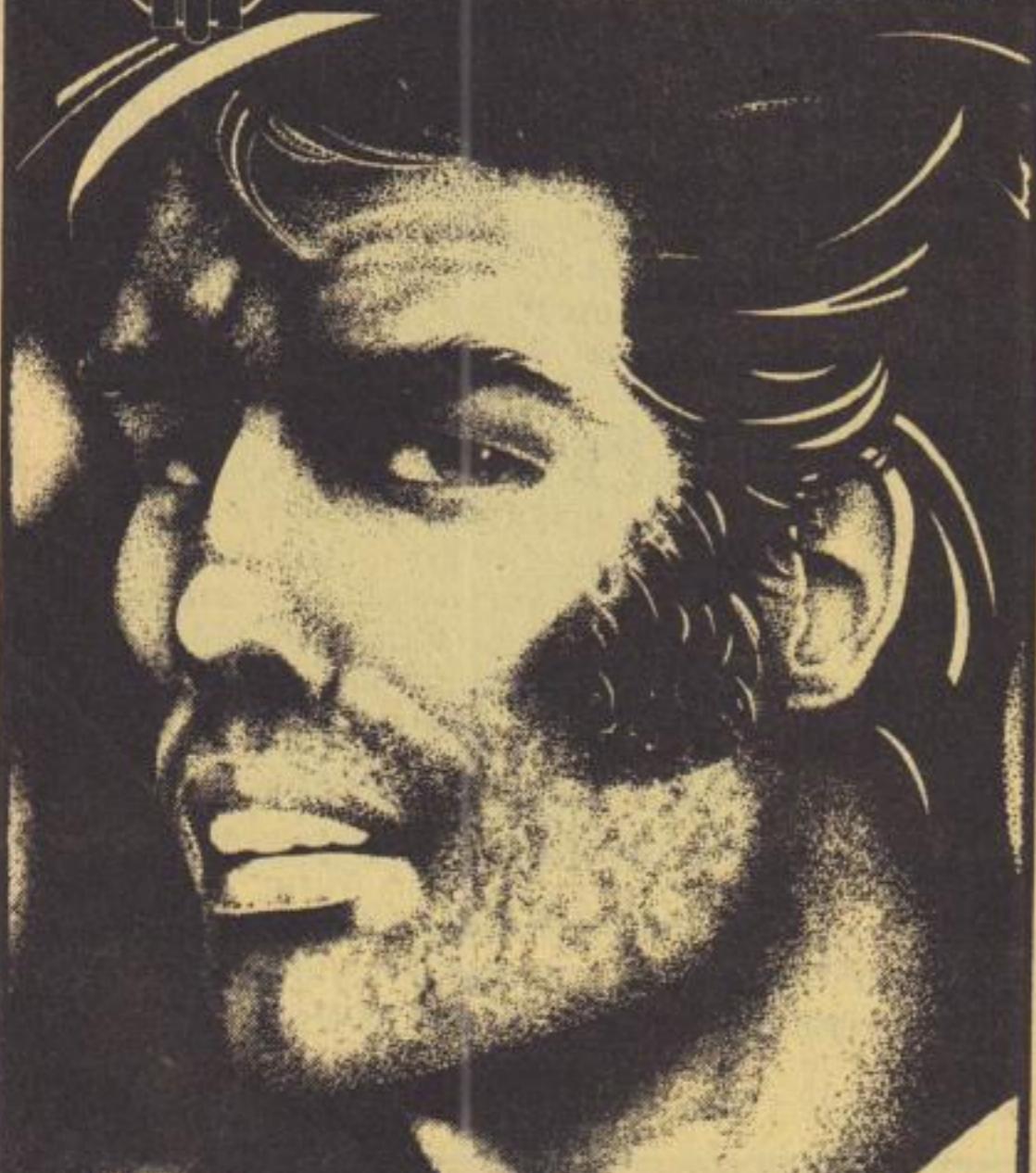
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inquired, remaining on his knees in front of the biker cop.

Officer Jack stared down at the naked young male, for the first time coming to grips with the problem of sustaining a fantasy after attaining it. He struggled gamefully with the problem, first ordering the slave to finish polishing his boots, but he got a crick in his leg holding it still for so long while the slave punk rubbed his bulging jock pouch over the smoothly-shining leather. So he ordered the slave to do some cleaning around the cell, hoping for a respite in which to recover some lustful zeal to match that of the seemingly tireless slave.

Unfortunately, the slave punk was an astonishingly eager worker and soon was back on his knees, ready for more orders. Groaning inwardly, Officer Jack set him to tasks about the rest of the house, all of which Malory performed unquestioningly and speedily, spending little time on the puzzling matter as to why the rest of this jailhouse looked so much like a rather ordinary home in the suburbs. It was not a slave's lot to question such things. Whatever the biker cop assigned him to do, he did. Officer Jack was by no means a messy housekeeper himself, and it was no time at all before he found he was running out of tasks for the hyper-efficient slave punk.

Officer Jack was beginning to experience a vaguely trapped and harried feeling every time the naked blond returned to kneel at his booted feet and ask, "What do you want me to do now, Master?"

He was also feeling the desire to change into something more comfortable than the motorcycle cop uniform. His prick was sticking to his shorts where his premature load had dried. His feet were sweating inside the heavy boots and he had to turn on all the lights in the house to keep from feeling that he was going blind behind the mirrored sunglasses.

The ringing of the phone was a welcome intrusion as he sat in his favorite easy chair in the den, enjoying a moment of relaxation by himself, having set the slave punk to cleaning the guest bathroom upstairs a few minutes before. He reached over to answer it, wincing at the pull of pubic hairs stuck together by his dried gism.

"Hey, Jack, old man, what are you up to?" came the deceptively young voice of Hal, a neighbor down the street.

"Nothing much," Officer Jack replied, never having shared with his neighbor the more intimate details of his fantasy life and seeing no reason to start now, when it was turning into a troublesome reality.

"Why don't you come over for a nightcap?"

Even as the question was asked, Officer Jack flinched at the barefoot padding on the stairs that warned him that his slave-boy was ready for another assignment.

The cool night air felt good as Officer Jack walked down to his neighbor's house at the edge of the tract. After locking the slave punk back in his cell with a liberating sense of freedom for himself, he had taken a quick shower and changed into wash pants and a sport shirt, which were much more comfortable than the uniform had begun to feel.

As he walked he pondered the situation into which his sudden acquiescence to passion had led him. More and more this golden opportunity was seeming a cul-de-sac.

It was not a question of the legal aspects or the problem of the law. Officer Jack was a policeman, after all, and already aware from first-hand experience that the law and its enforcement were but progressions of choices. If everyone were locked up for everything they did that was against the law, there wouldn't be enough people left to lock the cells.

No, the considerations that were running through his mind were more personal. What was he going to do with a slave on a full-time basis? He thought of the look in the blond punk's blue eyes as he had gazed up at the biker cop, and Officer Jack shuddered at the full burden of this responsibility of authority.

Orders, orders, orders. If he was going to be a real Master he was going to have to be thinking up orders all the time. What kind of a situation was that? It had never occurred to him that

orders could be such a problem or that total obedience could be so tiresome so quickly. What was he going to do?

He started to push open the gate at the end of the street and was startled out of his thoughts by the aggressive barking of a large German Shepherd.

"Back, King! Down, boy! That's a good boy," came a voice from the house, and the dog subsided grudgingly, keeping his eye on Officer Jack as he walked up the sidewalk, likewise keeping a distrustful eye on the dog.

The front door was held open for him by a thin man with a flop of dirty blond hair falling over his forehead. Jack noted that Hal's eyes were cheerfully blurred behind his glasses. Obviously he hadn't waited for Jack to start drinking—but then Hal was not a man who needed companions for his drinking. Not human ones, anyway.

"King's a little peevish at being out in the front," Hal said. "But the pups are getting of an age when the old father-son rivalry sets in, you know."

Officer Jack nodded glumly at this, thinking of the blond punk at home and mentally projecting ahead yet another negative factor, the coming of age of the slave son. Oh, why didn't he stick to his jerk-off books?

"Even Queenie's getting a bit bored with them, I think," Hal rattled on.

Queenie was a female, and the continual breeding of the two dogs and the care of their litters seemed to be Hal's major pastime. The garage in back was remodeled as a kennel. Ordinarily Officer Jack didn't pay much attention to Hal's dog talk, but tonight he welcomed its distraction to take him out of his own thoughts.

"Of course, this is my favorite time of all with them, the training, you know," Hal continued on as he led the way back to the kitchen. "There's something about it that fascinates me," he said, motioning Officer Jack to a chair by the table and grabbing two beers from the refrigerator and then sitting down himself. "Establishing that relationship with them, gaining their trust, their obedience."

Officer Jack's ears pricked up. What the hell was Hal really talking about?

"Look at that one. Have you ever seen anything like that?"

Officer Jack followed the direction of Hal's unsteady nod and saw standing at the doorway the handsomest pup he had ever seen, large but still not fully grown, with dark eyes that stared directly at him and then over at Hal.

"Good boy, Prince. Come over here, Prince," Hal said encouragingly.

The dog loped over eagerly and nuzzled his head into Hal's crotch, letting his ears be scratched as his tail wagged eagerly.

Officer Jack had a vision at that moment—a vision of a biker cop in leather boots, Sam Browne harness and mirrored sunglasses with a handsome police dog at his side, well-trained and obedient, but content to simply lay in front of a fireplace rather than continually goad his Master to think of new orders.

Officer Jack could easily build a fireplace somewhere in the house. It would be nothing compared to building the cell. He could even build a fireplace in the cell. He needed another project like that anyway.

"Of course, there's a certain amount of frustration in only being able to take them to a certain point. They're almost human but there's only so much you can get them to do," Hal was saying as he continued to scratch Prince's ears while the dog pushed his head harder against his crotch. "Only so far you can take the training."

An idea began to form itself in Officer Jack's mind.

Malory in the Kennel

Malory felt straw under him, pricking into his bare skin as he was laid down on the floor, once again bound and gagged and blindfolded.

"There. He's all yours," he heard the bike cop's voice say.

Then he heard the booted feet walk away, and a door was closed and another set of feet walked over to him. He sensed someone kneeling beside him and a hand touched his side.

"Good puppy," the voice crooned in a soothing, slightly slurred manner. "What a handsome little puppy you're going to be."

Malory lay very still as the hand moved over his side, caressing his belly, and then down to his prick, grabbing hold of it and milking it hard.

"What a pretty little dick my puppy has," the voice went on admiringly as the hand continued to pull at him until he could feel himself dripping with excitement. "The little puppy likes that, doesn't he? He's all wet and oozing, he likes it so much. Good, I like to see that. I like to see a dog all hard and dripping. I like to see that a lot."

The hand left his prick and suddenly Malory felt the gag being undone and pulled away from his mouth. Fingers were shoved in. "Here, lick that doggy dripping off, puppy. Lick it all off," the voice ordered. Malory licked obediently, sucking all of his own taste that he could find off the fingers.

"Good puppy," the voice said approvingly. The hand pulled out of his sucking mouth and patted him on the head, scratching him behind the ears, too. Then the hand pulled away from him and he felt something wet and cool wiped against his ass cheek. "We'll just give the little puppy his dog shot so he stays nice and relaxed for his training to begin. We don't want him to get all excited and hurt himself, do we?"

Malory felt a sharp sting at his ass cheek, a brief pain followed by a rapidly spreading warm and numbing sensation. Then the prickling pain was gone and his bindings were being undone. First his feet, and then his hands, and finally his blindfold were removed. He blinked in the light and tried to rise, but his limbs felt all loose and rubbery and he couldn't get any further than his hands and knees.

"That's right, little puppy, on all fours. That's where you're going to stay from now on, on all fours like a good little doggy," the voice said.

Malory looked around unsteadily and saw that he was in the middle of a small circle of observers, one human being and four dogs. "Queenie, Princess, Lady, Lord, say hello to your new brother." One of the shepherds, a big, fully-grown female, sniffed at him briefly and then turned away disinterestedly and laid down over in a corner.

"Sorry, Queenie," the human being said. "I guess you're not interested much in a new pup right now, are you? But I am, especially this new pup," the human went on, kneeling down so his bespectacled face was closer to Malory. "And what do you pups think of him?" The human went on stroking one hand over the back of Malory's head as he turned the docile eighteen-year-old's face to look at each of the almost fully-grown pups in turn. "I'll bet you like him, Princess, don't you?" the human said, reaching out and patting the soft gray female pup on the head. Tentatively, she moved closer to Malory and sniffed at him, then licked his face.

"And you, Lady, how about you?" The smaller of the two females sniffed at Malory inquisitively, but stayed where she was, not moving forward, just watching with her brown eyes slightly narrowed. "Going to wait and see, huh? How about you, Lord? Aren't you happy to have a new brother to play with?"

The male, darker than the other two, almost charcoal, flattened his ears back and bared his teeth with a low growl in his throat. "No, Lord!" the human snapped so sharply that Malory flinched. The pup named Lord drew back as the human raised his hand and laid down a few feet away, watching, not growling anymore but still not looking overly friendly to Malory's mind.

"I think Lord's a little jealous of the new pup. Is that it, Lord? Are you jealous of this new little doggy and his drippy hard dick?" the human asked, reaching under Malory and milking his erection again. Malory sighed softly at the sensation. "Does

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my new little puppy like that?" the human asked quietly.

"Yes, Sir," Malory answered without thinking—and was rewarded with a sharp slap across the side of his head that made his ear sting.

The dogs stirred uneasily and moved further away. The human grabbed Malory's hair, twisted his head up and brought his face closer so that Malory was forced to stare directly into his bloodshot but intensely focused brown eyes.

"You are a dog," the human said, clipping his words so tightly that Malory could feel the spray of the man's spit on his hot cheek. "Dogs do not speak. They do not know how to speak. Dogs only bark, if they do that much. Do you understand that?" Malory stared up, confused and afraid, not knowing what to respond. "You bark once for yes and twice for no," the human being said.

Malory barked, feeling slightly silly. The human ordered him to do it several more times and each time Malory felt a stirring of excitement as he surrendered himself to doing without speech. Finally the human being seemed satisfied. He patted Malory once more on the head, which was a good deal better from Malory's point of view than being smacked.

"Good doggy," the human said, sounding more friendly again. "You're going to be a good little doggy. I can tell that already. Pretty soon you're going to forget all about being a young man and wasting your time hanging around street corners and spending your money on cars and arcade games and drinking and getting girls into trouble like young men do. You'll forget about all those things."

Malory had never really experienced the forms of dissipation that the human being seemed familiar with, though he had to admit they sounded rather pleasant. But he had not much time to consider his loss as the human being went on talking, his voice getting softer and lower so Malory had to listen intently to hear him above the buzzing that was growing in his head.

"Now, I've given you a shot to relax you, to make you more receptive to your training. You are probably beginning to feel very drowsy now."

That was certainly the case. A feeling of great lassitude was spreading through him, a very pleasant feeling of mellow relaxation all over him except in his dick, which was springing up between his thighs as hard as rock.

"You will sleep out here for now, with the other dogs, so you will more quickly become adjusted to your new status. I will put you in a separate kennel, of course, just to make sure you do not take it in your doggy head to escape. Soon, of course, that will not be necessary. You will be very happy here as a dog. You will like it a lot. All dogs love their Masters. Man's best friend, and all that." He gave a mirthless laugh that made Malory shiver. "You know what I am saying is all true, don't you, doggy? You know that you have no will to resist your transformation into a new life?"

He looked at Malory expectantly, and Malory barked once, feeling his cock twitch.

"Good dog. Now I am going to give you a suggestion. You will remember that from this moment on, every time you bark, you will become more of a dog. Every bark will take you further and further from your old self. Every bark brings you more surely down to all fours and your new life as a dog. Do you understand?"

Malory barked sharply once more, and felt a shiver of excitement run through him as some part of his mind shifted and readjusted itself.

"Good dog. Now one more thing before you go to sleep tonight. I have something for my good little puppy, something I'm going to feed you a lot from now on. I have a nice juicy bone for my little puppy," the human said. As he spoke, he stood in front of Malory and began to undo his fly. "This is a very special bone for my little puppy. It's not to be chewed on. It's to be sucked on, and it's full of milk for the little puppy, and all he has to do is suck on it until he gets the milk. Then it will fill him up

and make him more of a puppy."

The human got his fly open and pulled out a respectable piece of meat which was every bit as hard as Malory's dick. Then the human had his hand on the back of Malory's head and was pulling him into his crotch and guiding the stiff dick between his lips.

"Now suck it, puppy. Suck on that bone and get all the milk out. That's what I'm going to be feeding you for a while, lots of good creamy milk that'll help you know what you are going to be from now on. Just suck it all out and then you're going to fall into a very deep sleep and have puppy dreams. Suck, puppy, suck it down."

His voice broke off in a gasp of pleasure as Malory spread his lips around the swollen organ and sucked it into him, letting the hand on the back of his neck force him down all the way on it so it popped past the stop of his throat. And as Malory sucked he remembered all the human had said and he felt himself giving into it. Though he would have liked to know just what an arcade game was, so he would have a better idea of what he was giving up in his new life, he looked forward to spending time around the dogs. He had always liked dogs and he was quite sure it meant he wouldn't have to go to school or even get a job, so he sucked vigorously. It wasn't any time at all before he heard the human grunt, and then his mouth was filled with a spurting flow of warm thick fluid which he gulped down obediently, feeling the drowsiness in him grow so great that he didn't even remember the organ pulling limply free of his sucking mouth.

Malory sank deep into dreams spattered with moonlight shining through tall trees, and underneath his paws grass soft like carpet and wind blowing gentle on his flanks as he glided through shadows feeling happy and wild and free, and something by his side just always out of eye-shot, but moving with him, guiding him on to the top of a hill clear of trees and up above him the moon hanging bright and clean-looking. He raised his muzzle and stretched up, feeling himself arc like the crescent of the moon, and his mouth dropped open and a keen

blade of sound bayed across the night echoed by his unseen companion. Then the crescent of himself extended as he felt a wet lapping at his back hole and he squatted on his haunches, spreading himself to the warm moist licking, then a warm body was mounting him, pushing him down, teeth biting into the nape of his neck. He felt a hot thin hardness poking at him. The teeth bit harder at him and he whimpered, wiggling his haunches, letting the thin hardness in. The body above him trembled in surprise and then the hotness slid deep inside him and the teeth released his neck and a rough tongue slavered at his neck, his ears, and he yipped as the hotness drove quickly back and forth in him, taking him with deep throaty yips of excitement, jackhammer-fast against him, inflaming Malory who pushed up and back, his own prick quivering hard against his belly, leaking, then shooting at the same moment that the hardness inside him shot, filling him with warm wetness.

Malory blinked, and he was suddenly awake, staring into Lord's face.

The dark dog's head hung heavy from his shoulders as he stretched his snout out to Malory's face, his teeth still bared so Malory started to draw back, but the dog's tongue sloshed out and licked at his face and his dark eyes were close to Malory's and they stared at each other for some time.

Malory was suddenly uncomfortable under the unblinking gaze of the other dog and turned his head away, brushing against the pants leg of the human being. He jumped back with a startled yip and then realized that the human was asleep in his chair. Or at least some state that resembled sleep. His head had fallen back, tilting his glasses sideways on his face. His mouth hung open and his breathing was noisy and wet sounding. And then Malory was startled to hear the other dog speak.

"He does that often. He won't move," Lord said. He came and stood beside Malory, pushing his muzzle against the human's leg to illustrate his point. The human's leg flopped to one side and rested there. His fly was still open. "He'll be like that until the big light comes again."

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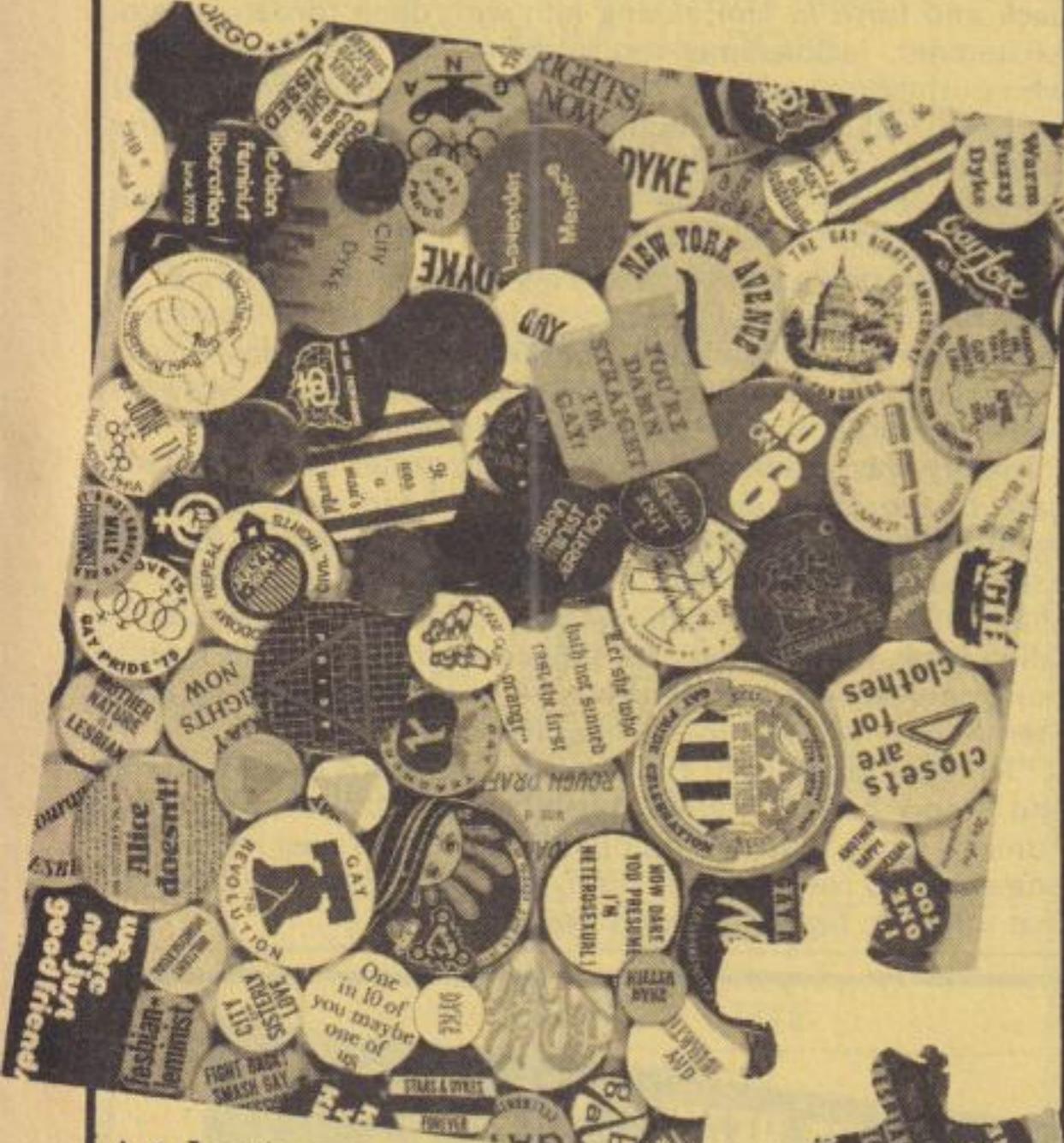
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"You mean the sun?" Malory said.
Lord cocked one ear and looked at him questioningly.
Actually it is not entirely accurate to say that Malory heard
Lord speak or that he answered in kind. The dog did not form
words with his mouth, nor did Malory. Malory was aware of a
sensation in him as of sound, but it had more the nature of a
deep-seated buzzing emanating from some center within him-
self that he had heretofore been unaware of.

"Up in the sky," Malory said. "The big light. Isn't that what
you meant? The sun? Day?"

"Why do you give everything a name?"

"How do you know what things are if you don't?"

"If you know what a thing is, you don't need a name for it."
The dark dog followed this statement with a vigorous scratching
of his right ear and then sat back on his haunches staring at
Malory again.

"I don't understand," Malory said finally.

"See. You don't know everything," the dog said, baring his
front teeth again and reaching down and nipping at Malory's
left flank.

Malory jumped back as the teeth grazed his skin. "Why did
you do that?" he yipped.

"I don't know," the dog said, and then licked his rough
tongue across the faint red mark of his teeth. I don't know
everything either," he added, moving closer so his tail wrapped
around the curve of Malory's ass and Malory could smell his
breath warm against his face. Malory felt himself getting excited
again. He looked around. The other dogs seemed to be asleep.

"Can't they hear us?" he asked.

Lord moved his head in their direction. "I don't know," he
said.

Misunderstanding, Malory said, "They sleep sound?"

"I don't know," the dark dog repeated, staring at them as
though actually giving the matter some fresh consideration.

"Don't you ever talk about it?"

"Talk?" the dark dog repeated, still studying the sleeping
forms of the other canines.

"This. What we're doing."

The dark dog slowly turned his head back to Malory and
stared directly into his eyes for a long moment and then finally
said, "I've never done this before."

Misunderstanding again, Malory felt himself blush and said
quickly, "I mean the talking. The thinking together."

"So do I."

They stared at each other for a time. Though Malory was now
thinking of himself as a dog, there was still some level at which
he recognized a kinship between Lord and the other dogs that
was different from his relationship to them, but the thought
seemed difficult to formulate. He tried.

"But they're more like you."

"Some ways more. Some ways less."

"Than what?"

"Than you."

"How?"

"I don't know."

"You say that a lot."

The dog stared at him impassively, accepting that without
comment, flicking his tail against Malory's ass several times.
Then he rose and, turning away from Malory, started toward
the back wall.

"Where are you going?" Malory asked.

"Out."

"But the door's locked."

The dog turned back to him, baring his teeth slightly. "The
what?"

Instantly the concept slipped from Malory's mind, too, and
he asked instead, "How?"

"I can go anywhere I like," the dog said, turning away again.
"Can I go with you?"

"Why not?" the dog replied as he disappeared behind a bale
of straw.

Malory glanced up at the human being and then over at the

other dogs. None of them stirred. Moving surprisingly easily on all fours, he scampered over to the bale and saw a hole dug in the dirt under the wall. He heard Lord growl low and he dropped to his belly and, crawling a few feet down and then up, found himself outside with the cool night breeze blowing against his bare body. Beside him Lord stretched his snout up to the little light and Malory saw the wind ruffle the thick fur of his chest showing the silver underneath the dark.

Then the dog shook himself and saying "Come," started off at an easy trot down the driveway.

Malory followed, loping along after the dark dog on what seemed a familiar route of garbage cans to be pawed through and backyards to be investigated. Sometimes they would stop and watch through lighted windows for a few moments, not speaking to each other, simply watching the humans inside, some of whom sat lifelessly in front of flickering squares of color and some of whom did strange things by themselves or with their mates that they might never have dreamed of doing had they known they were being observed.

Sometimes they encountered other dogs, behind fences for the most part, or in runs, or tied by things around their throats to stakes or poles. Some of these took no notice of them. Some barked for a few moments but with none of them did Malory experience what he did with Lord; observing the dark dog he realized this was true of him, also.

Once, encountering a German Shepherd, much like Lord and his brother and sisters, who was chained to the post of a front porch, Malory glanced at his companion and found he was staring at him with his big ears cocked inquisitively and he heard him ask, "You see what I mean?" Malory nodded as the chained dog watched them for a moment and then yawned a toothy spread and tucked his snout back under his paws and returned to sleep.

"Come," Lord said again and turned, leaving the sidewalks and heading to the fields at the end of the tract out to the stand of trees. Malory had some difficulty keeping up with the gracefully bounding beast but he noticed that without saying it, Lord made sure they were never separated by too great a distance, so that when they reached the whispering shelter of the trees they were together.

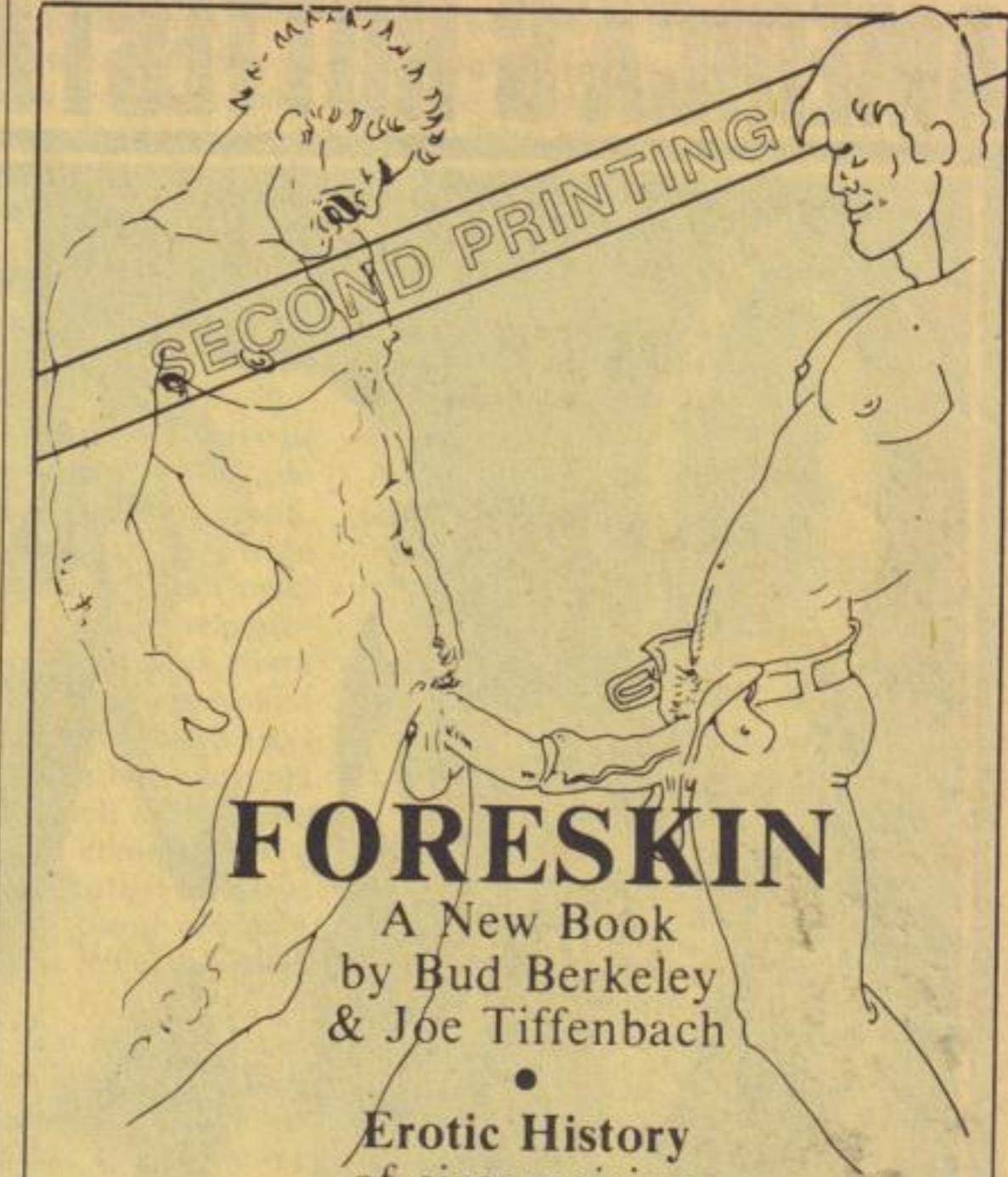
Lord threw himself down on the deep grass and rolled over on his back, stretching and waving his paws upwards as he stretched his spine and twisted in a slow dance-like movement. Malory imitated him as best as he could, closing his eyes and enjoying the damp coolness of the grass on his bareness. Then he felt a heavy paw on his belly and warm furriness beside him and he opened his eyes to see Lord beside him with the one paw over him as the dog extended his snout and licked at Malory's upper chest and neck. Malory stretched himself up, letting the rough licking cover him with warm saliva.

Then he felt Lord rise and his paw was pushing at him, trying to roll him over. Malory resisted, opening his eyes. The dark dog was above him, fierce in his renewed excitement. One paw scratched urgently at his side again.

"No," Malory whispered, shifting under the dog, spreading his legs on either side of the animal. "I want to see."

The dog cocked his head to one side, his ears tilted quizzically. In answer, Malory dug his heels into the grass and raised himself, feeling sound deep in his throat. Far above him he could see the small light, its faraway glow touching the upraised fur of the great head hanging above him, giving the dark dog's visage a glowing rim about its heavy-headed splendor as the great dark eyes narrowed and the snout hung open, the teeth silver, the lolling tongue pearl pink as it dripped saliva slick and warm on his flesh and he raised his hands and buried his fingers in the thick fur, tracing the hard driving muscles underneath, and the twin baying sounds echoed across the fields, reaching even to the outer edges of the tract.

But by that time the lights were all out and the only being that heard was the dog chained on the front porch. He raised his head sleepily at the keen sounds, sniffed the air for a moment, and then nuzzled himself back to sleep. □



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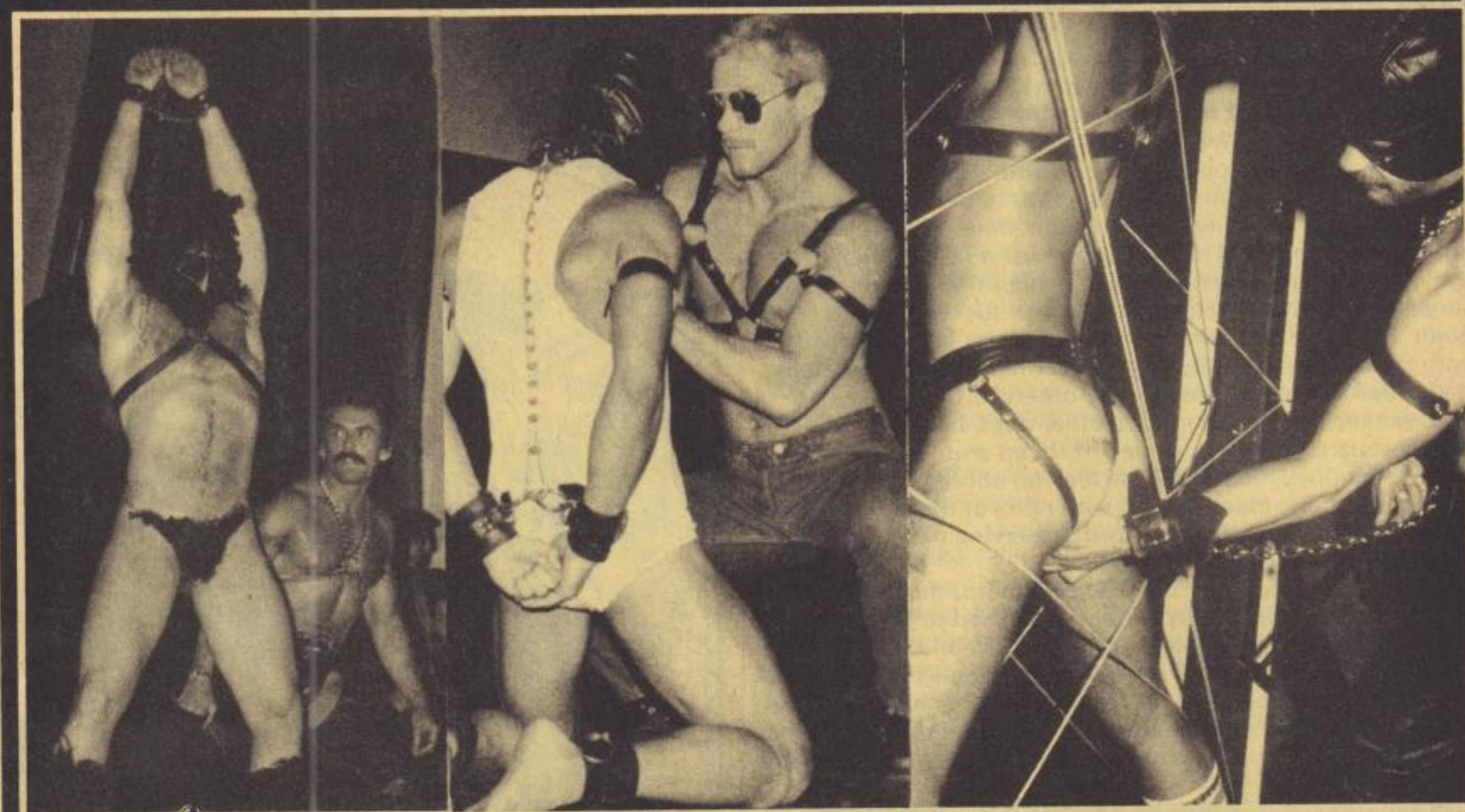
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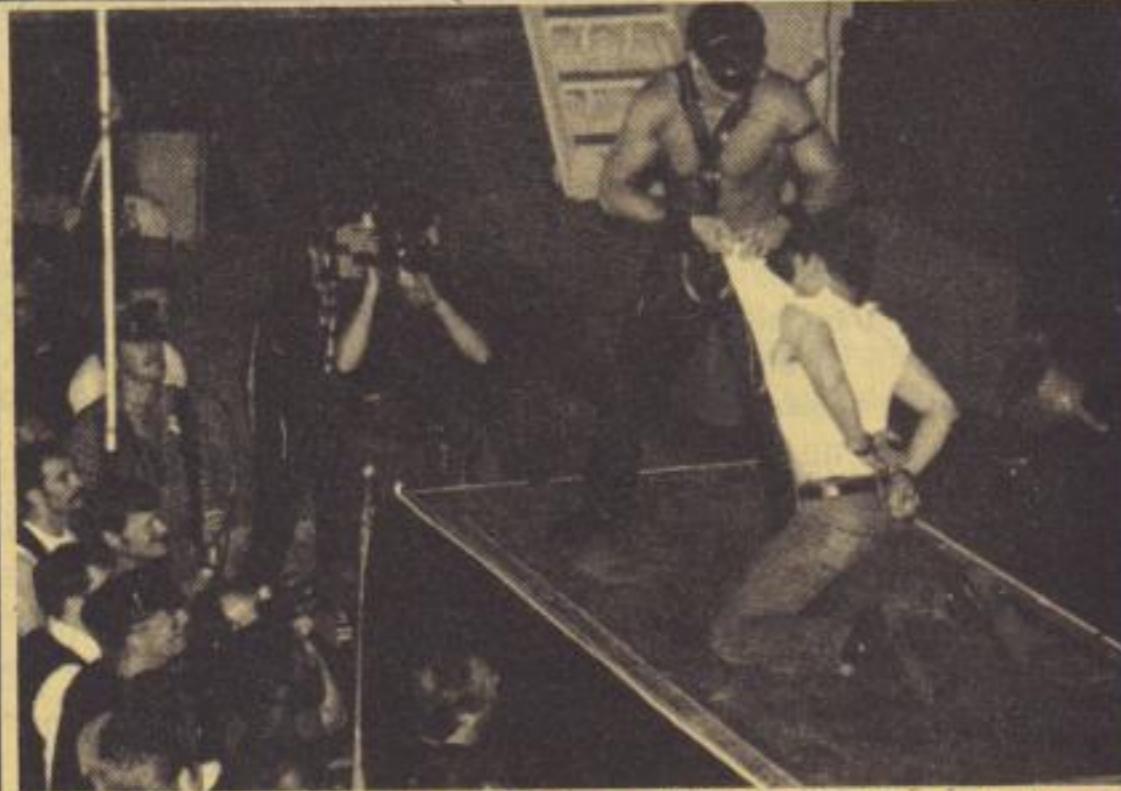


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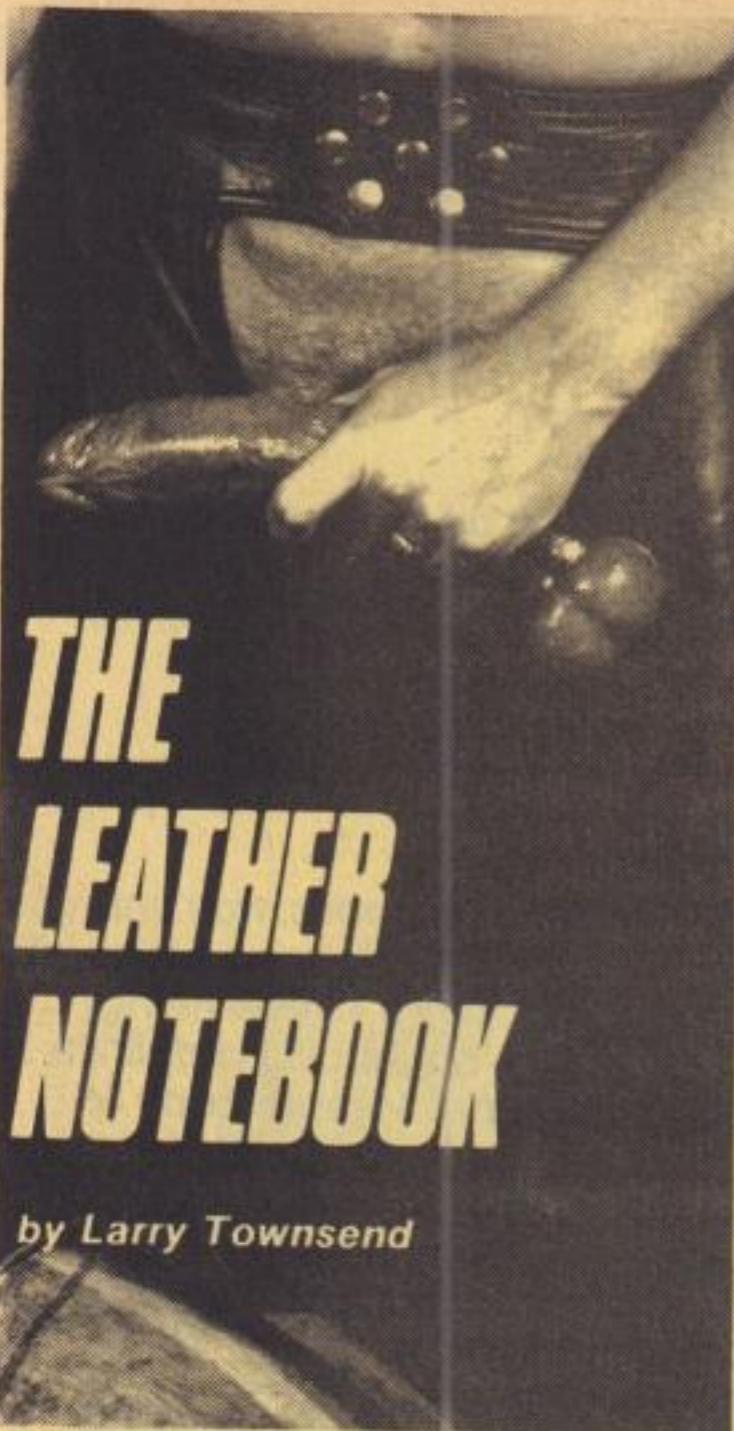
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

I would really appreciate your making some comments on AIDS, especially offering what advice you can to a bottom, like me. I'm not into fisting or scat scenes, but I would like to know what to watch out for. Is it realistic to have a Top wear a condom? What about using amyl? I am quite new to the scene, so I am concerned about what extra precautions should be taken.

Mike, Washington (state)

Dear Mike,

In the past I have not written a great deal about AIDS, because every gay publication in the country was running extensive articles, and it seemed superfluous for me to do so. Lately, however, the true horror (and potential horror) of the disease has been brought home to me more directly as I learn of more and more people coming down with it. As you probably know, I do a mailing every two months. I used to get back one or two mailers marked "deceased" each time or two I mailed. On my October 1984 flyer, I had 14 such returns. In mid-December, I had a long conversation with Dr. Bruce Voeller, PhD, who formerly ran the National Gay Task Force, and who is still serving on almost every major health project committee in the country. His remarks were so disturbing that it really sent me into a funk for several days. At the risk of doing the same to you, I'd like to reiterate the highlights. If it frightens you enough, maybe it will save your life.

At the present time, there is no cure in sight, despite the frequent reports of a "breakthrough" in one area or another. The researchers are learning more about the theoretical causes, but each remedy they have tried—even if it worked in a test tube—failed when used on an animal or human. The virus tends to mutate so rapidly that the eventual cure may require a unique, specific vaccine for each patient. Transmission of the disease is thought to be via the exchange of body fluids, and these appear to include saliva and sweat, as well as semen, blood, urine and feces. Although we have assumed, on the basis of intelligent logic, that the use of condoms would help prevent the transmission of the virus, there has never been a properly controlled experiment to verify this. Although amyl is still suspect, it is not as prime a suspect as it was a year ago. Much of the "safe sex" advice is based on common sense and past experience with other diseases, but there is no clinical proof available that it will protect you from the AIDS virus.

There was a good deal more said, but there isn't space to go into it here. Specific recommendations for guys into SM should probably include a reminder to clean your toys after/before each use. A solution of 70% bleach (like Chlorox) and 10% alcohol appears to be 100% effective in killing the virus. Remember that a whip which has absorbed an M's sweat—and certainly if it has drawn blood—should be thoroughly disinfected. Likewise dildos, gags, pin-prick cock-rings and other such devices. Obviously, a guy who has not yet come down with the disease can transmit it. Whether or not his ability to transmit it means that he is going to get it is still uncertain. A recent survey of gay men in San Francisco found over 70% had antibodies in their blood, but no one knows if this means that any appreciable number of them is going to come down with the disease. It does mean they have been exposed.

Frankly, facts such as these just scare the shit out of most of us, and they should. Whenever the supposed experts can't tell us for sure what is safe and what isn't, you can't blame a guy for staying home with the latest *Drummer* and doing it by hand.

Dear Larry,

What does it mean when a guy wears a chain on his boot? Does it make a difference if it's on the right or left, like the wearing of keys, etc.? I was told that wearing it on the left meant he was gay, on the right he was not. Your clarification would be appreciated.

Stan, Salt Lake City

Dear Stan,

Chains on the boot have never been a universal signal, and I'm sure the signifi-

cance will vary from place to place. Ten years ago, at least in California, it meant that the guy wanted to buddy-ride on a bike—right meaning he was sexually bottom, left indicating Top. More recently, I've seen guys wearing boot chains just because they liked the appearance, although the left for Top and right for bottom still seems to prevail. In your area, at this time, it could very well mean what your friend told you it meant.

Dear Larry,

I'll try to make this brief. I'm 48 with a reasonable number of the required attributes to have picked up a 22-year-old kid off the streets about 6 months ago. The kid moved in with all his worldly possessions (on his back), and I've since sprung for some decent clothes, chow, and found him a fairly basic job that pays him little more than minimum wage. I came home last night and found dinner ready (as usual), the apartment cleaned, etc. The kid was naked and kneeling in complete silence in a corner of the living room. He crawled across the floor, licked my shoes and said: "Thank you for coming home, Sir." I've been unable to get any kind of explanation out of him, and over dinner (which I ate by myself; he would not join me, but sat and watched) he gave me a copy of a Master/slave agreement and asked me to sign it with him.

You guys got me into this. What the fuck do I do now? The kid apparently typed his document on my typewriter to have it ready for my arrival. All I could do was tell him I would consider it. I don't think I would know how to put him through his paces. I've always bought and read *Drummer* with sort of an academic interest and a certain amount of awe and admiration, and now find myself in what appears to be the middle of a very heavy thing. Can you offer some guidance, please?

A Master?, Peoria, IL

Dear Master?

What a marvelous thing to have happen! It's really too bad you don't feel able to handle this situation; it might really be fun for you. However, I'm sure there must be a suitable Master, living in your part of the country, who would be more than willing to take the unwanted slave off your hands. I'll pass their responses along to you. The other solution, of course, if you really like the kid and want to keep him, would be to take a few lessons yourself and pass the knowledge along.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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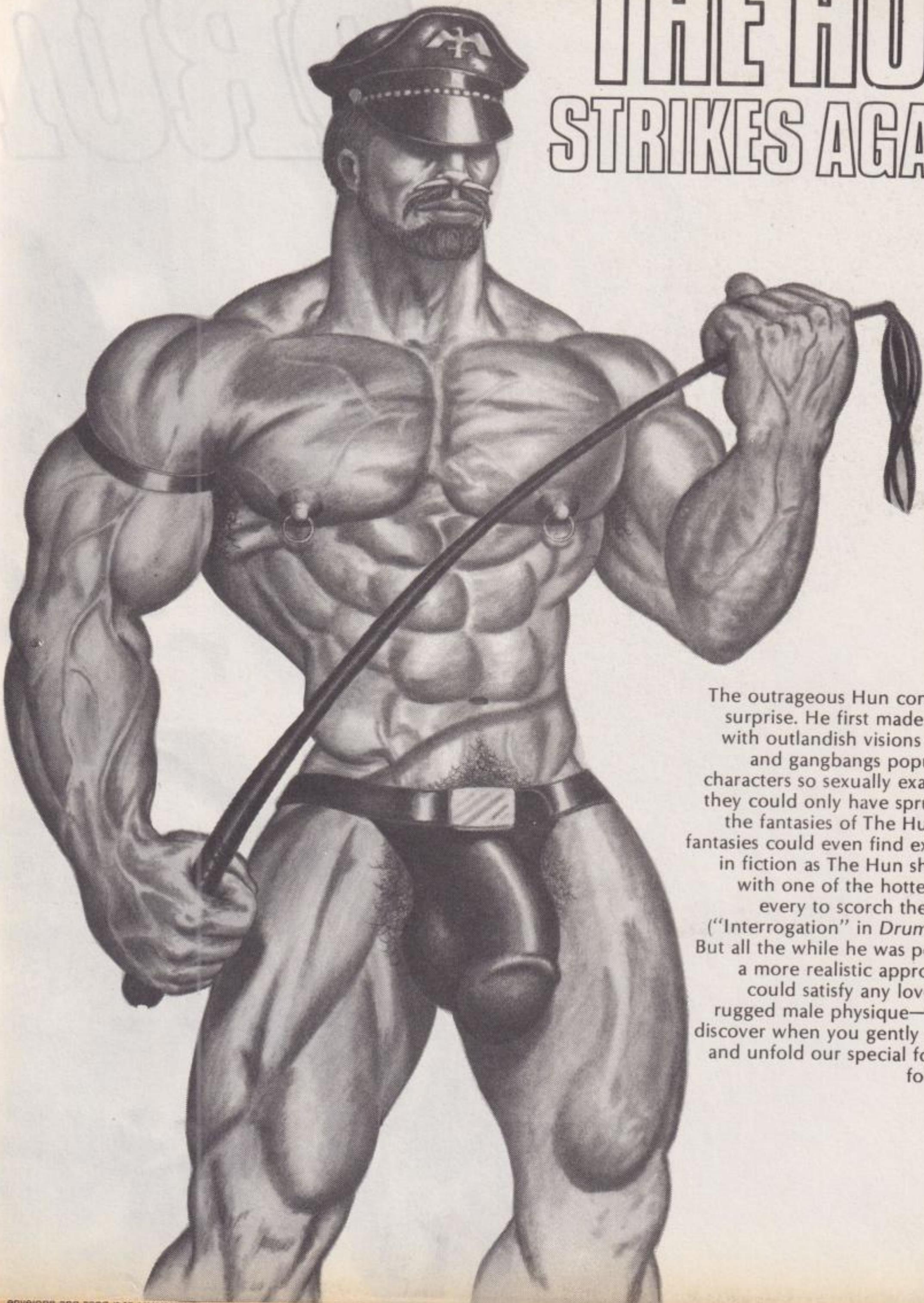
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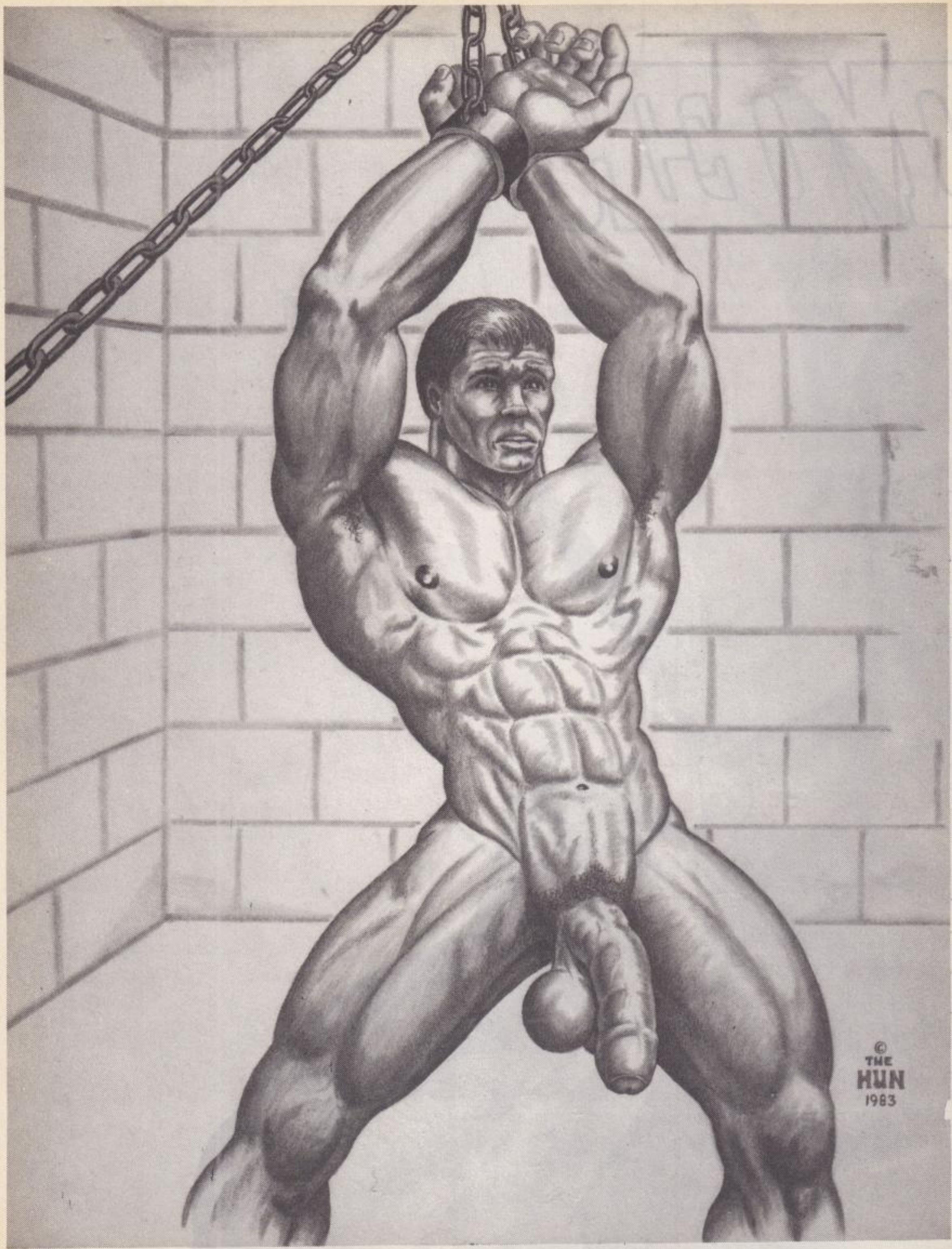
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60, 6'2"; 190; blue eyes; white hair, reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and lg. nipples; talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required.) SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110, West Station, Nashville, TN 37209 (LF3986).

BOOT WORSHIPING SLAVE
Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry, and above all, serious. Thank you for your attention, Sir. Box LF3755

BOOTS, BIKE, BONDAGE
If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

BEARDED CHUBBY BOTTOM
Seeks 18-45 into mutual shaving, toys, enemas, F.F. Am 37, 6'1", 255 lbs. No S/M, pain. Penpals OK. Am in Michigan. Box 4308.

HEAD SHAVING
Complete head and body shaving videos available. It's the real thing! Hot and heavy. For more info: Box 4275

LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgt is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to. Bondage, discipline, C&BT, TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will lie in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to: LF5002.

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155, brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Lets explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob, Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

SAVAGE SLAVE BOY FOR RANCH

6'2", 185 lbs., 100% male. Photos in Drummer 79 (TC 1089) and Drummer 57 (p. 95). Needs Master who is above average in all respects (as is slave) with farm or ranch who can offer permanent bondage and severe animal training. Slave ready for real thing; no romantic caprice. Good for hard, dirty work. Some farm experience. Legitimate replies only. No box numbers. Foreign inquiries welcome. Photo please. Box 4358

EXCHANGE VHS?

Want to exchange VHS by mail? Write to "Oscar", #1906, Riverview Towers, Fall River, MA 02721.

BOOTS BIKE BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, total yet tender bondage (Top/Bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

HANDBALL

Let's play! Love to get my ass plowed. Able to plow yours, too. I'm 6'3", 170 lbs, brown hair and eyes, moustache. Goodlooking and masculine. Bill, Box 27703-373, Houston, TX 77027.

DATTONA-LEATHER

Leatherman seeks contact with other bikers and/or leather guys heading for Daytona Bike Week in March '85. Raunch a plus. Box 4351

OLD HARLEYS

Flatties, knuckles, pans, sporties—puttin' 'em together; keepin' 'em runnin'. Touring, camping, leather, greasy levis, and sex! Also classic music, literature, sci fi, history, esoteric man, 40, 5'7", in shape, looking for another in shape man living Harley lifestyle—city or country. Let's share the road. Box 4347

YOUNG BODYBUILDERS
who like challenges. Train me right! Make me your showpiece. Develop my body—make me your slave. I am 26, 6'2", 240 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes! Send photo and phone to Phil, Box 4334.

LEAN HOT

LITTLE BROTHER
seeks big brother (biker or trucker a plus) 34, 6', 160 needs your strength and direction. Will bust ass to satisfy. Real men only.

Photo please. Box 4331

ALABAMA

HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid-30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing with men—real men! We are (1) 6'2", blonde/blue, bearded with 8" uncut tool; (2) 6'1", brown fur and 7½" uncut protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get it on while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-starved men, drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch with you for a very personal interview. Write: MCS, Box 16341, Mobile, AL 36616.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42, br;br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder, Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER DADDY

Wm, BB, Gr-A/P, 41, 5'11", 200 lbs. solid, Br/Bl, bald, moustache. Spiritual, sense of humor, romantic, gentle but demanding. Discipline because I care. No S&M. You: WM, Gr-P/A, over-sexed, slim, trim, moustache, employed, home-body, possessive. Object: monogamous, live-in boy/lover. No drugs. No alcoholics. Non-smoker preferred. Box 4368

SMALL, HAIRY PONY BUCKS

for weed-smoking, grizzly bear who can rope me down and mount my tail. Saddle-broke bearded blond, 28, needs hard-riding, gentle grooming stable-master to break barn animal on bit, stirrups, leather. Travel possible. PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613

OLD-FASHIONED

Bend-over, pants-down spanking, give or take. Call Dad (415) 626-8705.

SF LEATHER SADIST

Leather, motorcycle-riding Devil needs demon-slaves for full-

leather crotch action. I'm tall, slim build, 40s. Will put the leather screw to your hooded face, tied with my leather straight jacket. Privacy assured in the well-gearred black room, S&M/bondage sanctum. Video recording a possibility. You are younger, nonsense, not-fat slave. Apply w/photo to: Boxholder, Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Drummer and Manifest will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

VERBAL ABUSE

WM, 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., wants trainees for TT, C&BT and most important, verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P, as my 8½" hot tool needs special attention. Box 3917.

WM, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good-looking, bottom, seeks heavily-muscled daddy 25-45. Into it. TT, B&D, WS. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/M, 5'11", 150 lbs., blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute," personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114. LF4045.

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phonecalls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs., W/m needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only. Dick, (415) 626-1385.

WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7½", UNCURT

Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, C&BT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late-40 seeks gentle, hot top-man with hot rod. In only Alh Area. Box 3857.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS

Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1", 195 lbs., into TT, C&BT, WS+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fems. Box 3874.

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-niters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self-respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C&BT, TT, WS, FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279, S.F., CA 94114.

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine, attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free-loaders. Photo, phone. Box 3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to: David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc., hairy B.B., 29-year-old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing &

B.B. Also like bondage, C&BT and outdoor scenes. Write to: D.G.B., 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

ARE YOU MY MASTER, MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?

White male, 40, 5'10", 165 lbs., bearded, into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. The accent is on mutually supportive, deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping, and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm, heavy-duty commitment? Must be able to be a real top and bottom. Are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property? If yes, write with detailed letter and photo to: LF 4003.

**S/M PHONE SEX
(415)346-8747****HOT PIG FIST HOLE**

Seeks long, heavy, mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky, hairy, 37, 5'10", 150 lbs., with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to: Box 4068.

HEY, DADDY'S BOYS!

Very hot daddy, 6', 170 lbs, 39, well-built, muscular, good-looking, seeks well-built, smooth, 18-32, daddy's boy with excellent attitude! Phone & photo to Box 4221.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Wiling to train the right 21-35 husky, amenable man for complete service. All board, room, spending money taken care of. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline training. No phone-ies, no bullshit. (415)285-7018 eves. Call me Sir.

HOT LATINO BODY BUILDER

Looking for other bodybuilders and men with hard, defined bodies for man-to-man bondage games, tit work, C&B torture & slow masturbation. Phone (415) 569-7649.

SF ASSHOLE SPECIAL

Get your white-hot asshole serviced. I have all the right equipment. Call "Peter" (415) 285-8390.

BOSS MAN WANTS

Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat, interrogation-bondage, C/B-T/T, W/S, strainin' muscles, workouts in chains, and is 5'11", 175 lbs, 45, brown hair & eyes with moustache. So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 P.M. ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or bullshit

callers. (415) 944-9984

CASTRO COUPLE

Separately or together. Looking for singles or couples for fun/rough safesex times. Both are GWM: 41, 5'4" & 32, 6'1". Most find us hot, but without attitude. 41 is top, 32 is mostly bottom. Let's check one another out and see what develops. Box 3937

PLANTATION BOSS

Friendly, big-dicked plantation boss seeks healthy Negro male for personal man-servant. Call "Boss" 863-2054.

HOT BODY—HOT MIND

Dynamic GWM executive of 33 seeks same for fantasy fulfillment. Previous experience unnecessary. Must be trim, bright, disease-free. Master/Master relationship preferred. Like titwork, poppers, VA, fucking. All fantasies considered. S.C. County studs answered first. Write PO Box 70952, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tatooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. LF4256

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED

by hot top, 34, 5'10", 150 lbs., 30" waist, 40" chest, hung, for a 30-35, goodlooking, mischievous slave, who will submit to SM, B&D, WS, exhibitionism, and education. Slave will enjoy leather, bodybuilding, and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection. (415) 626-1670.

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet, even intelligent, experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.

HOT NOVICE

Guy, 30, 5'10", 170 lbs., new on the block, hot, hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, straight looks, needs training, VA, discipline scenes from hot topmen; into good bodies, leather, uniforms, attitude, light SM. Detailed replies with phone (photo if possible) get immediate response. D.M.M., Box 2511, S.F., CA 94126.

DRUMBEAT IT!**SF LEATHER SADIST**

Leather, motorcycle-riding devil needs demon slaves for full-leather crotch action. I'm tall, slim build, 40s. Will put the leather-screw to your hooded-face, tied with my leather straight-jacket. Privacy assured in the well-

geared black room, SM bondage sanctum. Video recording a possibility. You are younger, non-nonsense, not-fat slave. Apply w/photo to: Boxholder, Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109.

TESTICLE SLAPPING

55 yr. old beauty, grey hair, great body, 5'9", 150 lbs. wants lover who digs the tapping of sacs, ass paddling. Affectionate, aware, higher-consciousness. Lightly punching balls, strap butts. Psychic. Meditate. (415) 863-0342.

WANTED

Hot and horny Latin men to sit on my face and service their cocks. Hot Blonde-Blue eyed W/m, 5'10", 150 lbs. Call 6-12 PM 415 (931-2161).

LEATHER BONDAGE

Tall, muscular man wants to have his leather-hooded face ridden by your leather-covered crotch. Box 4292

QUIET GWM

24, 5'5", 130 lbs, blond/green, seeks long-term loving relationship with same. No S/M drugs, smoking or drinking. Reply with photo to Box 4301.

ASS WORSHIP PIG

has tongue, mouth, nose for use by taut, creative, high-awareness men only that are certain their ass demands serious worship versus ordinary servicing. Willing for specific requirements. The unfit and uncertain, don't bother! Me: 36, white, 6', 158, attractive, dedicated and good. Open to correspondence. Box 4304

PIG-BOY WANTED

short, under 5'8", compact, bright pig-boy slave under 32 to serve horny man, 54, 5'11¾", 168, as naked pleasure/houseboy, dominated, but cared for, taught, firmly disciplined, live-in, comfortable surroundings who knows he needs guidance, asswork, hot buns, w/s, enemas, works hard, takes orders, no beards, drugs. Send picture, phone number for response to Box 4306.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**SLAVE DOG NEEDS MASTER**

Young, shaved Long Beach slave needs dominant Master to serve. Box 4342.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818) 846-9486.

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, goodlooking, and

into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047.

STUD OFFERS HIS

Big Uncut Cock & Globes for C&B Torture. Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., good-looking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline, SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148.

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to: Box 4177.

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully-subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His lifestyle. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O.

Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm W/m, 40, 6'1", 190#, sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded, 6', 155#, W/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his

crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY: W/M, young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman. BOY: Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate, loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important, but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862.

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skiers welcome!

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s). Me: WM-34-6'-170-Lite brd, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit. tort., W.S., travel LA-SD You: +6', white, dominant, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box

2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, no hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well-equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominant, X-hung, hairy, Leather-Cowboy Masters-Daddies, who need service and cuddling, I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean, Healthy! (619)231-4496.

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dogfood ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O.



slave and master video presents

scatman a verbal adventure

Sadistic Master Jim hosts a perverse little party. While the guests gobble pizza and swill beer, Jim sits bare-assed on Slave Muir's face and tells nasty stories about shit-eating. Then, just for fun, he puts the slave's balls in a vise and tightens it. Finally, he heats a branding iron with an acetylene torch and permanently brands his initials on the slave's ass. This film about pain and degrada-

tion is not for the faint of heart. It is rated X for mature adults only. It is unique.

\$85 plus \$3 shipping.

To order: send m.o., cashier's check, VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), a statement that

you are over 21, and whether you need VHS or Beta format; or write for a free brochure describing other Slave and Master videos (stating that you are over 21) to:

Slave & Master
PRODUCTIONS
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: 213/656-9813.

BIG FAT PJG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and hamhock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking, tall, tough, young, proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives/takes no mercy workouts w/fists, knees. Streetfight, interrogation. Two-on-one ok. Fantasy J/O ok. Send physical description or pic, and phone. Describe scene. Box 3904.

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202) 547-9273.

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist

harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967.

DENTURES LICKED

Oral service for uniformed sadists only. CHP/LAPD pref. (818) 913-3819.

WANTED TOP

For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M, 48, 6'-0" 220. Into SM, FF, shaving, ball and tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel. (213) 223-9348.

SLAVE WANTED

Naked and shackled. Your cock & balls harnessed. My cock shoved down your throat. That's your fate, cocksucker, as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or looking for heavy abuse, don't waste my time. I want a healthy slave at my feet, not a bloody victim on the rack. The right tight-assed, stiff-pricked, submissive, horny cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regimentation, control and absolute slavery. I'll own you, cocksucker, and I'll mold you into the crawling asshole slave, sextoy, houseboy, and obedient pet I want you to be. Inexperienced, boyish, young pup or manly, untrained, macho novice OK. Be prepared to relocate and surrender up your naked ass to demanding, responsible, W/M

Leathermaster, 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do it now, cocksucker!! LF3862

NUDE BODYBUILDERS'
photos. See me masturbate. See my hardness and tight buns. Send \$10 for your set. Dick, P.O. Box 1988, Carlsbad, CA 92008.

STIMULATING

Correspondence regarding mutual interests which are: TT, BD, SM, LL and shaving. I am 5'10", 180, blk hair, brn eyes, tattoos & 40s. You should be in your late 20s & 30s & versatile. Southern California desert areas. Box LF4254

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr, Redn, San P, LAX area for friends/fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph. #. Box 4248

WANTED: LEAN DEFINED KID

Brother 18-28 by goodlooking, new-age, bearded W/M, 34, 6'2", 230, beer gut, hairy. Novice eager to expand limits? Not into heavy abuse, just hard man play & monogamous romance. Most scenes, versatile. No drugs, scat, barflies. Box 4280

ASS LICKER

Available for serving groups. Prefer men under 40, no basket cases. Los Angeles and Orange County only. Box 4265

DAD WANTED

Wanted: nice looking, chic. dad, 40s or 50s, uncut. I am nice looking, chic., 34, blue collar, uncut. Seeks dad, not daddy. Box 4266

WANTED: HORNY MEN & DADDIES

J/O, Fr, Gr, FF uncut or exhibitionists plus. Have camera for added fun. Leave kinky message if not in. Call (213) 432-0208 or write w/pic Box 4367

SMOOTH MUSCULAR SHOWOFFS

Wanted by hot top for strip training. Rip it—expose it, now! Spankings! Jack, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/448, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

BONDAGE

Hot WM, 31, seeks bondage top into intense, creative scenes. Explore leather, steel, rope and chain restraining a hot body and mind under your control. L.A. area. Travel. Box 4340

LONG BEACH

Hairy-chested bottoms wanted for bondage by GWM, 31, 5'10", 170, hairy. Relationship possible. Please, no fats or phonies. All answered. Box 4335

MUSCLED M's

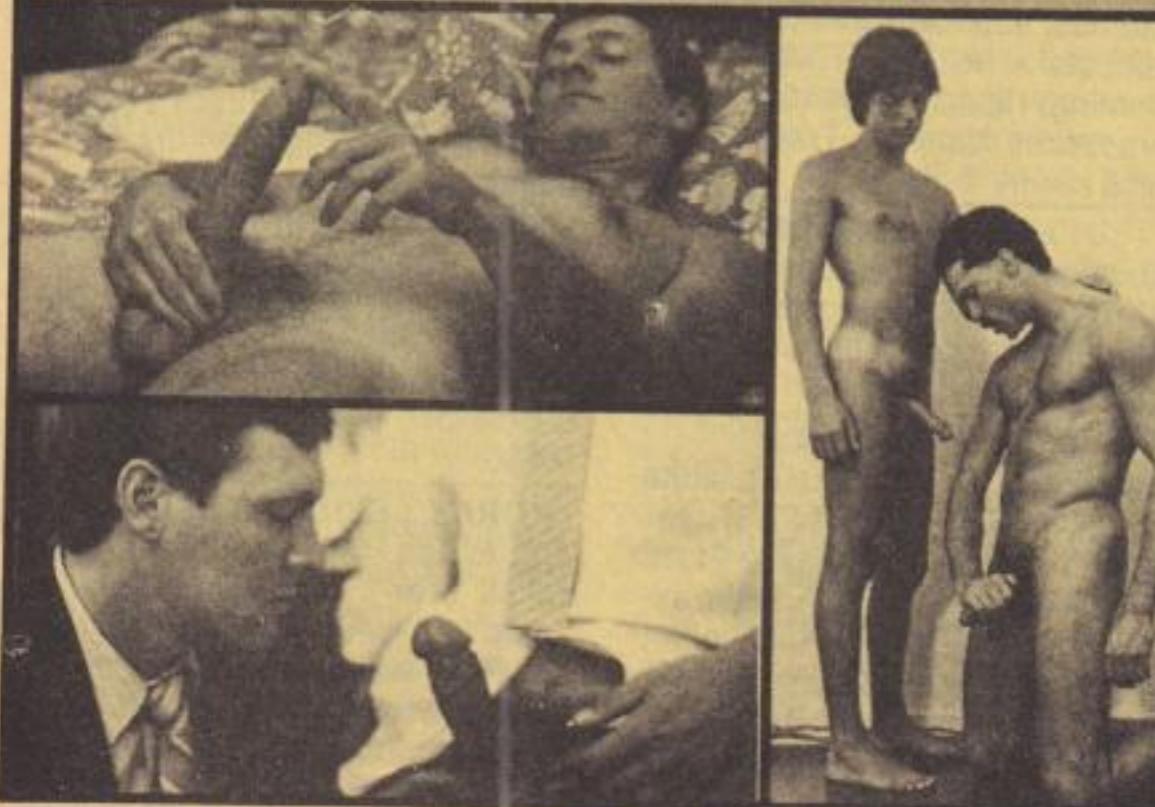
Looking for exceptional Daddy? BB, LL, biker. 8"x6" cock seeks submissive ass, mouth. Limits observed by hot, oily pecs, bod,

HOT ACTION XXX RATED MALE VIDEO

WORKLOAD

70 minutes • Color • Storyline
\$69 Beta or VHS

This dynamic 5 men get it on at the Workload Employment Agency. You'll see some action like you've never seen before. Clint Rogers is enormous where it counts — that alone is worth the price of the tape. It's sensational all male XXX rated action at its finest.



H.E.A.T.

70 minutes • Color • Storyline
\$79 Beta or VHS

As Palm Springs boils so does this video. Hot action takes place between Eric Ryan, Daniel Holt, Michael Carr and David Ashfield. Then comes Clint Rogers and all Hell breaks loose. It's Rogers and his enormous cock that gets a lot of attention. In one segment Rogers even sucks on his own long, fat tool. It is sensational to see.



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moustache, Marine haircut, 43C, 29W, 5'9", 39, 155. You: Well-built & submissive or don't reply. Box 4366

LONG BEACH

Horny, young Long Beach Master wants obedient slave into S&M and B&D. Send photo & phone to Box 4342. Be prepared for life of servitude.

B&D TRAINING AND PHOTOS

Subject must have good character traits, be GWM, 20s, goodlooking face/physique, masculine and preferably a novice. Trainer/photographer is GWM, 40s, stable, creative, and understanding. Objective is healthy scene(s) with a few first class men. Limits respected. Discretion assured. For encouragement, further discussion or to apply, submit appropriate letter. Photo responses given priority. San Diego area. Box 4330

COLORADO

OWNERLESS PET

Born to serve a Master, Sir, but am stubborn and only respond to very experienced handling. Can my muscles and firm, tight ass be made to meet your high standards, Sir? (305) 757-7680, Miami.

YOUNG SLAVE SON

wanted by older experienced leatherman with well-equipped training room offering discipline, love, plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303) 433-9587. Write: Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

MASTER SEEKS LIVE-IN SLAVE

Slave sought by 30-year-old master for live-in position. Must be between 18-25 years old and willing to give of body & soul. Forward detailed letter with photo to Master P. On your knees slave and do it now. Box 4211.

CONNECTICUT

SM BIKER

Leatherman wants leather bottom/slaves for man-to-man leather SM sex. B&D, C&BT, TT, WS, etc. Limits respected. This experienced leather master wants you to perform on demand. Send me your application and photo including your willingness to be a good slave. Box 3957.

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient, thin bottoms (16-32) at my CC location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined, into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must

be assured. Write: Box 113/Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilm., DE 19805.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

A MAN

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10", 39, dark, bearded. InterChain 226, I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility: am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

MASTER NEEDED

Hot, bearded slave 6', 160 lbs, 40, uncut into BD, Fr/ap, WS, TT with masculine top. Box 4357

DIAPERED DISCIPLINE

Dominant Dad seeks trim, obedient son (21+) to diaper, discipline, spank and treat as toddler. (Might also be Lil' Brother to right guy) Letter and pic to Chris Taylor, Box 4343

WELL-BUILT

Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft., 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut, responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, FF, or hard drugs. Box 3868.

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING
Me: 5'11", 175 lbs., muscular, 33. You: into B&D, ass work, dildoes, fisting, being shaved. Box 4145.

FLORIDA

CUM-ING TO ORLANDO

Young Master with obedient Daddy looking to roughhouse other studs into bootlicking, bondage, verbal abuse, spanking, TT, CBT or playful good times in oiled jockstraps, wet briefs, torn underwear. Optional: voyeurism, WS, FF, man-to-man or threesomes, your choice and limits respected. Box 923, Stratford, CT 06497

DADDY

is 6'2", 35, 170, blond, beard & has a nice thick uncut 8" for the boy who can earn it & show it the respect it deserves & demands. FF, BD, SM & WS for the eager little cocksucker that knows his place & seeks a Daddy who can provide firm discipline and total dominance. If you can take a lot of attitude and want the privilege to serve as Daddy dictates, send

photos and details. Box 4262

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867.

APOLLO

Lifeguard, Bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485.

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055.

INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS

Non-smoking, versatile young man with swimmers/smooth body sought by attractive and successful young professional. For friendship and possible monogamous relationship. Box 4102.

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall masculine and submissive late 30s loves wearing rubber and lingerie W/S, G/S, B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty, uncut, hairy men preferred. Call Gail, 1-904-496-2070.

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy, son, or houseboy. Daddy: 48, 5'10", 180 lbs., hairy, hung big, strict, loving. Son: boyish, smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Box 4140.

DAD NEEDED

Tall 6'4" booted son, 33, 185 lbs, needs strong Dad 30-50 for hot times, spank, sweat, oil, wax (muscles a plus). No SM or heavy BD. Answer all. No fats or fems. Jim, PO Box 530992, Miami, FL 33153

GEORGIA

BOOT—WHIP

BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone #. Box 4344

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080.

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom, 26. I give funky rear French to and get gangbanged (with rubbers) by rough trade, ex-cons, Latins, dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower givers. No JO phone calls! Call White Pussy (David), Atlanta (404) 876-2251.

HOT MAN

W/m, 34, 6', 165 lbs., totally masculine and athletic, seeks slim or well-muscled masculine W/M only who will retrain me and fuck my face. Letter with your interests to: MSI, Box 8375, Atlanta, GA 30306. Discretion assured.

W/M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB
43" chest, 32" waist, red hair, beard, seeks very muscular Gr Act man. My place only. Travelling? NE GA? Your letter, photo, info gets mine. Musc, strong, sincere please. Roy, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601.

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy, 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell, kiss, and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos, ethic types okay. David, Atlanta (404) 876-2251.

DRUMBEATS—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078.

EXTRA HUNG BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak. I am 32, 170 lbs., 10" cock, cut & hairy. Am interested only in men who like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets mine. Box 4074.

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6', 155 lbs., 8" br/bl, lean, hard & defined; looking for bottoms into spanking, dildoes, B/D, JO, light S&M, etc. Send letter with photo to: D. Johnson, 975 W. Peachtree St. N.E. #9A, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

ILLINOIS

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master: 42 6'3" 190# with well-equipped dungeon/playroom wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: Obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered. Send photo if possible. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690.

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM, 6', 185 lbs., 34" waist, brown hair & eyes, short beard and moustache, looking for bottoms, slaves into hot sweaty times. Fucking. Sucking. FF. WS. Bondage. Etc. Reply with photo/letter. P.O. Box A3810, Chicago, IL 60690.

WM DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18-plus who can look and act very boyish. Write: Jay, No. 179, 606 West Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

BOTTOM: 22, 9" CUT

I want a big man. I'm heavy into a big cock Master tellin' me what he is going to do with his cock. J. O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea, Woodridge, IL 60517. (312) 985-1480.

GENUINE MASOCHISTS

sought by W/m Sadist for extended sessions and possible relationship. Your agony is my pleasure, and your pleasure is in keeping me happy! Must be in good shape! Call: Sir (312) 261-3912.

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction. Box 3892.

EXHIBITIONIST

GWM—35, to correspond with other exhibitionists. To exchange fotos & experience of public hot action & nudity, esp. at Mardi Gras & rock concerts. Write Messina, Box 10499 Chicago, IL 60610-0499.

GWM 40

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago, IL 60614.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 165, brown hair, mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock, balls, ass, and boots licked. Send photo, phone. I will grovel. Box 4073.

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M, 40 plus, 6', 170, gdlkg., wants to tie, gag, suck & fuck cute, slim, W/M, 21-40. Send phone number, photo. Box 4075.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23-year-old novice, moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene, seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen. Box 4064.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!**INDIANA****BOTTOM NEEDS TOP**

Submissive W/M, 36, 5'8", 135 lbs., brn./blu., moustache, 6½" cut, with hungry mouth and ass, seeks older Top/Master to serve and service. Photo/ phone appreciated. Bottom, lives in S.W. Indiana. Box 4065.

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker, W/m, 26, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, bl/bl, moustache, willing to please. Box 142, Crown Point, IN 46307.

IOWA**HOT/HORNY**

Bearded W/M, 35, 145#, 5'7": Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer... Forward photo, specs. & # to Box 3996.

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby, 18-25, small-to-medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to: Paul, P.O. Box 184, Ottumwa, IA 52501.

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot, athletic, 5'11", 165#, 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD, C/B/T/T. Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo, application with favorite fantasy to Max, Box 8103, Des Moines, IA 50301.

KANSAS**W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE**

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T, shaving, piercing, Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City. Sir, I'm waiting. Box 4852, Topeka, KS 66604.

KENTUCKY**DRUMBEAT IT!****LOUISIANA****NEW ORLEANS**

Young White/Oriental wanted for light bondage. No SM. I'm GWM, 47. (504) 831-9298.

MAINE**WOODSMEN**

Two extreme north woodsmen looking for fun. Your pix gets ours. Jack/Walt, 1 Forest Ave., Ft. Kent, ME 04743. (207) 834-5649.

**DRUMBEAT CLASSIFIEDS:
YOUR PERSONAL
SLAVE MARKET****MARYLAND****WANTED: DADDY/MASTER**

WM, 30, slave/boy just moved to Baltimore—need someone to show me the ropes and? Box 4356

EXPERIENCED MASOCHIST

Experienced masochist wanted. Body punching, electric shock, tit work, other solid M activities. No damage, ownership, hairy, tall BB a+. Pain capacity, physical condition and looks makes it. Box 4349

**RUBBERMEN HAVE THE
RIGHT IDEA—
WEAR A CONDOM!****BEARDED MASTER**

40, 5' 10" 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped

den. Any age, any scene—but scat. Novice slaves get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3893.

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm, corrective discipline, whack the seat of my pants good, or redden my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad, new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy, time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish, great ass. Photo and letter. Nick, One High St., Box S-130, Medford, MA 02155.

**DRUMBEATS—WHERE
TOPS AND BOTTOMS
COME TOGETHER!****DADDY'S LITTLE BOY**

Boston, 28, 5'2", 115 lbs., needs Daddy, diapers, bottle feeding, baby food, boot licking, puppydog, collar, toys, tits, JO, rubbers, discipline, dirty talk, cuddling. Seek big, tall, attractive, straight looking & acting Daddy. Like beards and moustaches. Prefer non-smoker. Photo. Box 4166.

TRAINABLE

Hairy white male dog slave, 31, seeks training and discipline. Enjoy bondage, very Greek passive. Please expand my limits. Travel California & Nevada. Box 4174.

MASSACHUSETTS**BOUND
SPREADEAGLE**

Helpless before you. Mouth, tits, balls uncut cock ready for use and abuse. Submissive WM, 31, 5'11", 170, hairy seeks tops for long sessions of SM, BD, WS, tit/ball torture. Will travel to NYC. Serious only. Box 4359.

**INEXPERIENCED
BUT INTERESTED**

Mutual WS, dildos, FF, enemas. Mainly bottom, WM, 34, seeks above with affection. Letter, photo if possible. Then...

HOT MEN 45+

AIDS-SAFE SEX. Slap my face with your hard cock. Make me lick your muscular pecs and arms. Beat off on me. Hot, masculine men 45 and older only. Muscles a real plus. I'm 32, good looks and body. Box 4296

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit-shined shoes/boots. Write: Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

**TIGHT LEVIS/
BLACK LEATHER**

W 5'10" 28 tight body, good looks. Into leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek wild, rugged, young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around, party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches,

tight black leather pants/faded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting, discreet, masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRT, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmington, MA 01701 (LF3994).

**SUBMISSIVE RUBBER
NOVICE**

seeks experienced rubbermen in hip boots, gas masks, rubber suits, etc. I'm small, boyish, 31, kinky, eager to experiment and learn. Big, tall, masculine Daddies, threesomes, beards, cigars are a plus. Photo and letter to Box 4341.

SHORT MUSCULAR MASTER

30, into dominance/submission seeks Boston area slaves for ongoing relationship. Safe, sane, wild leather sex of most varieties. Beginners welcome. Box 4336

MICHIGAN**RURAL PONTIAC BOTTOM**

5'10", 165, 35. Rural location allows outdoor action. Tie me up and fuck me, piss on me and fist me. Uniform gets preferred treatment. Photo requested. Box 4339.

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W.S., shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864.

MINNESOTA**BUDDY WANTED**

WM, 28, seeks buddy into WS, JO, raunchy pits, medical trips, phone talk. Photo/phone to P.O. Box 10443, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861.

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM, 27, needs training by sane, demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133.

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3859.

MISSISSIPPI**LEATHER SENSUALIST**

Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pit exploring. 5'8", 143#, 41 yo, 8½". Please, Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855.

MISSOURI

BIZARRE-S/M-OCCULT

Mature WM wants to meet serious-minded men interested in the above.

2 EXTRA-WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description, experience, photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

ST.LOUIS AREA

Older guy, "dad" type experienced youth leader, interested in young, masculine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Box 3872.

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#, w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425.

REAL MEN WANTED

W/m, 22, athletic, goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to the all male world. Gets off on muscular, hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern

Montana or vicinity. Box 4162.

NEVADA

ORAL SERVICE

GWM, will "suck" cocks off with no reciprocation needed. Any size, 18 years old and up. White or Oriental cocks only. Pen pals from out of town welcome if you like to "suck" cocks also. Will exchange letters & photos. Box 4363

SLAVE WANTED IN RENO

For leather action, SM, CBTT, B&D, more. I'm hung, trim, 33, GWM. You're similar but submissive and obedient. You want frequent attention or a permanent Master. Live-in or nearby required. LF4015. Write: Box 20835, Reno, NV 89515.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW JERSEY

FISTING TOPS AND BOTTOMS

A new way to meet and play, at private parties, write PO Box 694, Roselle, NJ 07203.

SO BIG IT HURTS?

Uninhibited bottom, WM, 42, 6'2", 185#, masc, hot, tight rear, will completely satisfy X-hung Gr/a top. Anything goes so long as I get it in the end. Looks, age unimportant. Size and thickness a challenge and turn-on. Write Martin, Box 425, Quakertown, NJ 08868.

REAL MEN

Looking for a real man in NY or NJ. Me: 29, 175 lbs, 5'7" bodybuilder, bike rider, jogger, Fr-Gr active and passive, brown hair/eyes, stach. Will serve right man well. You: 18-45, good body/mind, dominant and ready to take a clean, bright guy as yours. Send photo and letter to Box 4210.

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth, 6', 172 lbs., 42, masculine, seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade offs, light SM, bondage possible. No drugs or fems. Box 4138.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs, W/M and hot. Box 3856.

SLAVE WANTED FOR NY/NJ AREA

To serve two masters in early 30's You will serve masters needs and home. Willing to train Rewards/Salary with service. Call 201 241 0655.

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT.

NEW YORK

HIPBOOTED SEWERMEN

Fishermen, firemen, all who wear hipboots, waders, raingear, gloves, sought by WM for wet JO scenes in heavy black rubber. Let's gear up and do it! (212) 662-0447

MATURE DAD

GWM seeks young slim Daddy's boy for firm but loving discipline. Can entertain or travel. Box 4365

HOT MASCULINE

WASP son trying to find my Dad. Successful businessman, good looks and body, 6 feet tall, 170 lbs, blue eyes, reddish-brown short hair and moustache. 35 years old, straight looking, acting bottom son. Can not get off sexually at all unless my kinky, raunchy, no-limits Dad finds me. Dad must need to find his son, total mental, sexual trip, etc. Dad can be full-time, part-time, age, height etc., unimportant. If you are ready to make it with your son send descriptive letter, phone and photo, if available, to Box 4350.

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 yrs old, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard

Chez Mollet
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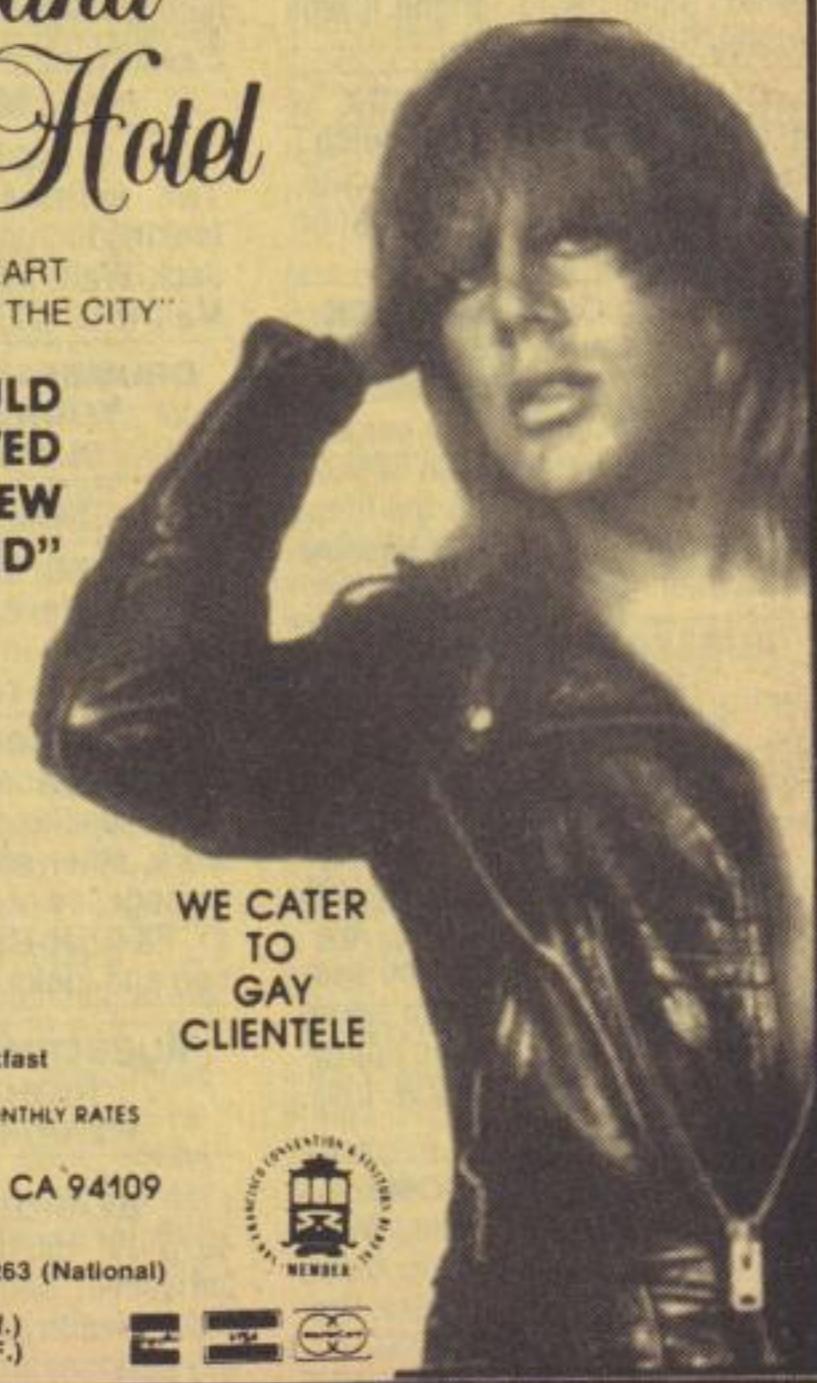
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muscled arms and pecs, erect nipples, hung thick, hard butt, moustache, dark hair, Italian, experienced in many phases of SM as both a dominant and submissive. Dominant topmen and submissive slaves invited to explore our mutual limits, man-to-man, in a health-conscious way. Masculine attitude important, travels often, detailed letter and pic to: Box 890, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

EXPERT SLAVE TRAINING

for all slaves from beginners to heavyweights, by experienced hot masters. Meet the master of your dreams and expand your limits, explore your fantasies. The price of tuition is your total obedience. 392 C.P.W. #11G, N.Y., NY 10025

MONOG RAUNCH

GWM, 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., seeks monog sex partner for heavy raunch scenes, WS, enemas, toilet training, etc. I am healthy and want to stay that way. During this crisis, having a monog sex partner seems the only way to eat a juicy ass and stay healthy. Any GWM, 28-40, interested, send photo to: Box 518, 70 Greenwich Ave., NY, NY 10011.

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave

he was born to be. Could you please help me, Sir? Box LF3891

BIRTHDAY SUIT PARTIES

Gay male nudist. Stamp/photo. Studio 608, 14 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10012.

FIRE AND ICE

Top looking for prime quality ass to cool off, heat up, and fuck. Oct., 140 Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156.

HOT EXPERIENCED SLAVE

CBT, TT, all basic SM, well-hung, tall, slender, 40s, moustache, weekend service between Syracuse/NYC. Box 4157.

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6', under 230 lbs.) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Box 4165.

BELTMASTER

Handsome novice M, 34, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus; expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF, shaving and good hot sex. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4163.

HOT HAIRY PISHPHOLE

30, wants intense humiliation from arrogant, real men who spit/step on faggots. Box 4172.

WESTERN NEW YORK

Male lovers, 41 & 25, in good

shape, looking for trim playmates & friends. We have a variety of interests and can be versatile. Photo please. Write: Ron, Ellicott Station, Box 825, Buffalo, NY 14205.

SLEAZY & SMELLY

W/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks kinky male with smelly body, raunchy armpits, very dirty underwear (never enough), cheesy hose. Let me smell, let me lick. Sleazy, WS, leather, uniforms, humiliation, verbal abuse okay. No heavy SM, no scat, uncut a plus, muscles a must, telephone no. for a very good time. Box 4143.

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4", big cock, deep ass serves as sexslave for anything—clean or dirty for W-master in boots and leather with full bladder, dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber, leather, licking, dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine. TT, SM, B&D, FF, toys. Box 3870.

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged, muscular, hung but submissive biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip, immobilize & manhandle this 5'7", 155# brown-haired BB; whip my round, white butt till it glows & fuck it; dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual

abuse on your captive's helpless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area; your own workroom & camera are plusses. Photo/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun, loving, considerate friends who care about their bodies and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo. Box 3863.

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon. No FF, scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated—all answered. Box 3882.

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean, non-viscous, modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming, animals, quiet talks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (often in the Chinese style), balanced, sane living and Hadyn String Quartets. No drugs.

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Phone (213) 657-6677

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DEAR SIR:

I've got something in my hand that I think you'd like...
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ISSUE 39



ISSUE 40



ISSUE 41



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ISSUE 43



ISSUE 44



ISSUE 45



ISSUE 46



ISSUE 47



ISSUE 48



ISSUE 49



ISSUE 50



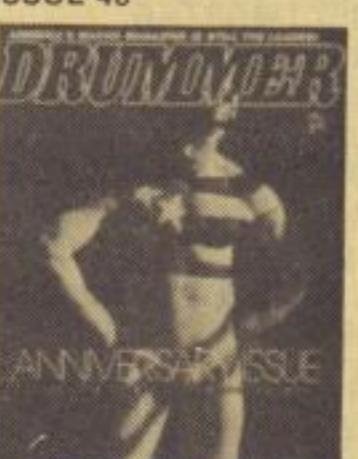
ISSUE 52



ISSUE 53



ISSUE 54



ISSUE 55



ISSUE 56



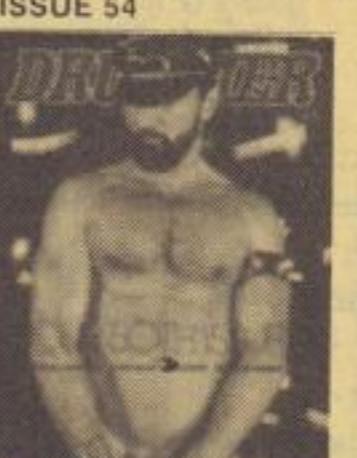
ISSUE 57



ISSUE 58



ISSUE 59



ISSUE 60



ISSUE 61



ISSUE 62



ISSUE 63



ISSUE 64



ISSUE 65



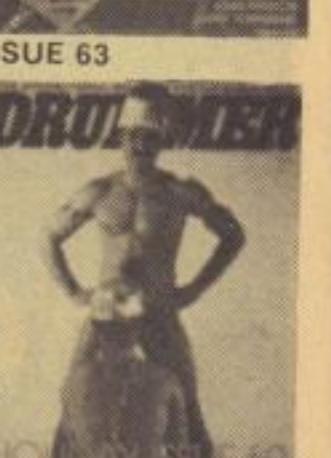
ISSUE 66



ISSUE 67



ISSUE 68



ISSUE 69



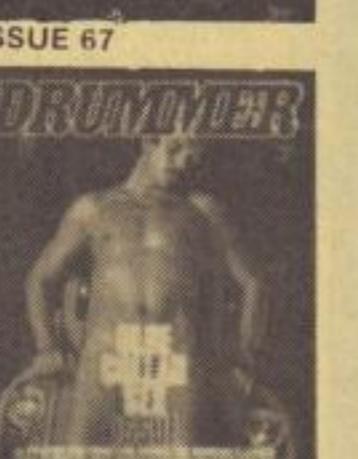
ISSUE 70



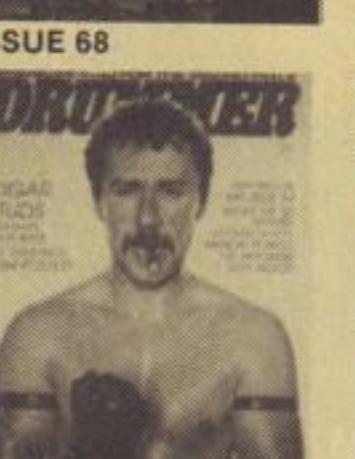
ISSUE 71



ISSUE 72



ISSUE 73



ISSUE 74



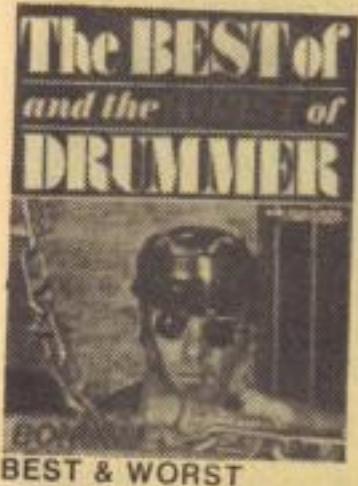
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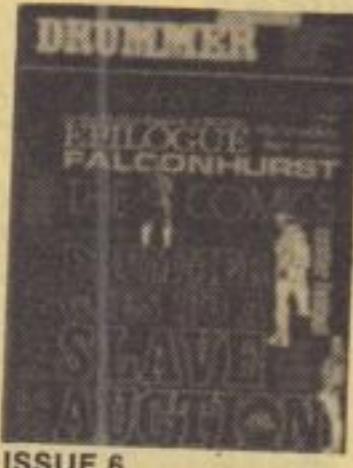
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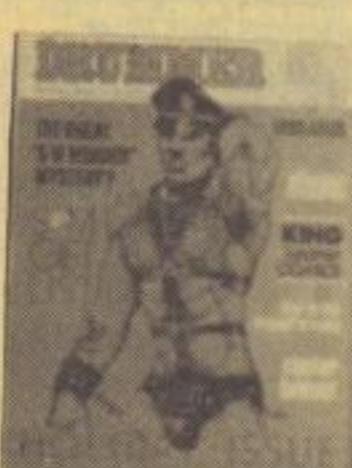
ISSUE 13



ISSUE 6



ISSUE 9



ISSUE 10



ISSUE 11



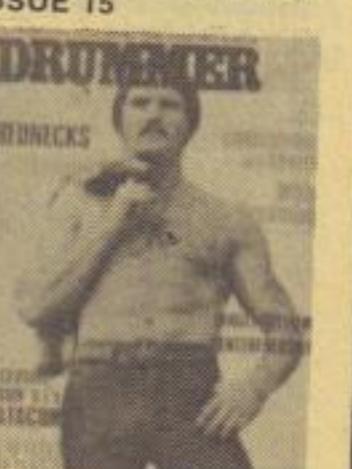
ISSUE 12



ISSUE 21



ISSUE 22



ISSUE 23



ISSUE 24



ISSUE 25



ISSUE 26



ISSUE 27



ISSUE 28



ISSUE 29



ISSUE 30



ISSUE 31



ISSUE 32



ISSUE 33



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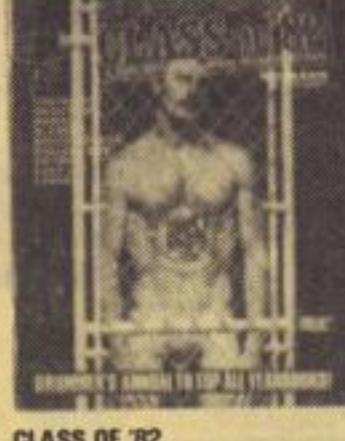
ISSUE 77



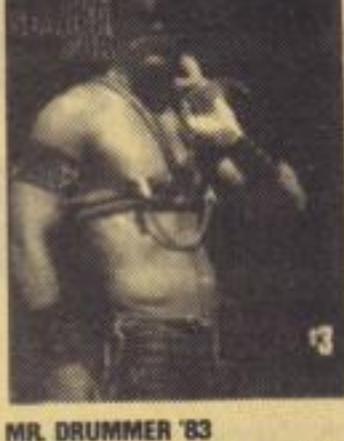
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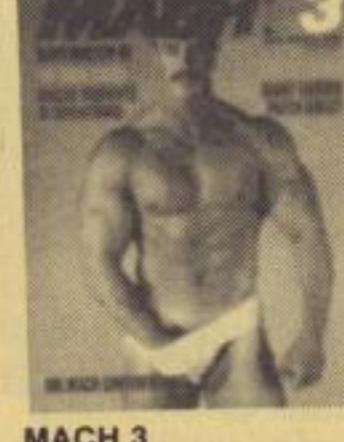
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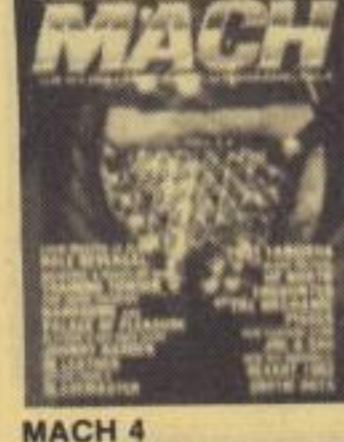
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MACH 2



MACH 3



MACH 4



MACH 5



MACH 6



MACH 7



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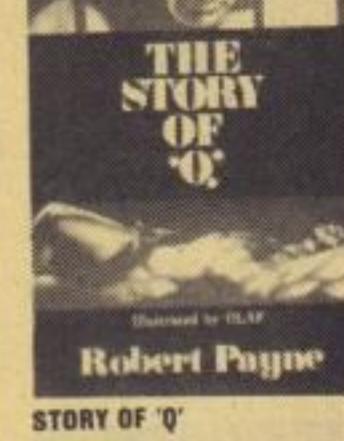
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FOLSOM 4



HOUSE SLAVE



STORY OF 'Q'

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HANDSOME HOT TOP

Healthy, goodlooking, dominant WM top, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond, gym body. Seeks healthy, submissive bottom WM, 21-35 with smooth, slim, good body into hot sex, safe bondage and light SM. Photo, phone to Box 4297

TOP MAN NEEDED

Wanted by a pig-ass, dog-sucking, macho bodybuilding slave. You take charge, into humiliation, verbal abuse and use me for your friend's and fantasy pleasure. Box 4302

BOOTS UNIFORMS SERVICE

Bootboy at your service. Prefer seasoned Policemen, discrete david (518) 696-5099 (Albany, travel) 9pm-1am.

MASC. VERST. 36 SEEKS

man 30-50 years top/bottom one-to-one long-term relationship. Nick (212) RE4-1856

NUDE MAID**NUDE BARTENDER**

Successful in life, needs to learn humility. Will do what is told while being verbally abused. Young, slim, defined body, hung and uncut, smooth, round ass. Box 4355

WANTED: HOT,**WELL-BUILT BOTTOM**

for regular sessions, possible relationship by professional, good-looking, hairy, top man; 6', 180 lbs,

muscular, with 8" cut. Into long, sweat-filled, but healthy sessions. B&D, nipple work, watersports, and FF if desired (with a surgical glove). Let me clean you out, butt plug your ass, tie you up and strap you well. Limits respected. No hard drugs or scat. First ad. Photo and phone answered first. Box 4345

TITS AND ASS

WM, 5'9", 47, 155 lbs., wants you to satisfy my hot ass and sensitive tits. Yours worked also, FF yes. Photo, phone gets mine. Box 4338

NORTH CAROLINA**BABY BOY**

If you would enjoy putting me into diapers and plastic pants, let's get together. Sometimes could also use light spanking. Prefer WM, 18-25 in W. NC, SW. VA or E. TN. I am 22, goodlooking and cleanshaven. Accommodations and expenses paid for right person. If you want a goodlooking baby boy, write Bucky, PO 2124, Boone, NC 28607, and let's cuddle. Will travel.

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", well-built, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung men that get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all, photo and phone answered first. Come visit

Piedmont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860.

BODYBUILDING LEATHERMASTER

Black leather, sweat, handcuffs, hood, aching tits, hungry red ass, greased fists, contact, smell, suck, piss, submit, release. Box 4128.

OHIO**HUMILIADE ME**

Sir! Submissive bottom (37, 6', 175 lbs.) needs obedience training, bondage and humiliation. Cleveland. Box 4348

MASC. BODYBLDR BOTTOM

32 yrs, 46" chest, 31" waist, 17" arms, 6ft, 185 lbs. experienced bottom seeks similar top. Travel Ohio, in NYC often. Tony, Box 4346

GOOD MAN

29, 5'4", 135, beard, hairy, musc. very masc., seeks another good man. Into BD, most SM, body punching, forced sub, VA, visual, safe sex. Will travel. No fems, drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 4259

HEALTHY MAN

Into male sex, 45, WM, 7" cut, good chest/nipples and arms. Men only, not looking for lover—want inventive male sex, pix preferred, but reply to all. Box 4291

DADDY/MASTER WANTS SON/SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38, 5'11", 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box LF4137.

MASTER WANTED

Goodlooking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box 236, Galloway, OH 43119.

WANT YOUNGER COMPANION

Dominant GWM, 50s, likes outdoors, camping, boating, sunbathing, ems, shaving, etc. Need clean, active companion. Nude photo desired, all answered. Box 4131.

SHOVE YOUR BOOT

into my leather crotch and I'll serve and service you and your boots. Boxholder, Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216.

OHIO MASTER

seeks live-in slave. Bob (419) 749-4150. Box 251, Convoy, OH 45832.

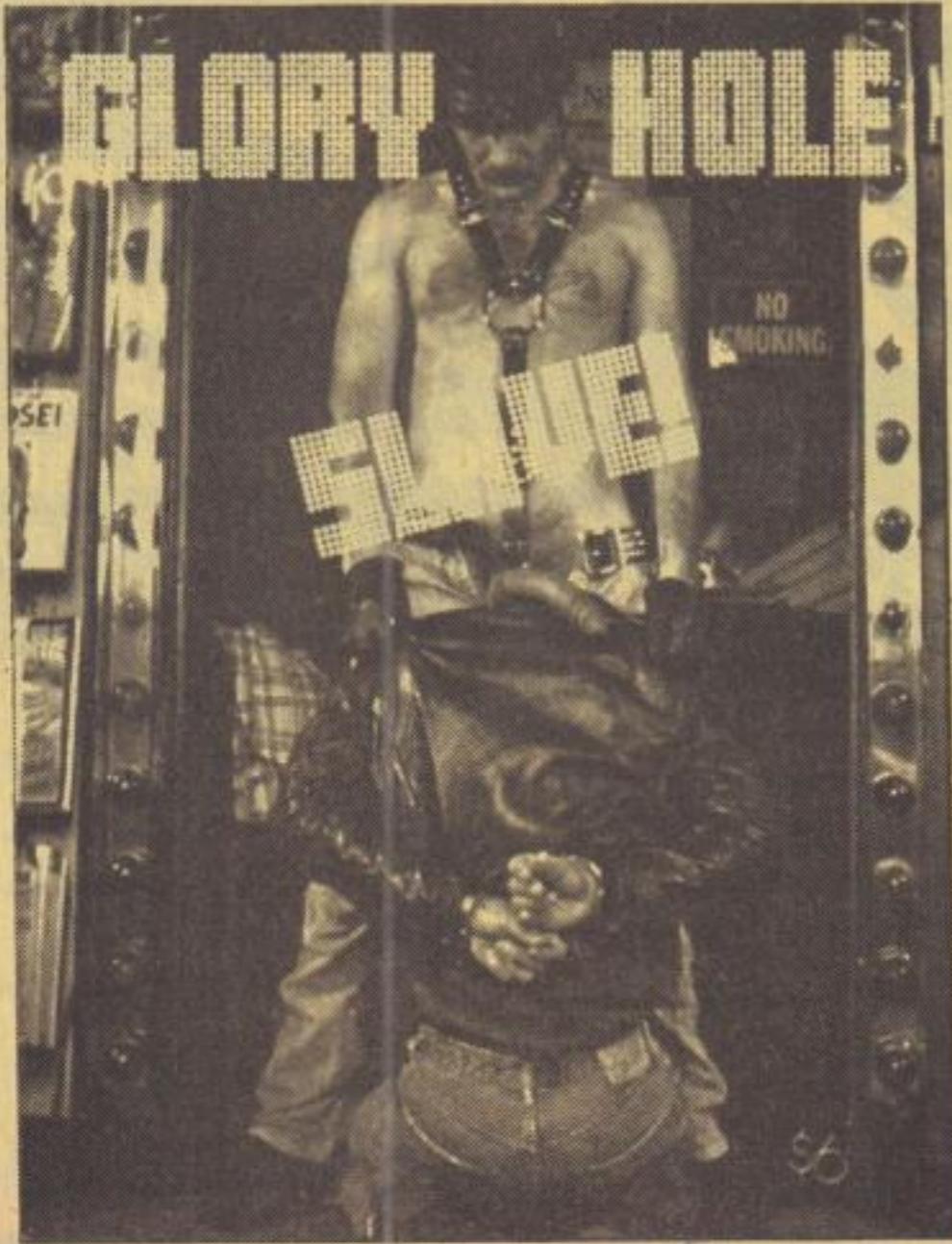
SLAVES WANTED

2 young WM need totally submissive slaves for frequent workouts, light-to-heavy B&D, WS, Greek. What are you into? Columbus area. Box 4161.

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

craves bondage, tit, assplay. Hang me up, stretch me out, flush my guts clean, enjoy my hole. I'm 32, stocky, bearded, hot-looking.

THROBBING ACTION AS A SLAVE MEETS HIS MASTER



GLORY HOLE SLAVE

A slow day at the bookstore turns into an afternoon of slavery and submission when Scott ("The Biggest Dick in San Francisco") more than meets his match in super-hung super-dominant Ed Wiley! The blistering text by Robert Payne matches the explicit action, photographed on location at the notorious Folsom Gulch. Get on your knees and order it today!

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Send me _____ copies of GLORY HOLE SLAVE! (\$6 per copy)
Add 50¢ postage/handling per copy. California residents add 6½% sales tax.

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I am 21 or older.

You hold key to my wrists, cage, heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

GWM, AGE 37
TIRIED OF BARS

And usual nellie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P, and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873.

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be WM under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No. 3884.

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA
51-yr-old, 160#, 6'1". Looking for "Boy" who is heavy into Boot and Leather subservience. No heavy pain, scat, torture. Ph. eves until 11 P.M. 513-423-5159.

OKLAHOMA

YOUNG

Inexperienced, 22, Tulsa slave wants discreet Friday-night Leather Master. Light B&D, SM, no drugs, ass-fucking, licking. Photo. Chris. Box 701881, Tulsa, OK 74170.

OREGON

HAIRY DOG

34, seeks to lick Master's balls, boots, belt. Need discipline, toilet training, pis, VA. Photo to Box 4353

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot.

ASS WANTED

Lovers, 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship, just fun with your buns. Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

W/m, 32, 175 lbs., 6'3", seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Box 4168.

MEAN STREAK

Goodlooking slave, 41, seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D, dildoes, enemas, etc., but no fucking or sucking. Box 4151.

OBEDIENT

live-in slave for bearded, friendly, sexually-mean man, 34. Photo to Box 4353

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, sub-

mission, boots, leather, scat. Box 3871.

PENNSYLVANIA

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Bopots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear, goodlooking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, JO, GR/FR a/p, rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's into leather-B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am: W, 6, 175#, all man. Have leather fuckroom with

racks-sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887.

SUBMISSIVE

needs dominant top, built, hairy stud who is into discipline and sex. No wild scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass. Men to 50 write with photo to: Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

DILDOE FUCK HOLES

Male animals wanted for heavy dildosing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings, spit, humiliation, head trips, smoke, amyl and general use as male cunt. Bearded GWM master, 32, will train to suit. Send application to: Code 3412, 254 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.

BOY WANTS LEATHERMAN

Young clean-shaven boy, 24, 5'11", handsome wants to meet older masculine leathermen. Boy is novice, SM, WS, etc. Please write Sonny, P.O. 15285, Phil., PA 19125

YOUNG STUD WANTED

PITTSBURGH AREA

Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W 6' 175# All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer, just fuck off. Box 3887.

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE



BAD BOY COMIX

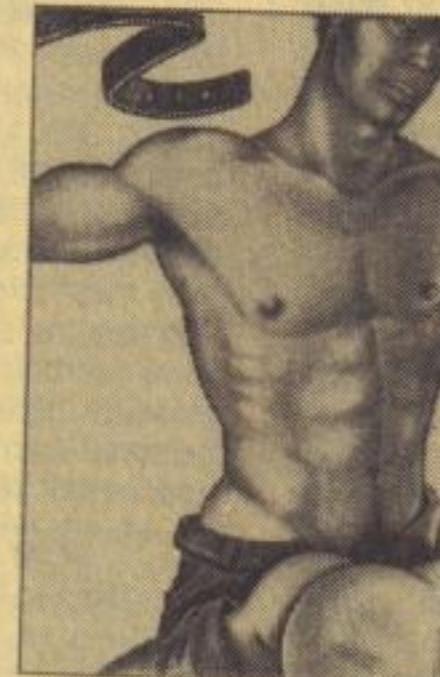
The first issue of *Bad Boy Comix* is here! The most uninhibited collection of new erotic gay adventures (some suitable for coloring, some suitable for staining) on the market! Full-color covers and 32 pages of raunch, satire, wit, and uncrossed buns! You must be 21 years of age, and you better rush \$2.50 (postpaid) for the first issue to:

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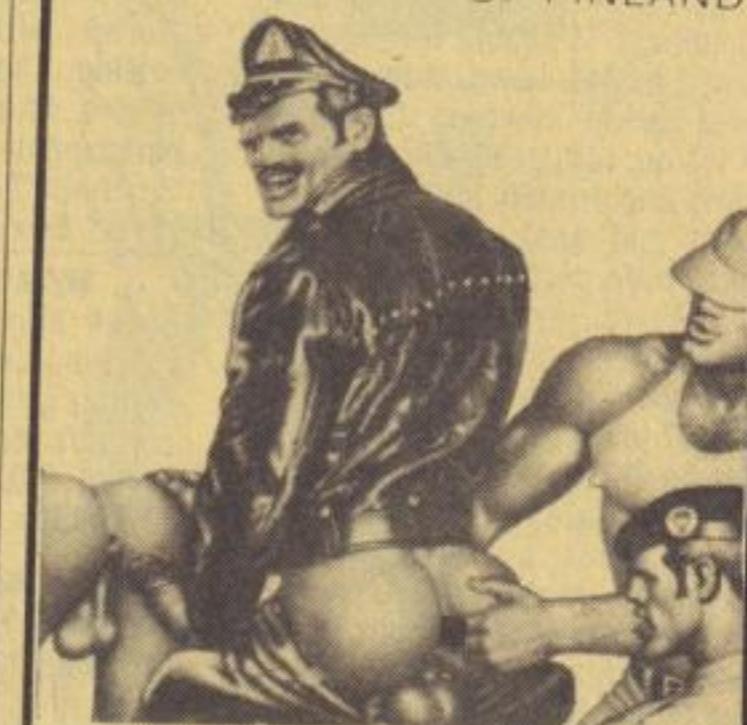
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Los Angeles, CA 90026



Well-built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang-ups. F.F. W.S. and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SM SEX

Horny, uncut GWM, 32 seeks healthy, masculine partner for mutual exploration and satisfaction. Very versatile. Letter, photo and phone answered first. Columbia. Box 4362

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age: 25-35; Height: 5'3"-5'11"; Weight: Not over 10 lbs. normal weight; Hair: color, N/P, moustache-mandatory, body hair-OK; Race: N/P; Education: HS grad, some college; Domestic: good cook & housekeeper; Employment: must have steady income; Ass: small buns, tight, hairless; Cock: size not important, must be cut; Sex: Greek A/P, French P, monogamy, bondage; Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed. Box 4252

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL
Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 44 yrs., greying-black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy-7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061.

TEXAS

BLOND BOTTOM

22, stocky needs hung top, 22 to 38 to expand limits into toys, enemas, etc., Photo and phone gets first reply. PO Box 191585, Arlington, TX 76019

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

into leather, SM, BD, TT, CB/T, WS, humiliation, shaving, hot wax, al-

most anything but scat and FF. I'm eager, ready, willing, 40s, 5'7", 140. Please, Sir! Box 4332

DALLAS

Prof. blk, very submissive, 40 yrs., 148 lbs, 5'11" seeks experienced master in verbal abuse, bondage and discipline. Possible permanent relationship. PO Box 2496, Dallas, TX 75221

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9½", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 40, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toroed trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240.

EXPERIENCED HOUSTON TOP

Bearded, 35, seeks slave/boy under 40 willing to serve. Moderate-to-heavy S&M. Send application and photo to Box 4276.

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM, 32, 5'8", 147 lbs., seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please. Sir. RHS; Box 270069, Houston, Texas 77277.

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878.

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Box 3853.

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs

Seeks slave for long-term B/D, Leather, Levi. No fats-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

S/M BOTTOM

Hot W/M, 37, 6'1", 185 lbs, healthy, professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot, dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A, etc. No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana, NYC. Please send letter and photo, Sir, for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006.

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,

Kai, who's story appears in *Mach 6*. I am seeking contact with inter-

ested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791.

UTAH

25 NOVICE 126

seeks patient leather/bondage Master into light SM, BD, and improving my Greek. (801) 532-5846.

VIRGINIA

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

W/m, 30, 5'10", 148 lbs., desires contact with others, both as bottom and top. SM, FF, Gr a/p. Especially into TT and WS. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110.

PISS/SHIT/SPIT/PUKE/CUM

Cover me in yours, Sir! Ex-NYC slave moved to Danville needs new Master to continue training in bondage, punishment, humiliation, C&BT, toilet training, tripping, worship; have leather, police uniforms, am 24, 7½", built. My photo was in Drummer 64, TC1070. Await photo, phone, orders, Sir! Box 4158.

WASHINGTON

MEDICAL EXPERIMENT

Take-charge MD needed by eager patient into medical phantasy. Suite 617, 810 East Harrison St., Seattle, WA 98102.

MASTER

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave. 6', 155 lbs, 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cuntslave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle-area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call (206) 329-1142 days or midnight.

SPOKANE AREA MASTERS

Novice slave W/M, 35, needs teaching/training. Please Sir, I will try hard to please you. Box 4241.

WEST VIRGINIA

NOVICES WANTED

If you're curious, but apprehensive, try me—you'll be glad you did. Goodlooking, 25, Top Man.

Not into pain, just erotic B&D. Fulfill your fantasies. Write describing experience, desires. Photo required. WV, PA under 35. Box 4360

WISCONSIN

WANT BIG HUNGS

OVER 35

Hot, big-balled exhibitionists 35-48 call (414) 744-9539. I'm 30, tall, goodlooking

TWO KINKY

guys into FF, WS, S&M, B&D and barnyard activities looking for same interest. Ed & Pat, P.O. Box 1366, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:

28-year-old WM master, 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy-chested, LEVEL-HEADED, is seeking a younger-than-master, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well-defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CB/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic-type studs especially. I am open-minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890.

BOOTED LEATHER MAN

6', 178 lbs., br, bl, 9", seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker, cowboys, linemen, etc). Leather and natural highs only; discreet. Phone & photo please. Write to: Box 9122, Green Bay, WI 54308.

GWM

29 yrs, 6'1", 165 lbs., 9½", seeks friends "LOVER" "?" to 25 only. Am into almost anything, like to experiment and try new things. Prefer hairless body. Write me and tell me your wildest scene, be honest and frank—can't stand honeys or gay bars. Let's hear from you—maybe we could have some wild scenes with the right person. Will answer all. Photos get first reply.

DADDY, 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B, S/M, B/D, T/T, W/S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humble slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3936.

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long, hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9", 155, 8 thick, uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fats and fags need not apply. Box 3888.

CANADA

TORONTO

Horny Punk, bottom, 34, 5'8", good

build, hot buns and mouth into boot worship, spread-eagled restraint, whipping, wax, CB, TT, man-to-man contact, outdoor sports, mutual respect, wants permanent relationship with handsome, sadistic, intelligent white Top leatherman/biker, 25-40. Must be discrete and health-conscious. Send letter/photo. N-Yorkers and Southern Ontarian also welcome. Box 4352

SERIOUS SLAVE

WM, 5'8", 170 lbs., wants Master for long-term relationship. Slave into leather, boots, discipline, CBTT, humiliation, dog training, etc. Slave is handsome and of good company, looking for hairy, beefy, heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious, long-lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to: Box 3984.

BOTTOM, 38, 5'9", 160 LBS. Bearded, moustache will submit to strong, beefy, or muscular or medium-fat men. Humiliation, verbal abuse, bodyworship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, SM, fantasies. Care, affection and know how will expand limits. Please include photo. PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

WANTED

Guys who play autoerotic rope scenes willing to share with uniform, leather, booted guy, 35, for mutual satisfaction. Box 5327, Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5N 1Z2.

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs, 5'8", swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854.

BOTTOM MAN

5'9", 160 lbs, br/bl, worship and service beefy or muscular or slight-to-medium-fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know-how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No fems, no heavy SM that leaves damages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call, Sir. Peter (403) 244-3295.

INTERNATIONAL

STINKING GREASY BIKER 27, into dirty leather/rubber gear, scat, piss, looking for mate, angel-type, living in filthy house to help, work with; but really honest. Box 4144.

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Mr. British Columbia Leather '84 and invitational contestant in Mr. Drummer '84 (see Drummer 76) travelling abroad in 85/86 and looking for hosts/employers worldwide. If you're into leather and interested in getting together, contact Bryan Anderson, Box 4147.

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern, W. Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poles, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutilation... all other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

VENEZUELA

30, 5'7", 136 lbs. Have just moved to Caracas for one year. Seeks other attractive guy into Dad/son-type scene. Letter with photo please. Box 4209.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30-year-old Master, 6'0", 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Australia is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome. Moustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CB/T, shaving and piercing. Master is level-headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865.

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8½"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826.

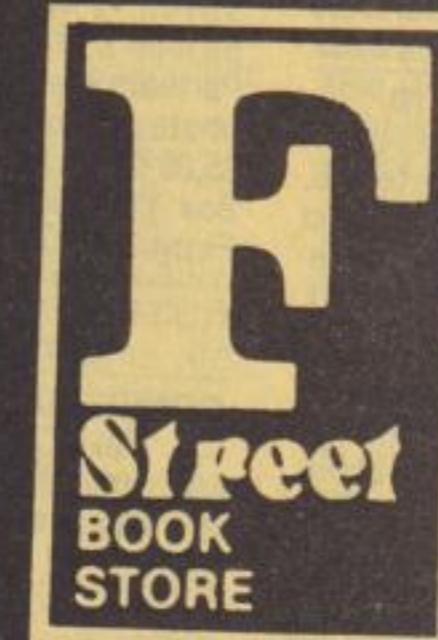
ENGLAND

HOT-ASSED GUY

42, with 9½" uncut cock would like to meet active guys into fucking, fisting, W/S and light SM. I'm 6' tall, with moustache. Overseas

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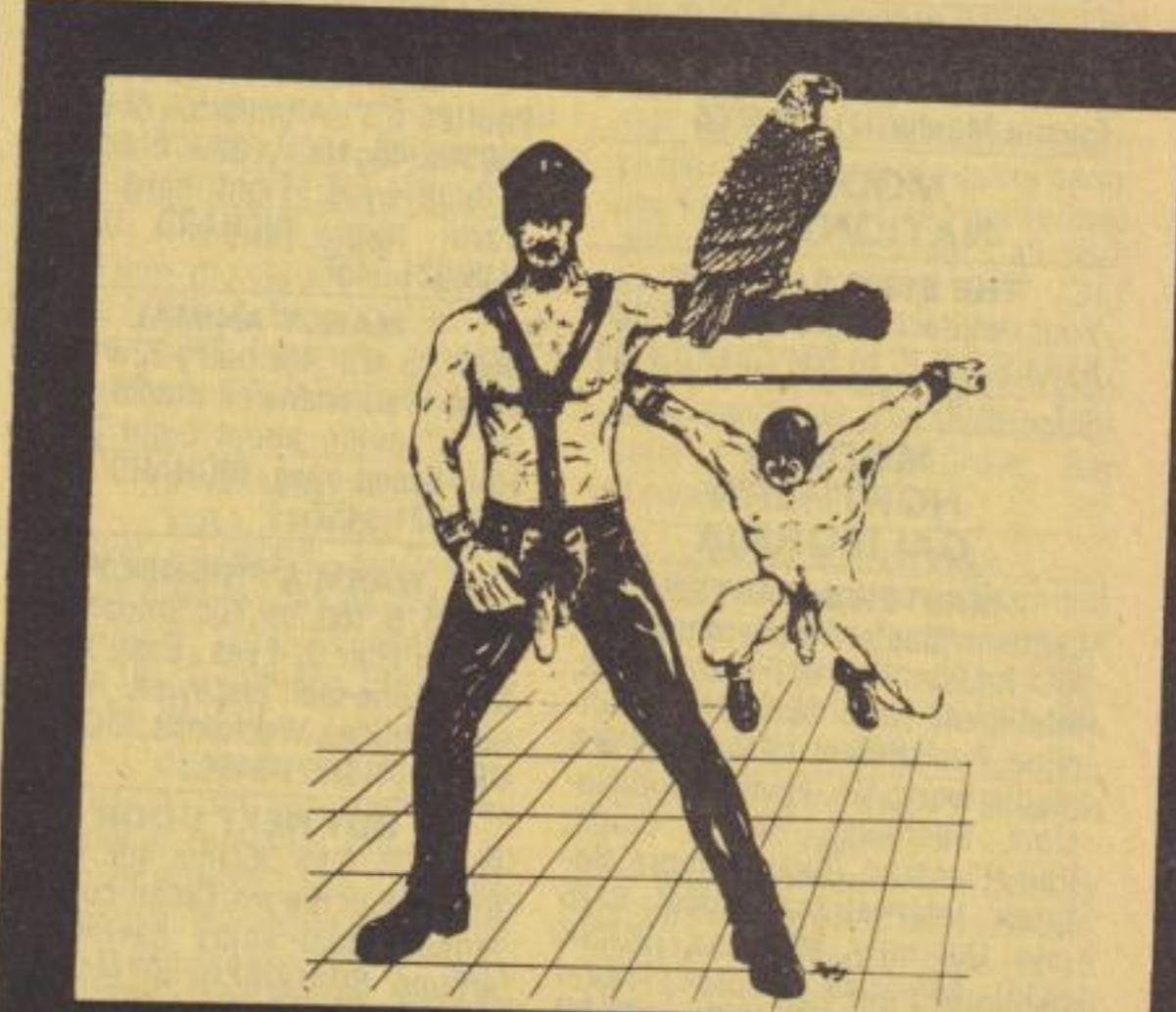
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BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

Bl, bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p, GR p, tits, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph/ltr to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to: Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany.

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to bd, sm, cbt tort, shvg, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send ltr of your scene and photo to Box 3946.

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Paul 21, 6'3". A tall drink of water. 160 lbs. 40c Hairy, 32w, black hair & blue eyes. Tight hard body-warm form. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Dean 25, 6'2" 46c hairy 32w handsome well-endowed model. All of SF is raving about Light Brown Hair-Green eyes. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Bill 25, 6' 160 lbs. 40c Smooth 29w Brown Hair & Eyes. Easy going. Masculine-well endowed. Available Evenings-Weekends. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Philip 21, 5'11" 160 lbs. 40c. Hairy-Brown hair & eyes. Clean-cut good looks. You'll enjoy having Phil around. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Move Over Dirt Harry Adam: 29, 6' 44c, 31w. Hot as a pistol, cocked fully-loaded 9½ inch barrel—ready if you are. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Ben 26, 6'3" 44c hairy 32w. Brown Hair & eyes HOT-HUNG & Very Healthy—Tall Dark & Handsome. A real turn on! RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Extremely handsome, friendly, hung 9 inches! New York's hottest model escort. Robert (212)473-7157 or 734-4185.

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A monthly personal ads publication for spanking, etc. Brochure \$1.00; sample copy \$3.00. Control-T-Studio, 13624 Sherman Way

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State over 21. (7300 Lennox)

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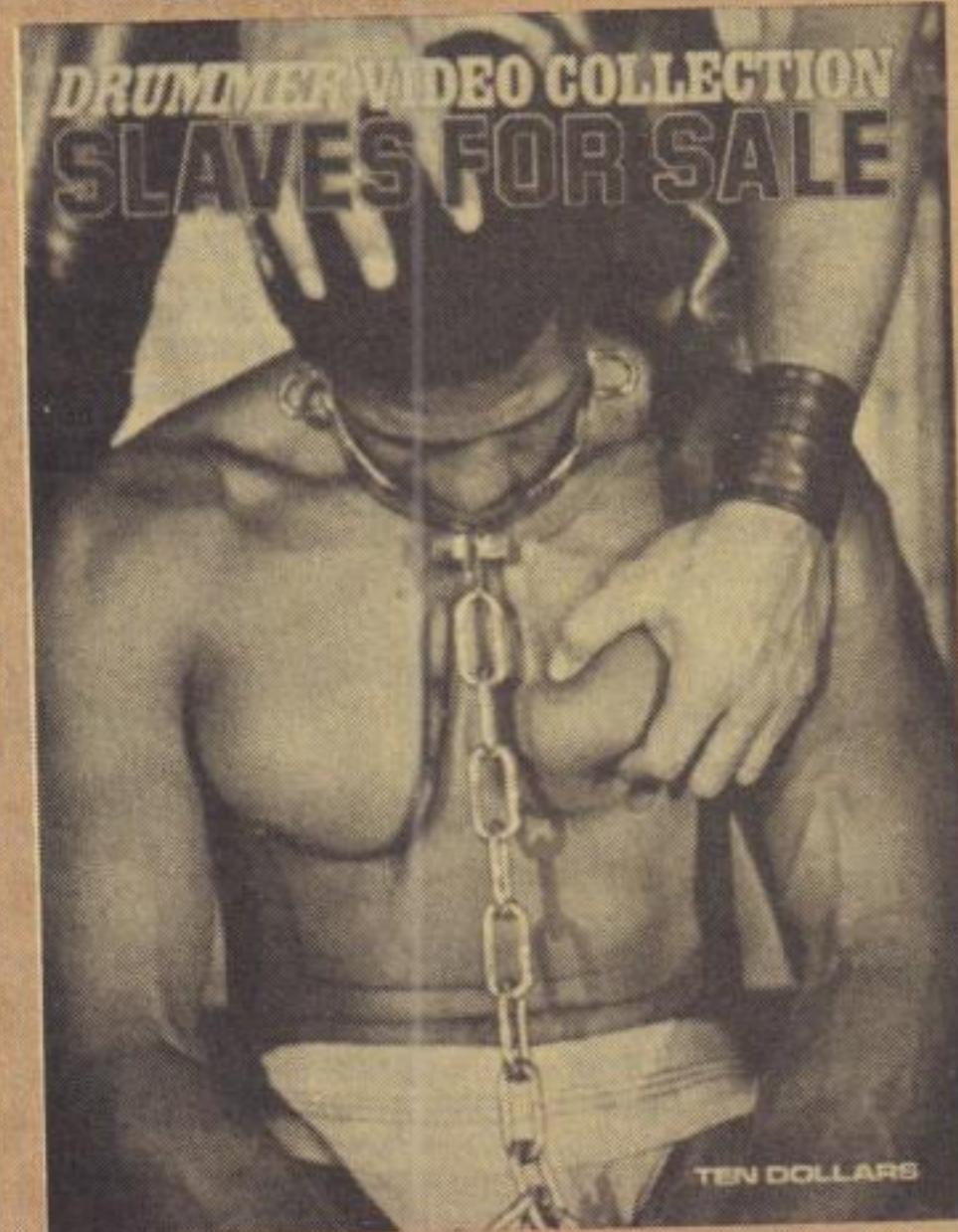
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BOYS IN THE SAND

Arrakis, the planet known as *Dune*—and seldom was heard a more reverberating word. It echoes with vast, arid, formless spaces, with clashing weapons and ominous philosophies; it connotes with earnest adventure and the hidden promises of a bold imagination.

It's all there in the movie, sieved from Frank Herbert's popular science fiction novel through the mobile mental strainer of America's weirdest director, David (Eraserhead, Elephant Man) Lynch, and stretching across the screen in images as near to holography as we've gotten in the two-dimensional medium. A multi-national cast (with nary a star ego seeping through a character part) shares credit with a superlative crew, co-existing from Mexico's Samalayuca Desert and gigantic soundstage locations to the extra-special effect lab tables. Toto's music rumbles and squeals out of the Dolby speakers like a quake up the San Andreas fault, and idea piles on idea like the petrified but still identifiable strata of the Grand Canyon.

That the parts don't fit neatly together, and sometimes not at all, may be the fault of the source rather than its present motion picture form. A tip, then, since *Dune* is being recommended, with reservations: the Herbert book, so painstakingly detailed in establishing a valid science and fiction context for an imaginary universe, when condensed into a couple of hours of visualization, is chock-full of principal roles suspended somewhere between its 20-year-old ambience and future space. If you've got *Dune* in your mental banks (however imperfectly stored), dig it out and use it; if you never heard of the Kwisatz Haderach, mélange or sandworms, pay close attention to the bits of narration.

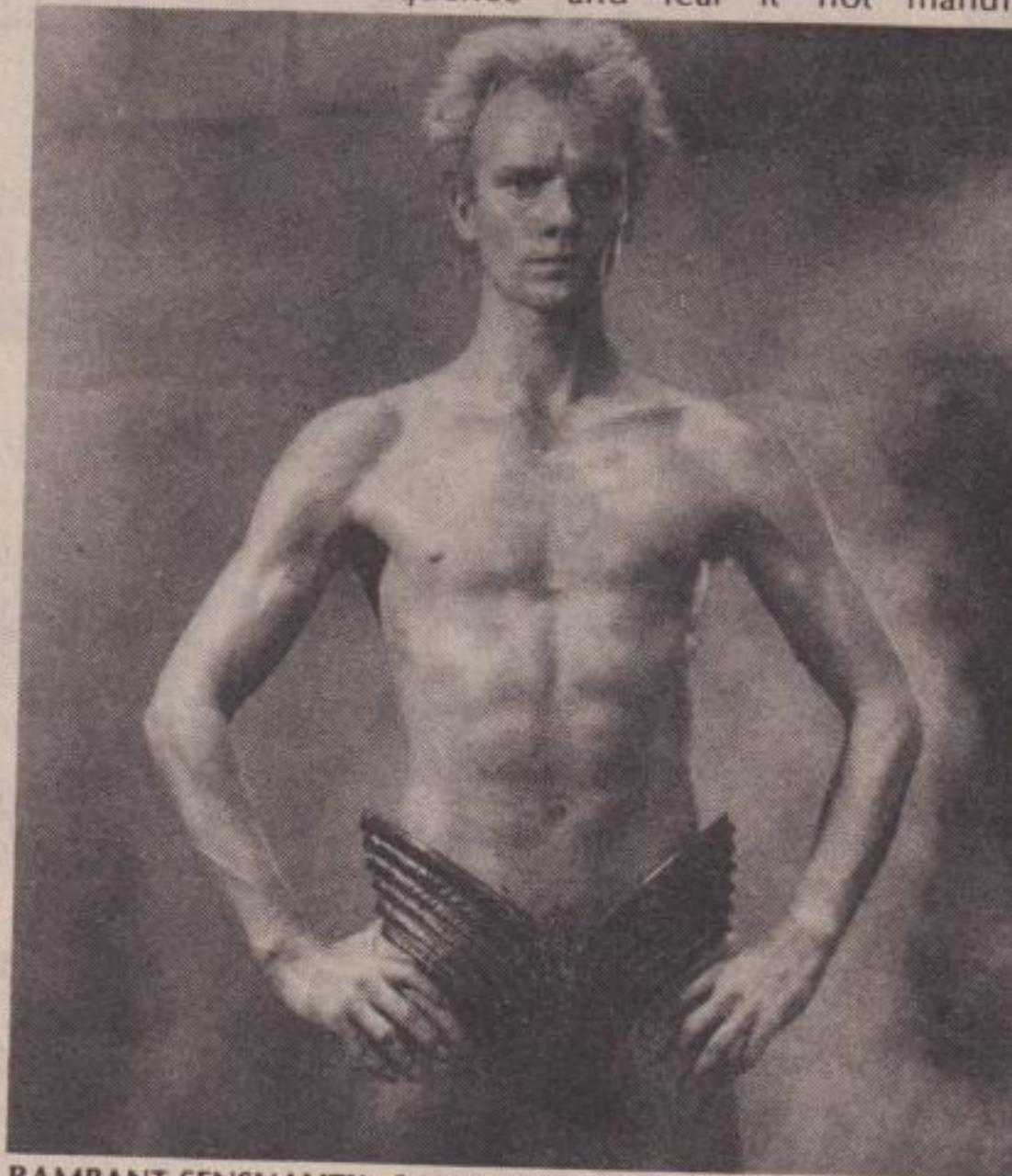
If you miss the narration, classify the uniforms (all the leads have their own, followed by those of the 20,000 extras). If that doesn't work, just remember that all the good guys

are brunets, the meanies blond or rugate, and the bitching witches bald. Or keep an eye/ear out for the following:

The Messiah-to-Be: Paul (Kyle MacLachlan) is the beardless youth with the apple-dimpled chin. He resembles neither his father, Duke Leto (Jurgen Prochnow of *Das Boot* and *The Consequence*

than exciting. The baddies get to have all the fun and be it too.

Baron Harkonnen (Kenneth McMillan), Beast Rabban (Paul Smith), sly Piter (Brad Dourif) and Feyd Rautha (Sting) steal the show, recalling an irrepressible Lynch motif of horrors arising out of human anatomy as we know and fear it—not manufac-



RAMPANT SENSUALITY: Sting strips down for *Dune*.

fame), a youngish, virile, smart and swashbuckling dad (for a change), nor his hot-and-cold-running mother, Lady Jessica (Francesca Annis), who also acts from her membership in a powerful secret sorority—a B'Nai B'rith of mental amazons who practice the ultimate in selective breeding to produce a leader for the predestined jihad, the holy-spice wars. Paul will ultimately join up with the Fremen (an all-the-way underground guerilla force of "free men" on the lookout for a savior), best and most briefly exemplified by the striking diminutive presence of Linda Hunt as the Shadout Mapes. That's not the half of it, but it may give you an idea of where to grab hold.

Physically, Paul and company are without blemish. Psychologically, they can be less

tured, not alien, just terribly natural demonstrations of inverted evolution and perverted passions, nightmares as toys. All half-ton of Baron gets to float 18 inches off the ground like a blubbery coprophagic cherub, admiring and picking at his self-grown suppurating pustules and cancers, coming down to *Dune* to oversee his henchmen's inventive torture or pull the plug (literally) on his sweet, effete victims.

The film does downplay, or at least even up, the Baron's exclusively male flower-child molesting homosexuality. The suggestion is still there, and recognizable, but less "gay" than a fashionable pastime of a jaded and omnipotent hedonist. The Baron would never have voted for Harvey Milk, but then neither would Darth

Vader. If one has to go to extremes to get a rise out of audiences these days, one might as well be balanced about it—and Lynch knows (better than Herbert) where and when to slacken the sexual tightrope.

It's a fabulous collection of freaks in a well-conceived off-Earth milieu, evil inner selves turned skin-in, rather than nightmares come to life. I leave it to you as to which is more fearsome. The ultimate in humiliation and torture—manipulation from totally inside the body—gives a new meaning to "going all the way."

Of the interesting enemy lot, Sting's Feyd Rautha is the tragic relief to the Baron's nasty but wonderfully comedic efforts, as well as to Paul's Star Wars-bland, self-satisfying goody-goodness. (A fatal flaw in modern drama: heroism is the other side of villainy, and fully as psychopathic—*Dune* comes close to showing this in glimpses of Paul's snotty selfishness and indifference to individuals in favor of the "cause.") Sting is the real among the cartoon figures. He's the only character ever out of costume (well, peeled down to a winged tooled-leather diaper, anyway) in a story where everyone else is covered to their chins, dimpled or otherwise, and he sports his skeletal grace as if it were the most invincible of armor. He wears a suit of deviance, hatred, rampant sensuality and incorruptible wickedness that is constructed entirely of personality. His appearances last, all told, for less than 10 minutes of the film; like Linda Hunt's, a devastating cameo.

And cameos may be most of where it's at, but they fill the screen for best effect—a mammoth sandworm head here, a killing-practice machine there, a six-year-old sorceress scolding an emperor. Creatures and people and inventive combinations of the two grab at your imagination and boost the adrenaline for a bit—just before they fall through the crack of *Dune*.

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HUNG UP TO DRY: Dwan Les Price puts the clothespins to work on a spread-eagled slave in *Chain Reactions*.

WHOSE CHILD IS THIS?

The problem with mega-hype is that it's hard to live up to; look what happened to Bo Derek's *Bolero*. So the much-too-much ballyhooed *Chain Reactions* already had the burden of living up to its pre-release press, not to mention matching the infamy of producer Terry Le Grand and director Roger Earl's earlier (and legendary) *Born to Raise Hell*.

Chances are *Chain Reactions* couldn't have touched *Born to Raise Hell* even had this new feature been every bit as dynamic; part of what makes a legend has to do with environment and perception. *BTRH* represented a unique perception in the near-vacuum of its time, one of the earliest gay films to deal with SM in a believable, uncompromising light. *Chain Reactions*, on the other hand,

suffers from the Hollywood syndrome—flashy on the surface but extremely shallow and totally devoid of substance. This is how Hollywood, at its most mediocre, sees sadomasochism.

Chain Reactions opens in a bar called "Chains" somewhere in Southern California. Inside the bar, a typical evening's entertainment: a muscular man (Ken Bergquist) is tied to a cross, and slaves are lick-

ing him from shoulder to asshole; three guys are taking turns making sexual tableaus on a padded sawhorse; people mill around like cattle. All well and good for an opening

Chain Reactions, 1984, Roger Earl (director), Terry Le Grand (producer); 70 minutes; stars Ken Bergquist, Dwan Les Price, Danny Conners, Rydar Hanson. Beta/VHS; \$69.95 plus \$3 postage/handling; HIS Video, 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.

montage, save for a few glaring errors. What Master allows himself to be tied to anything in public by a bevy of bottoms? Talk about taking the mythology and shooting it to shit. Cut into this set of randomly-selected scenes is the triad of the sawhorse, which is, unfortunately, edited out of sequence—you know, first A is fucking B, then C starts fucking B, then somehow A is fucking B again, then B is sucking C, then A is fucking B, then things look like they're starting all over at the beginning, then suddenly C is coming. This is a very good example of hack editing.

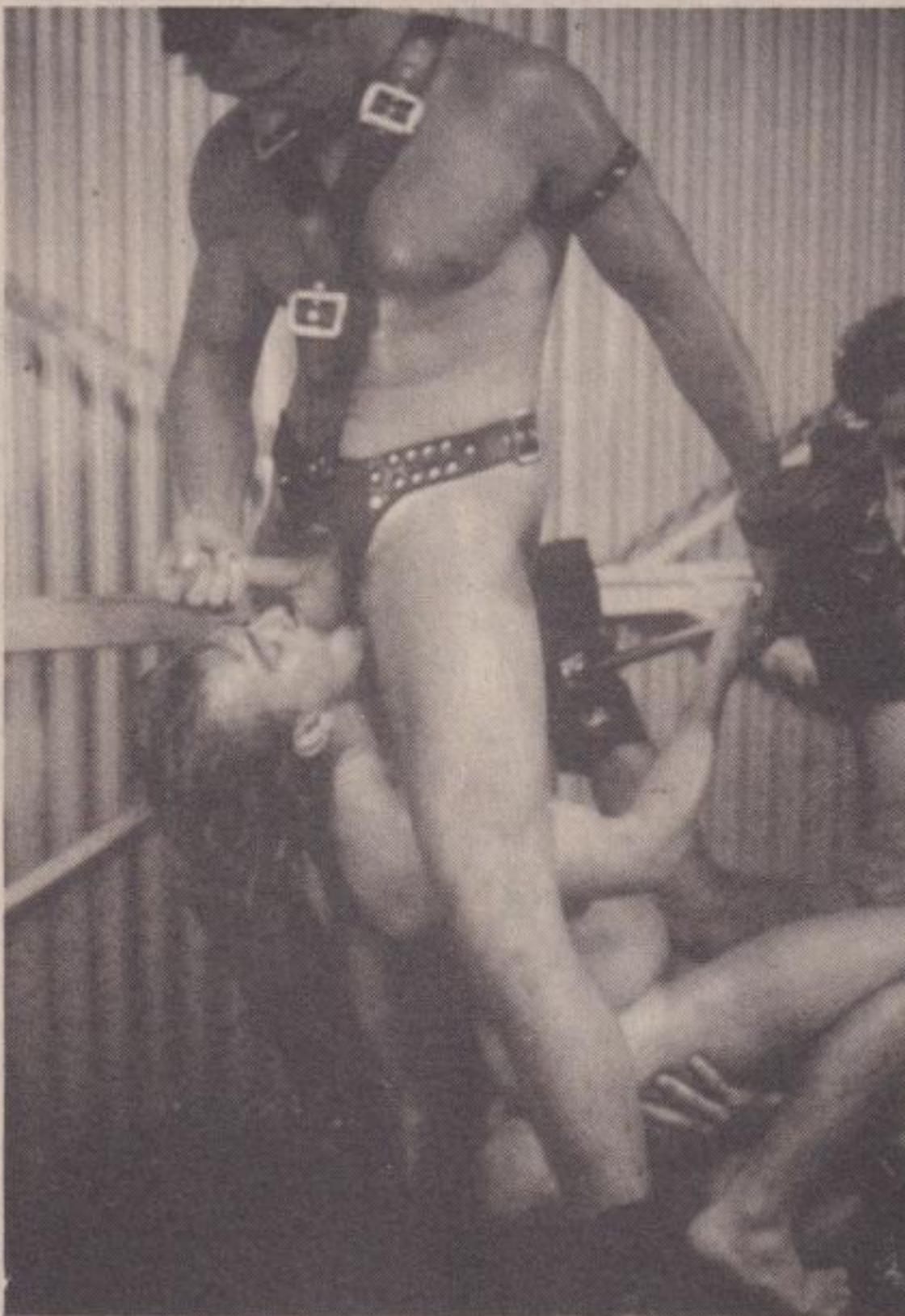
Then the story starts, loosely speaking. A customer (Dwan Les Price) is chatting with the bartender about tricks in general. You know, tell me about what you did last night and I'll tell you about what I did. The film uses this tried-and-true device to fill itself out. They talk about the new Master in town (Bergquist) and we see an episode with him. Dwan talks about some weird place he's been, and we see that. The bartender talks about another customer and we see that. Dwan talks about a hot scene he had with a bottom and we see that.

Let's talk about those episodes, since they are the heart of *Chain Reactions*. In one of them, Dwan is standing amid an elaborate rope spider web in a black room, jacking off. If the set looks familiar, it's because it's from another new video, *Fade In*. There's probably nothing wrong with using a set from one movie in another; Roger Corman carved a career out of doing that. But Mr. Corman also had scripts written that made use of the rented set. This actually looks like it might be an outtake from *Fade In* (an outtake is a scene that was either omitted from the original movie, or was shot but never used). And in a film that alleges to be about leather/SM, it looks like the most absolute off-the-wall fetish; remember that Dwan isn't tied to the spider web, nor is there a spider; he's just standing there masturbating.

Another episode has Ken Bergquist ride in on his motorcycle and work over two bottoms, one of whom gets a liberal plunging with a leather

dildo. This is actually one of the best scenes in the film; the bottom is really a bottom, Bergquist is really working him over with the foot-long tool, verbally admonishing him as well as the second bottom (who does as he's told). The whole scene looks less "directed" than captured on videotape.

candle wax by Dwan all over the victim's torso and genitals. If we had not already seen the spider web scene, which has the same atmosphere to a lesser degree, we could accept this as a striking departure from the texture of the film, an incident that seems out of context used to underscore the narrative.



WEAK LINKS: Ken Bergquist bares his massive physique and demonstrates a dominant attitude (when he's not tied up) in *Chain Reactions*.

Dwan relates an evening he spent playing Master to another willing bottom that is a combination of images: a sling, clothespins, dripping candles. Without a doubt, this section is *Chain Reactions'* best; although it has some weirdness as well. First, these sets also look like they came from *Fade In*—however, here they work. The location is a blend of gothic satanism and high-tech: candle light, smoke running across the floor, the crisp sheen of new leather, obscured backdrops, almost-religious electronic music. The action goes from the sling to the application of clothespins, to the dripping of

Another episode explores enemas, and I have to admit I never expected to see this scene go as far as it does, knowing full well that enemas fall on the list of taboos avoided by Southern California video production houses. In a set-up that is itself a parody of a photography that appears in David Barton Jay's book, *The Enema as an Erotic Art*, Ken Bergquist and an assistant administer a multi-bag enema to a willing subject who also happens to have a very beautiful set of buns. It's standard stuff as far as enemas go, until the assistant kneels between the recipient's knees and, forcing the two nozzles

apart, licks away the drops of liquid that seep out from the filled rectum.

Chain Reactions concludes back in the bar. Having told their tales, the customer and the bartender get back to work; the bartender tending, and the customer joining in yet another sexual set-piece.

However, the disjointed editing that marred the preamble to this film returns; in cross-cut shots allegedly involving two groups of people in two different parts of the bar at the same time, some of the same people appear in both actions. Which means each mini-orgy was filmed separately, then cut together (badly) to create the effect of a hot time in ol' Chains. It would have worked if two different sets of people had been used.

Clones with leather cock rings do not add up to SM, nor does the addition of paddles, whips, chains, handcuffs, and motorcycles elevate this cast and their stories out of the Hollywood context. Sadomasochism, on the screen, is extrapolated through clearly defined channels: the representation of sexual violence or the ritualization of the Master-slave relationship. *Born to Raise Hell* had both. *Chain Reactions* has neither.

SAY WHAT!?

Yes and no, *Scat Man: A Verbal Adventure* is (yes) about eating shit, but (no) doesn't actually show it.

Here's the set-up: Master Jim is breaking in a new slave (Muir) and has invited over a few of his friends. First the slave gets his ample nuts worked over in an interesting looking device that is best described as a vise. Then he gets put under the portable toilet seat while Master Jim and his friends eat pizza, drink beer, and talk about toilet sex. Master Jim does almost all the talking. Master Jim is also the first one to sit on the toilet seat (it's his slave)—and he sits there and sits there for what seems

Scat Man: A Verbal Adventure, 1984, Dave Nesor (director), Inter-Vision Video (producer); 60 minutes; stars Master Jim, Slave Muir, others. Beta/VHS, \$85.00 plus \$3 postage/handling; Slave & Master Video, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610. Signed statement of age required.

like hours (not easy to do on a 60-minute videotape), talking, eating pizza, talking, laughing, and—we are lead to believe—unloading his bowels into his slave's mouth. The camera never actually shows us anything more graphic than the slave's mouth glued to his master's ass—but remember, this video is subtitled "a verbal adventure."

Every once in a while Master Jim reaches down and gives Slave Muir a hit of poppers; otherwise he just sits there and talks and grins.

Finally he gets up. He offers the toilet seat to one of his guests—the attractive one—who promptly sits down. This guy has testicles the size of tennis balls, which immediately slip out of his jock strap and obscure everything going on underneath.

Then he gets up and a third guest sits on the toilet. He takes out a straight razor and tries to dry-shave the slave's stomach. Master Jim continues to ramble on in the background (and his "verbal adventure" is repetitive and boring).

Then the slave is told to get up (he does), bend over (he does), and is branded with Master Jim's initials. End of adventure.

For those of you who have been waiting with baited breath for this most-taboo subject to appear on videotape—you'll just have to wait a little longer. And for those of you who are turned on by hearing about scat—well, there are much more original treatments of the subject on a number of Old Reliable audio tapes.

KNOTS THAT HURT

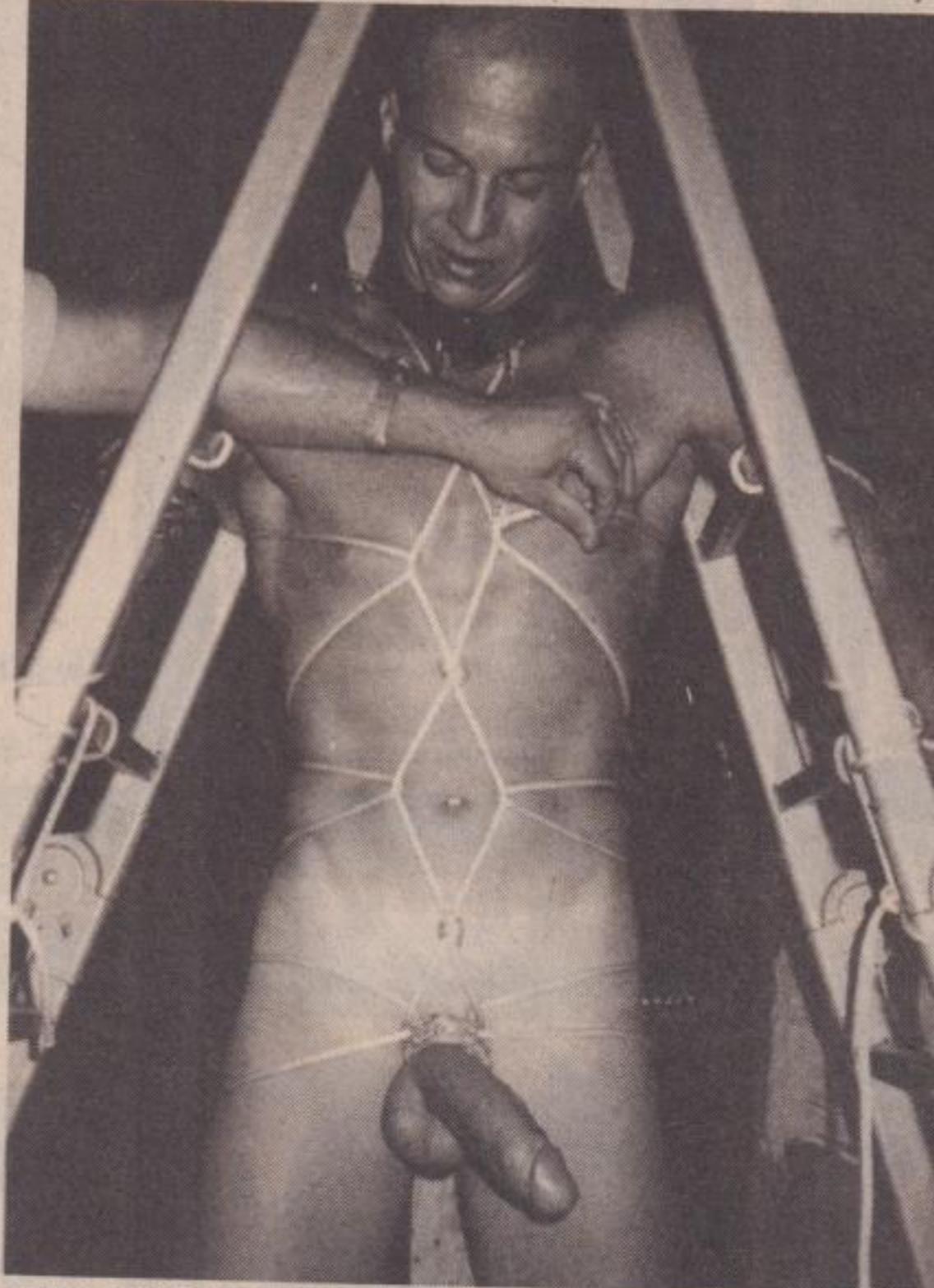
Who Fledermaus really is may be one of the three worst-kept secrets in the world (the other two are who Robert Payne really is, and who really directed *Pink Narcissus*). If you're a reader of *DungeonMaster*, or a member of Hellfire, or live in Chicago, you probably already know. And

Rope That Works, 1984, Slave & Master Video (producer); 60 minutes; features Fledermaus, Don Mario, and the students of Sandmutopia University. Beta/VHS, \$85.00 plus \$3 postage/handling: Slave & Master Video, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610.

you probably also already have some idea how exacting his instructions can be—if he's ever instructed you, or even if you've heard about how he instructed someone you know. So, as far as you're concerned, Fledermaus has made an instructional videotape on rope. You can skip to the next subject.

ing called "Inferno." It is without a doubt the hot ticket in the SM community. But if you didn't know that then you must have just come out.

Rope That Works is equally divided between the classroom and field work aspects of basic bondage instruction, with Fledermaus as the instructor. First he shows you



THE MASTER'S TOUCH: A demonstration from *Hellfire Inferno* of one of the bondage techniques championed by Fledermaus in *Rope That Works*. You can recognize a bondage master by his knots—or maybe by his wristwatch. Photo by Zeus.

But for the rest of you who for some reason have neither read *DungeonMaster*, belong to Hellfire, nor live in Chicago, pay attention—this is important.

Some background: *DungeonMaster* is a periodic newsleather of SM techniques and literary gossip. The former it presents extremely well; at times extraordinarily well. It was the first of the contemporary SM newsletters to reach such a level of proficiency and is rivalled only (but not yet equalled) by *SMART* in England. Hellfire is a Chicago-based organization of SM practitioners that conducts an annual show-and-tell gather-

what rope looks like, tells you what it is made of, where it comes from, how it is used, and most importantly, how not to use it. It may sound rather pedestrian, but you'll agree after watching it that anything less—especially if it purports to be instructional—would have been irresponsible. If you get the feeling that you're being talked to like you were a three-year-old or a complete moron, consider that a lot of men attempt bondage on themselves or others without the slightest idea of what they're doing; the tone and manner seems necessary, at least justified.

There are some on-site

demonstrations of basic body harness rope bondage by Fledermaus on his assistant (hunky Don Mario), and a useful lesson in untying. Then *Rope That Works* moves on to the demonstration itself.

The second half of this video could have easily been sold by itself as a very hot 30-minute look at men in bondage being taunted to the point of exhaustion and/or climax. But coupled with the instructional first half, it's a win-win game where you get to see the principles of the classroom in action. You also get to see some boo-boos, like the top who whips a bottom, tied over a chair, so hard the chair breaks, and a stepladder, with a man tied to the underside, nearly topple over. But it's better that Fledermaus didn't edit out these little flubs; after the seriousness of the instruction, they tend to reiterate the level-headed attention prospective knotters need to pay to their knottees.

While bondage is the medium by which all the inductees of Sandmutopia University are manipulated in the second half, the range of tortures runs a sophisticated gamut: beatings, genitorture, even electric stimulation. The screams of pain are unquestionably authentic. But there is also that important quality of physical and emotional concern for the bottom displayed by the top that is part and parcel of intelligent sadomasochism; care on the part of Fledermaus' assistants toward their charges, best typified by Fledermaus himself when he takes one of the bottoms in hand (so to speak).

If you're living in a backwater and are interested in bondage, this videotape is one you should be watching. Not only will it give you the information necessary for a sensible and stimulating bondage experience, but you'll learn well from example (and you'll probably want to move to Chicago). But even if you're a jaded old-hand living in one of the heavy-duty SM capitals of America, you'll find much to admire in Fledermaus' knowledge and skill with rope bondage. Not the fanciest knots you'll ever see, simply the finest.

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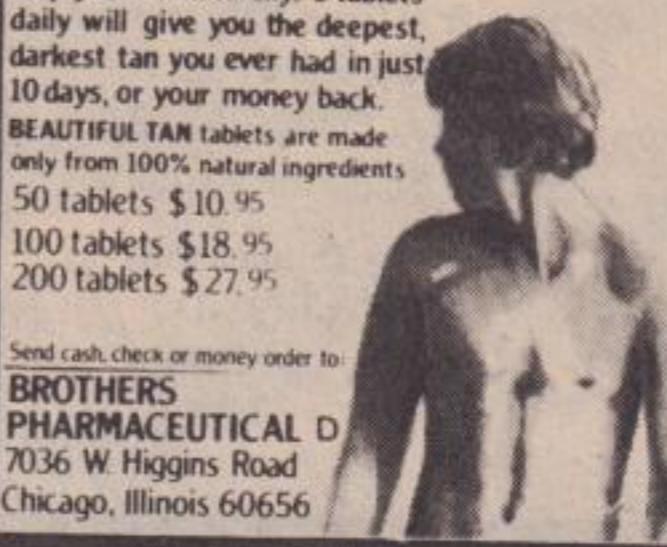
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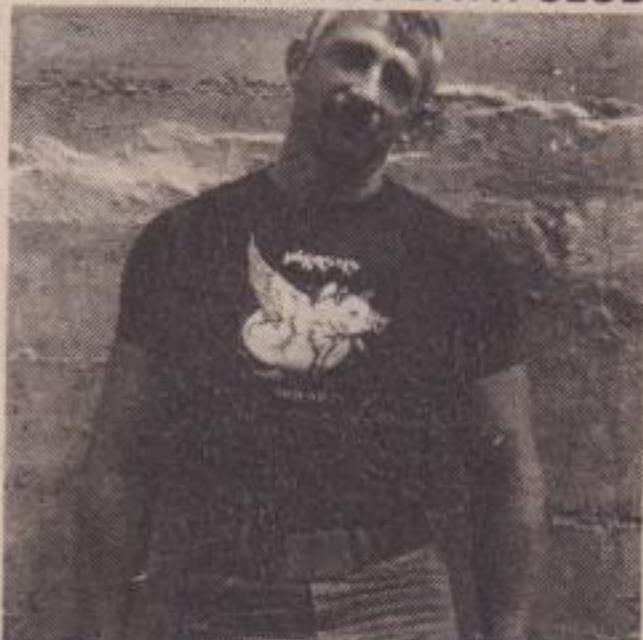
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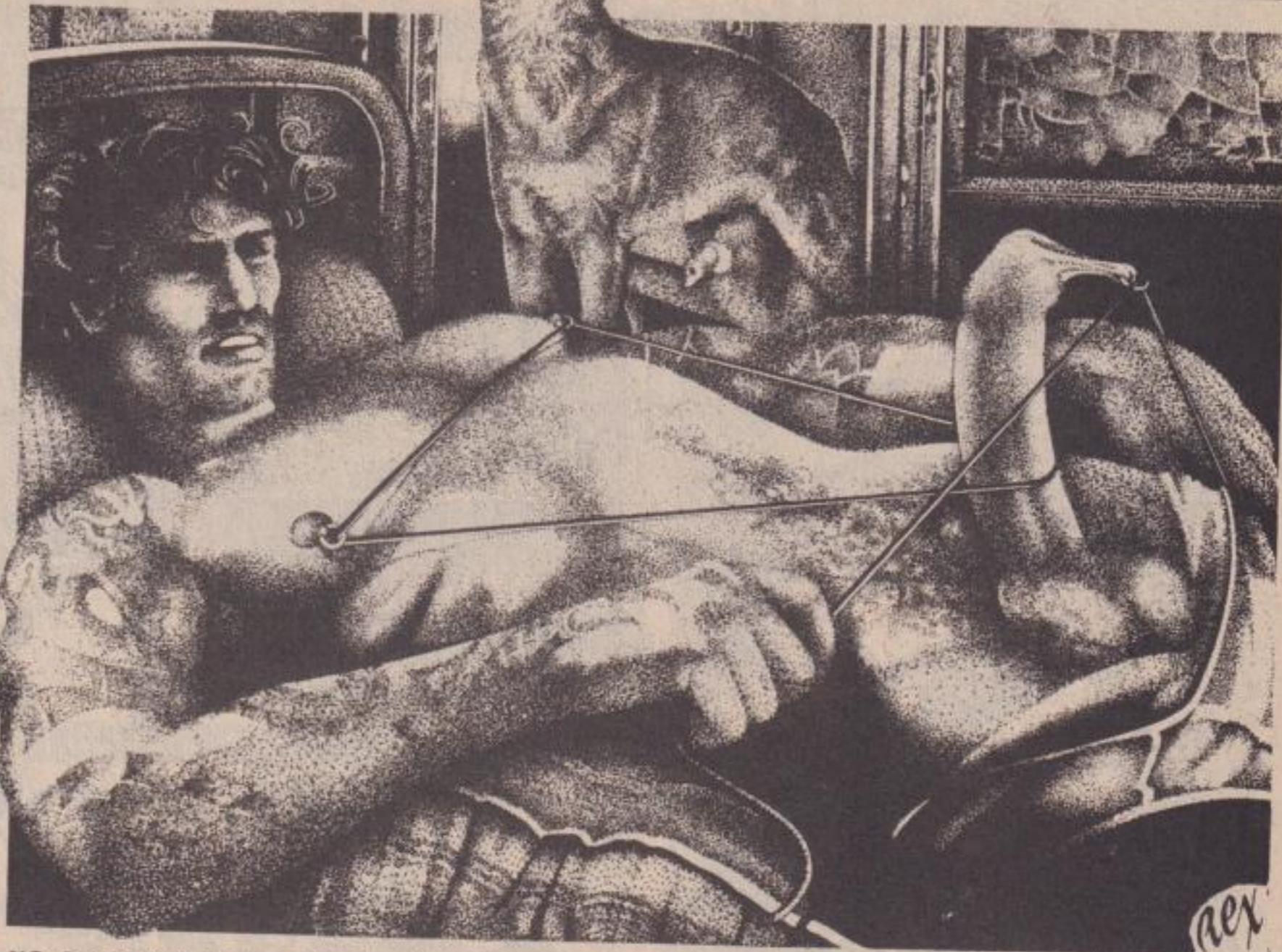
MEN WHO SAY YO

Jack Fritscher and his high-brow, gutter-level runications on "pex" and sex, slapcaptains and selfsuckers, have finally arrived between the covers of a book. No longer need readers thumb through dog-eared back issues of *Skin* or *Drummer* (of which Fritscher was once editor) or the short-lived *Man2Man* (which Fritscher created after his *Drummer* stint) to catch privileged glimpses of that unique cock-stiffening domain of which Fritscher is sole demiurge. It's all there—or most of it, anyway—in a long overdue anthology called *Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley* (Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140; paperback, 181 pp., \$10/\$11 mail order).

As a writer, Fritscher is hard to categorize. His subject is sex (or mansex, as he'd put it); his speciality is good ol' boy raunch, Man Stuff. He's a jittery stylist with a kinetic verbal sense, heavy into subjectivity. Wary of other people's clichés, he mints his own. I call them Fritscherisms—hybrid words, funky misspellings, tough/tacky alliterations and offbeat rhythms. In Fritscher's world, titclamps "chow down" into nipples, and "titports are a hot man's offramp to Alpha Centauri." Hot numbers speak from the crotch ("I figured a big, booming, deep-six voice would spout basso out of his nuts") and, in a sadly dated ode to "homosensuality," we're told that "a kiss down the throat can be quite continental, but rimming is a guy's best trend."

Most of the pieces in *Corporal* are essays, not fiction—diatribes and incantations to the erotic power of nipples, cops, spit, military men, blue collar sweat, tattoos, straight men, jocks, and "pex." Here the Fritscherisms run wild—oddly potent the first time around, begining to cloy on a second reading.

But when Fritscher's oddball writing works, it works spectacularly. The title story of this anthology, which first



YO, BUDDY: Art by Rex, from Jack Fritscher's *Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley*.

appeared in *Drummer*, is classic j/o material, a two-man dialogue that captures in stiffening detail the consequences of being caught open-mouthed in the company latrine by a Captain who likes to slap and knows how to plough. It puts every ersatz "hot talk" tape on the market to shame. A sequel, "USMC Slapcaptain," is almost a match, and a portrait of "Officer Mike: San Francisco's Finest" does a public and private image turn-around on your standard brutal cop fantasy. "Men found it easy to honor Mike in straight bars and to worship him in private bedrooms. He was a naturally strong center, careful never to diminish any man. He put no man down. He made no man feel small. He saw no need to make a man bottom out in order to get down to the uplift worship of the Great God Cock."

You could say that Fritscher is a hardhat-chaser—"Real Men" are his game (or as Fritscher says, the kind of men who say "Yo"). He celebrates unself-conscious working class men—or at least gay fan-

tases of working class men. Then, out of the blue, he'll show another color. In a story called "Silver Screen Castro Blues," there's enough ghettoized angst to keep the Manhattan gay literati wired for months, peppered with dialogue like this: "Every faggot wants to be Judy-Judy-Judy. Uppers in the morning. Downers at night. And fucked senseless by rough trade till dawn."

There's a dichotomy here that runs through a lot of gay erotica; the worship of Regular Guys—trade, jocks, construction workers, military men—as some sort of redeeming fountainhead, versus an image of openly gay life as bleak, frustrated, too sophisticated for its own good. Regular Guys are somehow more "authentic" for being status quo and unaware of the ironies of sex. Sex with them is the Real Thing.

Fritscher says: "None of this means that Genuine Straight is any better than Genuine Homosexual, just that to gay men used to gay men's sex styles, Straight Daddies are refreshingly different..."

When you fuck with him, you put your arms around the firm, hard bulk of all that was ever Daddygood and Daddyhot in the Basic American Dream." Is this just a phase that we're going through?

Along with *Corporal*, Gay Sunshine has also published *Leather Blues* (91 pp., \$5.95/\$6.95 mail order), a short novelette about a young leatherman's rites of passage—so short, and ultimately insubstantial, that it might have been better if Gay Sunshine had included it in the *Corporal* anthology instead of making it stand on its own. The first third of *Leather Blues* appeared several years ago as "The Adventures of Denny Sargent" in a *Son of Drummer* special; what follows and completes this novelette is a falling-off, a disjointed patchwork that really doesn't deliver a finished product. Here the Fritscherisms and the inane good ol' boy dialogue win out, and what might have been a major work of leather fiction turns out to be pedestrian streetwear, purchased off the rack.

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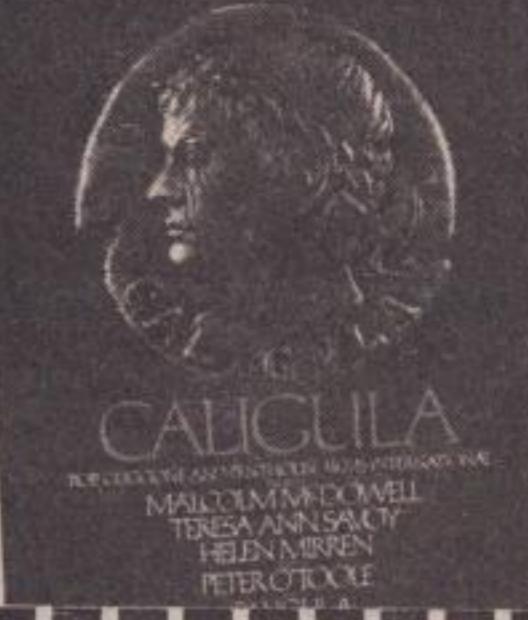
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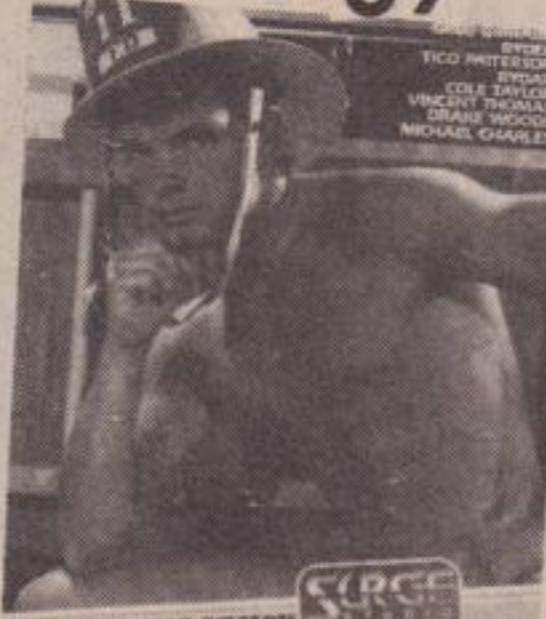
Karl Forest is the star of this classic French film about a young man's coming of age. From early manhood, to police problems, to hustling, to dancing nude in a Paris gay bar. If you like your French studs muscular and hung, you'll be glad you added Karl Forest to your collection.

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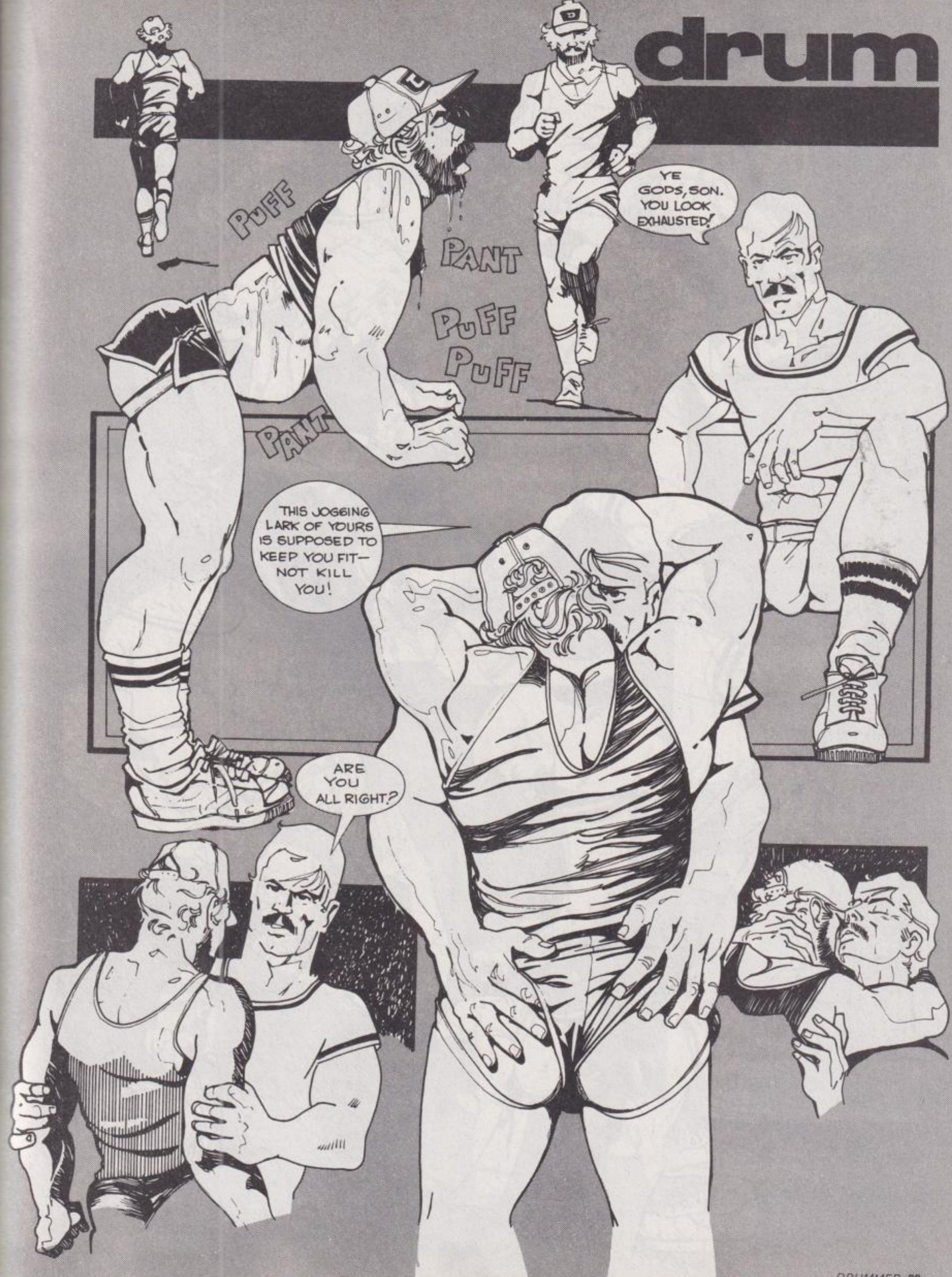


TOUGH AND TENDER

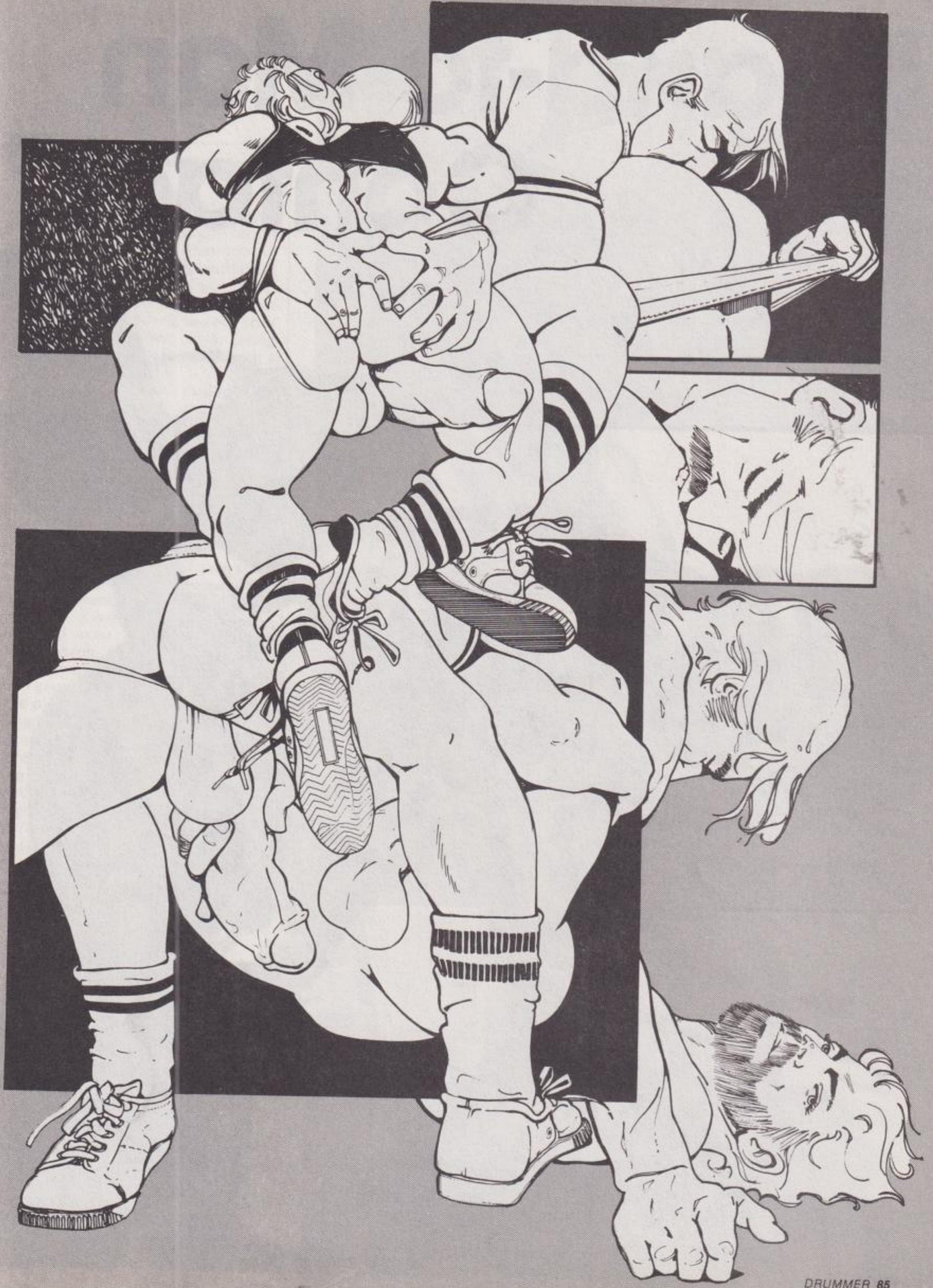
Love and sex in a French detention school filled with the toughest (and sexiest) gang of uncut young men you'll ever run across! This story opens with a gang rape and ends with a passionate love scene. In between, you'll find a dozen hot, uncut men from the streets of Paris.

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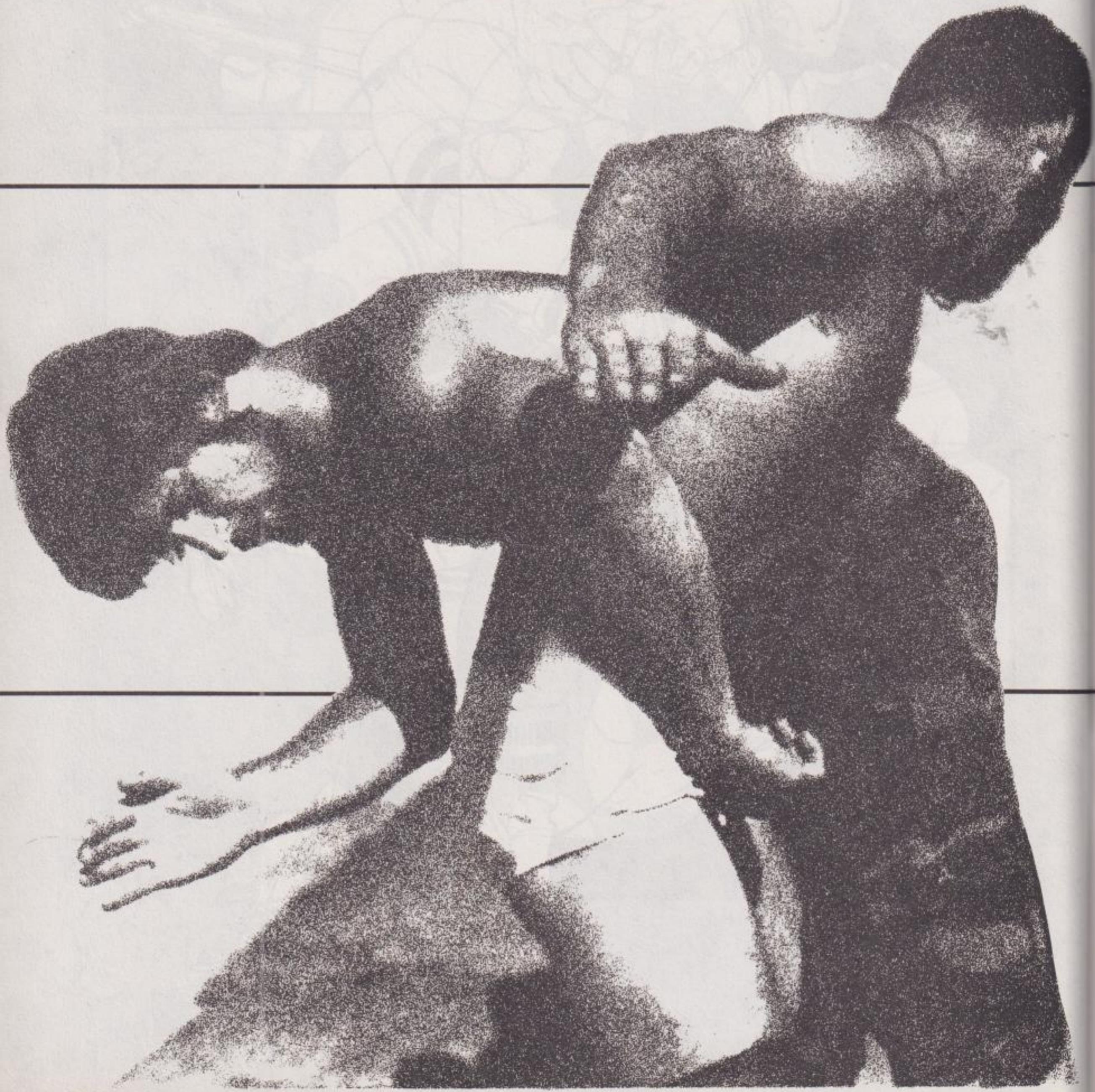
drum







"Hand-to-Man Contact"



Remember the first spanking you ever got?

Probably not. But you probably remember the most recent one. Especially if it was just a few days ago—recent enough that you still wince when you put on your jeans in the morning, and let out a little gasp when you sit down to eat breakfast. A good spanking should last for a few days—something to keep your butt warm long after, a lingering reminder of the man who made such a strong impression on you...

We're not talking about caning, flogging, whipping, belting, strapping, or even using a hair brush. We're talking about spanking in its purest form—simple hand-to-man contact.

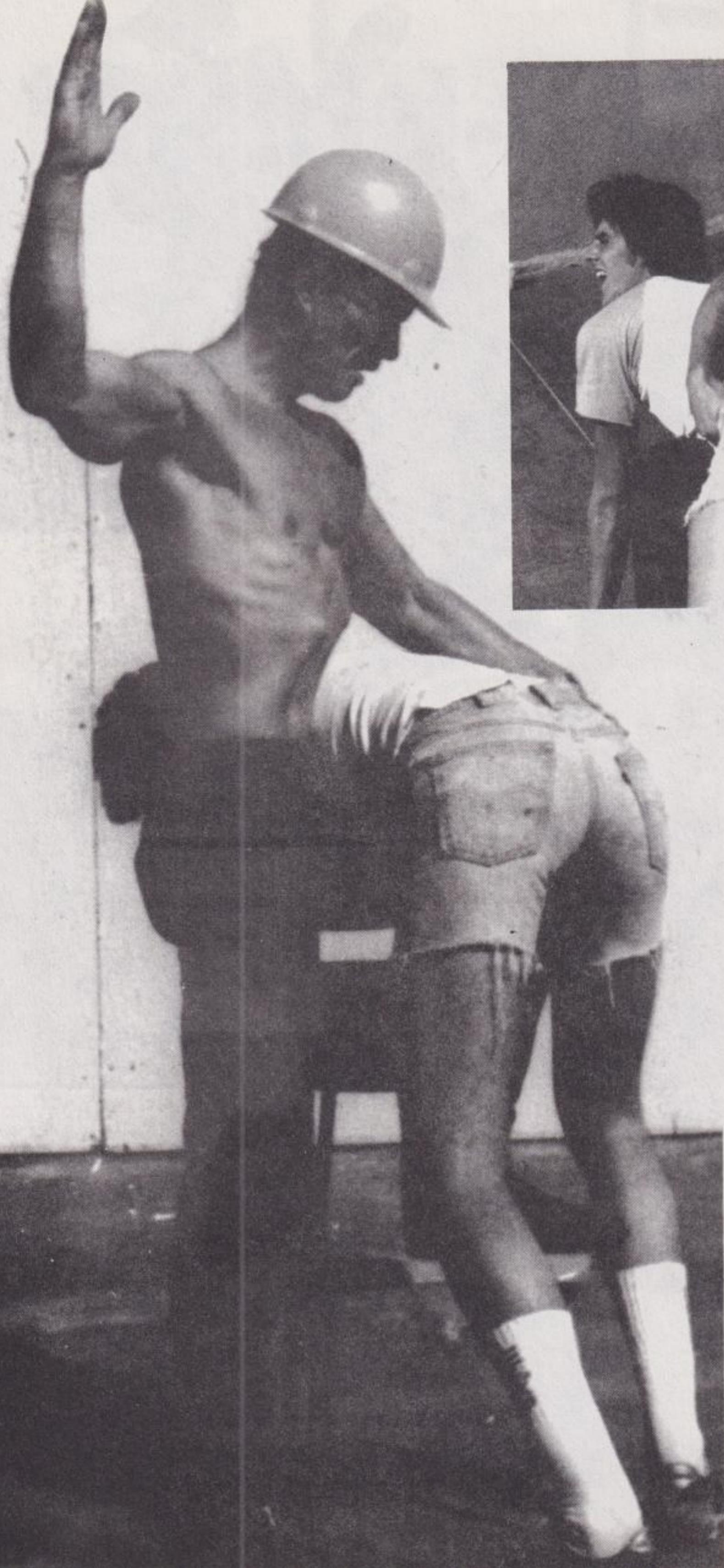
It's flesh-on-flesh impact—his hard hand against your smooth, unmarked cheeks. Or maybe the other way around, if you've got the upper hand in this scenario. That sharp crack as hand smacks cheeks. A stifled moan—the pain's not too sharp yet. Arm uplifted—a sudden muscular descent, and it strikes again, stinging like a wasp. Cheeks turn red—redder—till your backside's tattooed with a dozen handprints. A tingle spreads over the spanker's palm. Moans turn to gasps, gasps turn to whimpers, till you're pleading for him to stop.

What did you do to deserve this? Whatever it was, you'll think twice before you do it again.

Remember when you were a kid, how you started to cry even before the punishment started? That was a long time ago. You've learned to take a lot more since then. The pain's not so bad—until it starts to mount. A dozen smacks. Twenty.



**Photos by
Man's
Hand
Films**



Twenty-five. Won't he ever stop? You're running hot and cold now, numb from the blows, but more tender than ever every time the hand comes down. You're flushed from head to toe, but nothing's as red as your ass. You're starting to buck like a bronco across his lap, and you can feel something big and hard inside his pants, pressing up against your squirming belly. He's got you where he wants you now.

Daddy spansks boy. Master spansks slave. Man spansks man. Hand against ass. Sparks fly.

"Pull down your pants and crawl over here, boy. Crawl over to my lap and show me that ass. It's time to take your licks." Whap!

And when it's finally over, you're shaking like a leaf. He eases you off his lap, into that warm, safe place between his legs. You kneel with your butt stuck up in the air, afraid to let it touch the floor—the lightest touch would sting like a hornet. It's alive with prickling heat, and the air feels chilly against your aching flesh.

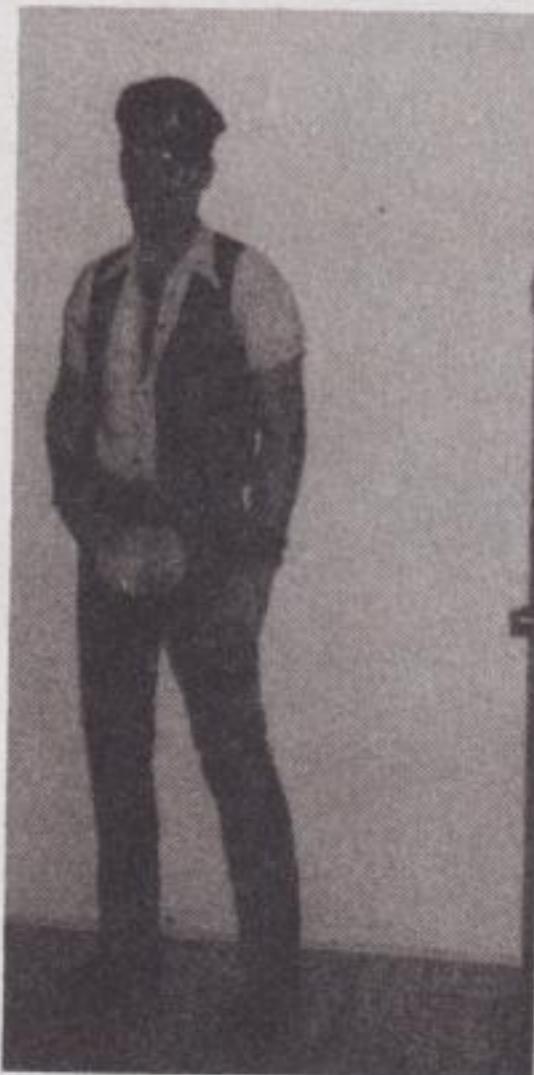
He touches your face, and you feel the heat from his reddened palm. Kiss his hand and look up into his eyes and tell him thank you for putting you in your place...

(Photos from *Man's Hand Films*, specialists in spanking scenarios: 633 Post St., Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94109.)

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

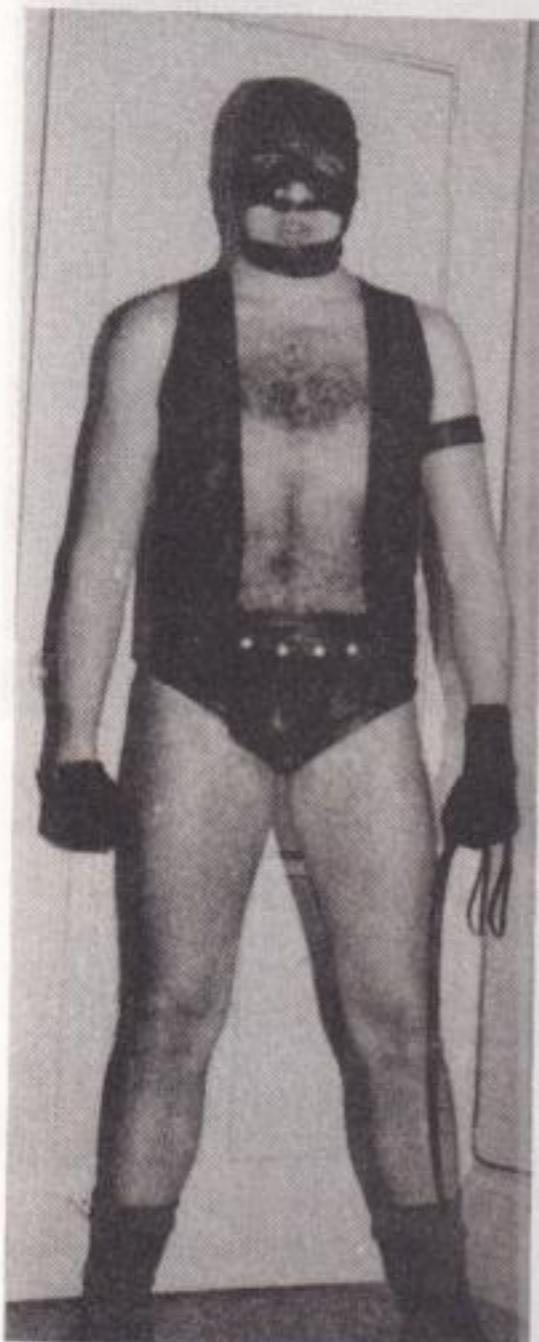
WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think yur stuff is hot enough to appear in *Drummer's* Tough Customer pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo (black and white reproduces best; dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the phone and include your name and address, and we'll give you a Tough Customer box number. Interested readers can contact any TC in the same way they answer a Drumbeats personnel. Se ya around!



DEMANDING

This Florida Daddy is 6'2", 35, and 170 lbs. He wields a thick, uncut, 8" paddle for the boy who can earn it and show it the respect it demands. Firm discipline, total dominance. He's Tough Customer No. 1092.



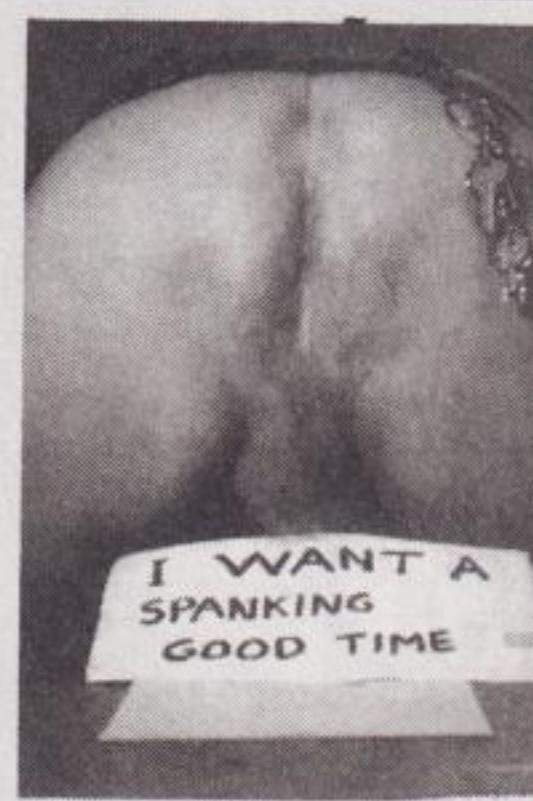
THE CAPTAIN

This New York City Leather Captain seeks slaves into prolonged sessions of SM and BD. Appropriate applications for training plus photo a must. The whipmaster behind the mask is TC No. 1096.



GERMAN HOT-TOP

This insatiable uncut Teutonic Top Man (transplanted to Connecticut) looks for submissive well-built bottoms. Likes to work over hot round buns "and whatever else needs to be dealt with." He's TC No. 1098.



BROOKLYN TARGET

Clipper says his self-portrait tells the whole story, and proves his prowess with the camera. He'd like to shoot you for the Tough Customer pages for free. Contact him via *Drummer* at TC Box No. 1094.



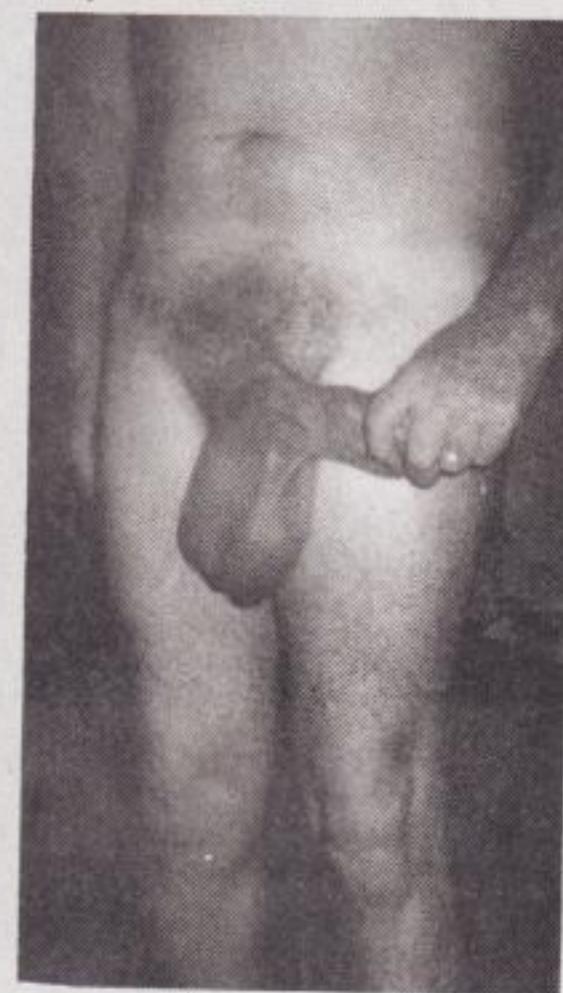
MANHANDLED

This heavily-hung L.A. stud likes having his big tool and low-hangers really manhandled. Man enough? "Here's one worth your time and talent," says Tough Customer No. 1095.



BLACK LEATHER

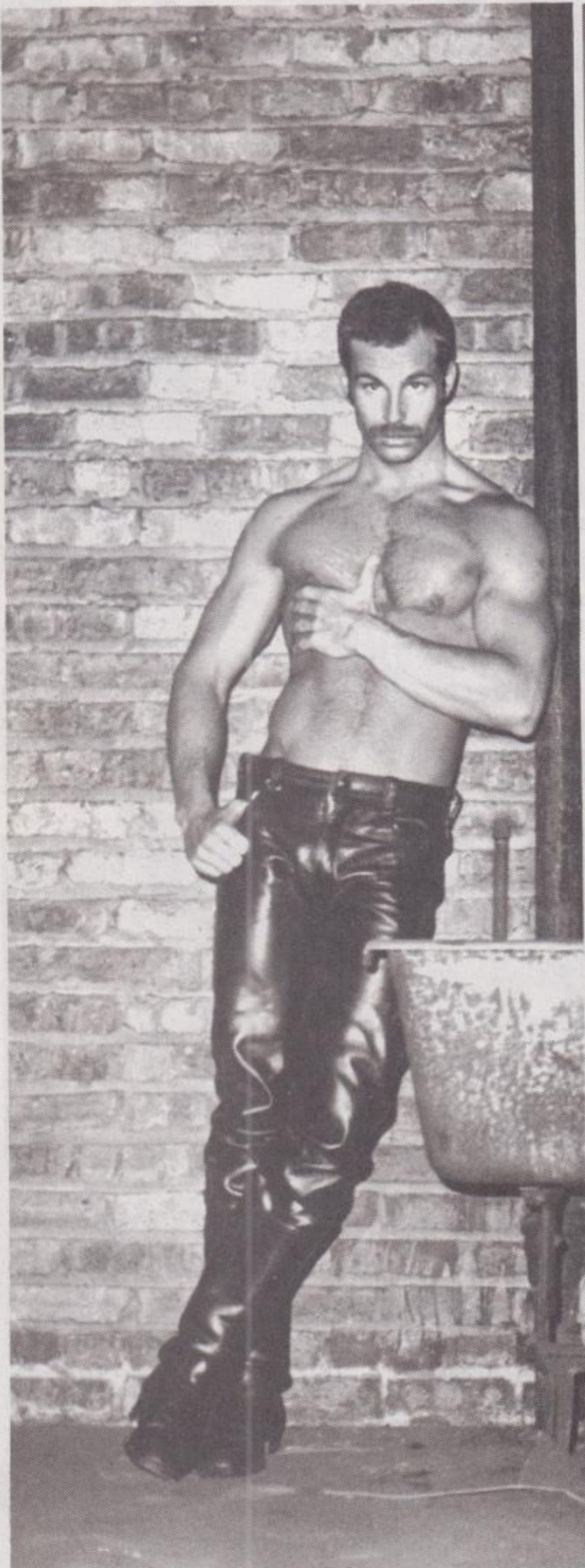
Behind those mirrored shades is a Southern California Leather Fraternity member who's definitely into leather and chrome. He's waiting to serve hot booted leather studs. You can get hold of him by writing TC No. 1093, or Leather Fraternity member 4200.



WORLD-CLASS BALLS

This Miami-area TC boasts a pair of enormous, thick, low-hanging balls and a thick shaft backed by red curls. He's looking for others with like endowment. Contact TC Box No. 1097.

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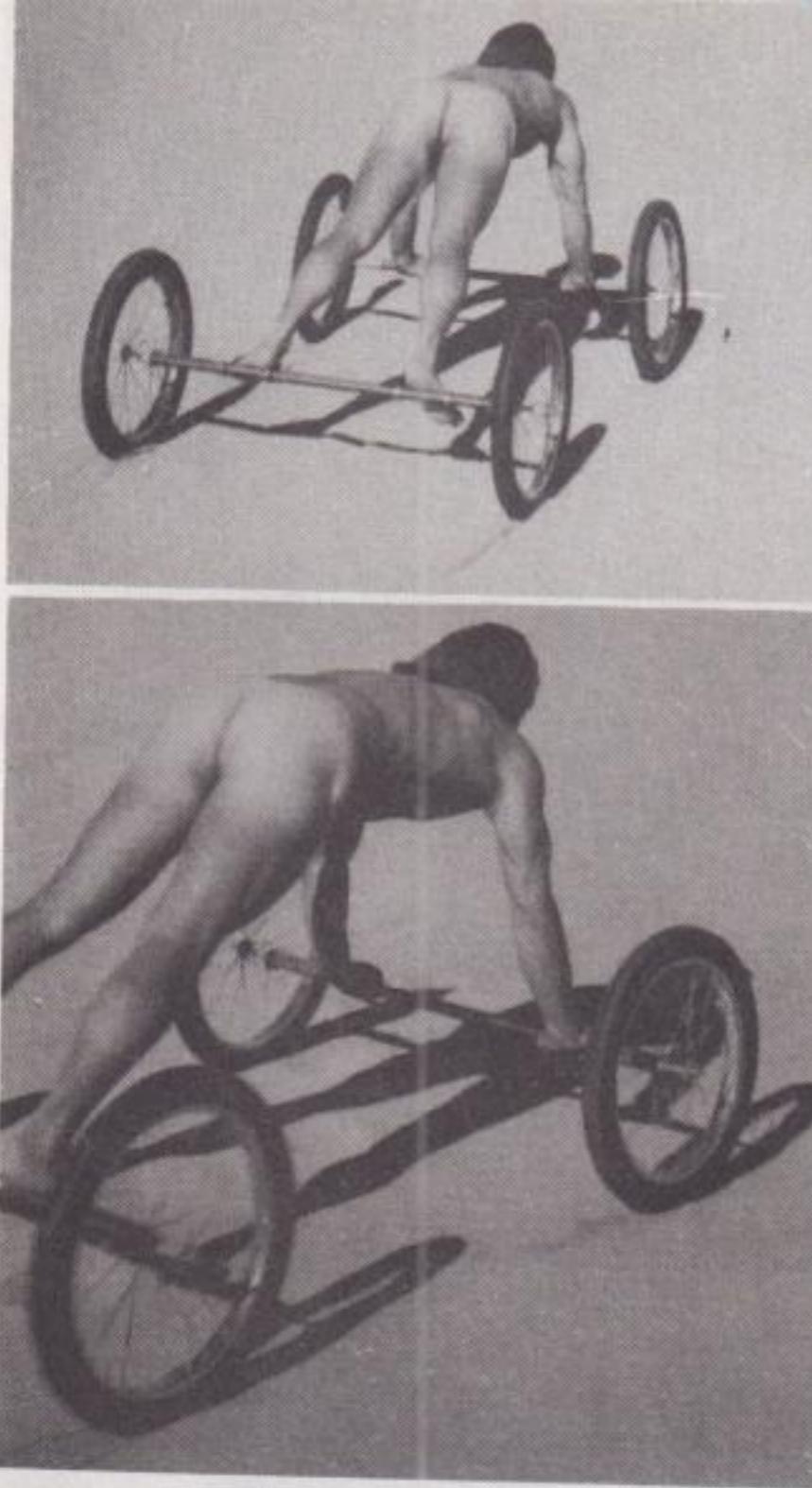


"Enemas! Why don't you have anything about enemas or have you ever? With tight-ass models and people who know what they are doing."

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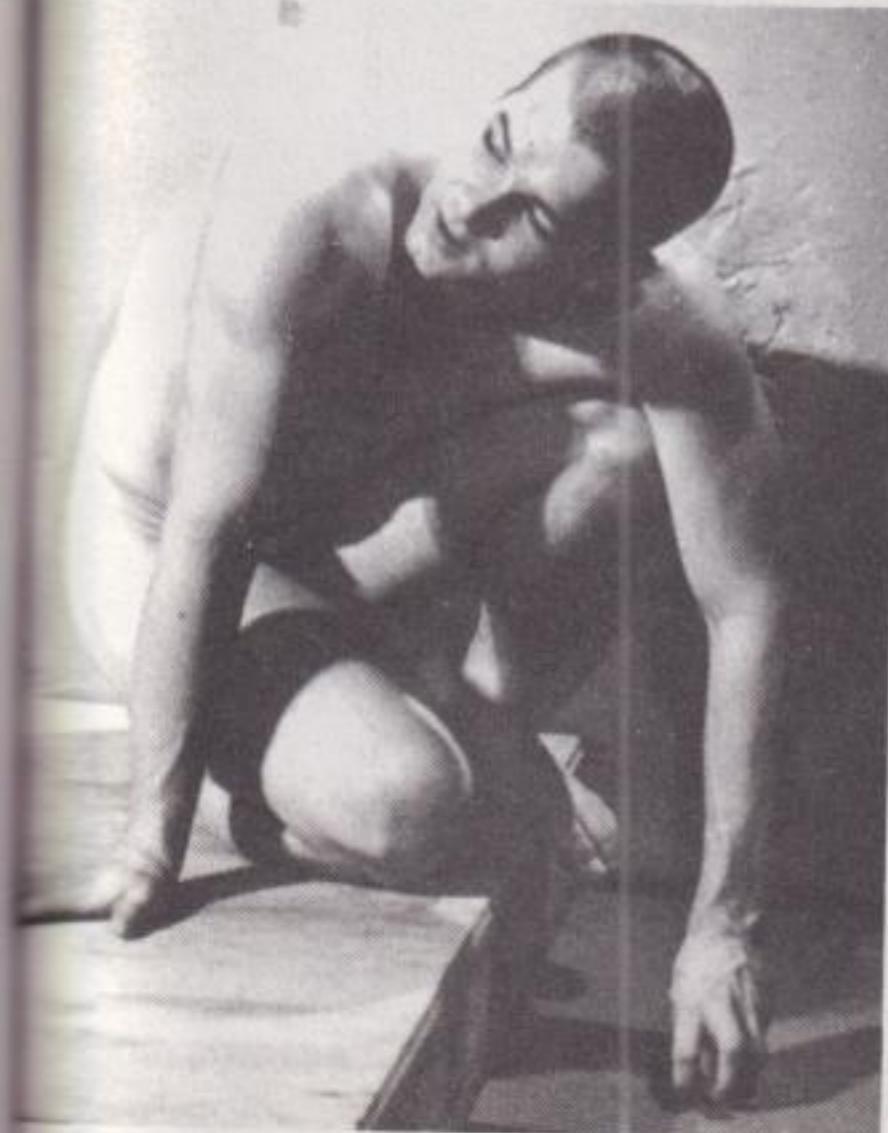
"One of the sexiest men ever to grace Drummer has been Joe Paducah. How come we never see him any more? Do you have any other pictures of him?"

At left we find one Joe Paducah as photographed by Zeus. We had the pleasure of meeting Joe at the International Mr. Leather Contest in Chicago. Got a note from him later promising to get together with us for a spread. Nothing so far on this exceptional looking and charming man.



"A long time ago you ran an issue with a guy wearing only four wheels on the desert. I can't find it in your back issues. When was it?"

You are thinking of Playgirl model ROGER HUSTEX as photographed by Joe Tiffenbach for us. It was Issue 20 and there aren't any more, being a complete sellout. Here he is going off into the sunset.



"In the early days you had a film by Robert Payne called "The Pledge" in which one of the initiates got his head shaved. He was a hunk. Could you run him again?"

What a memory! The stud was Barry Sherman and you are right. He was a turn-on. The film and book are long gone.

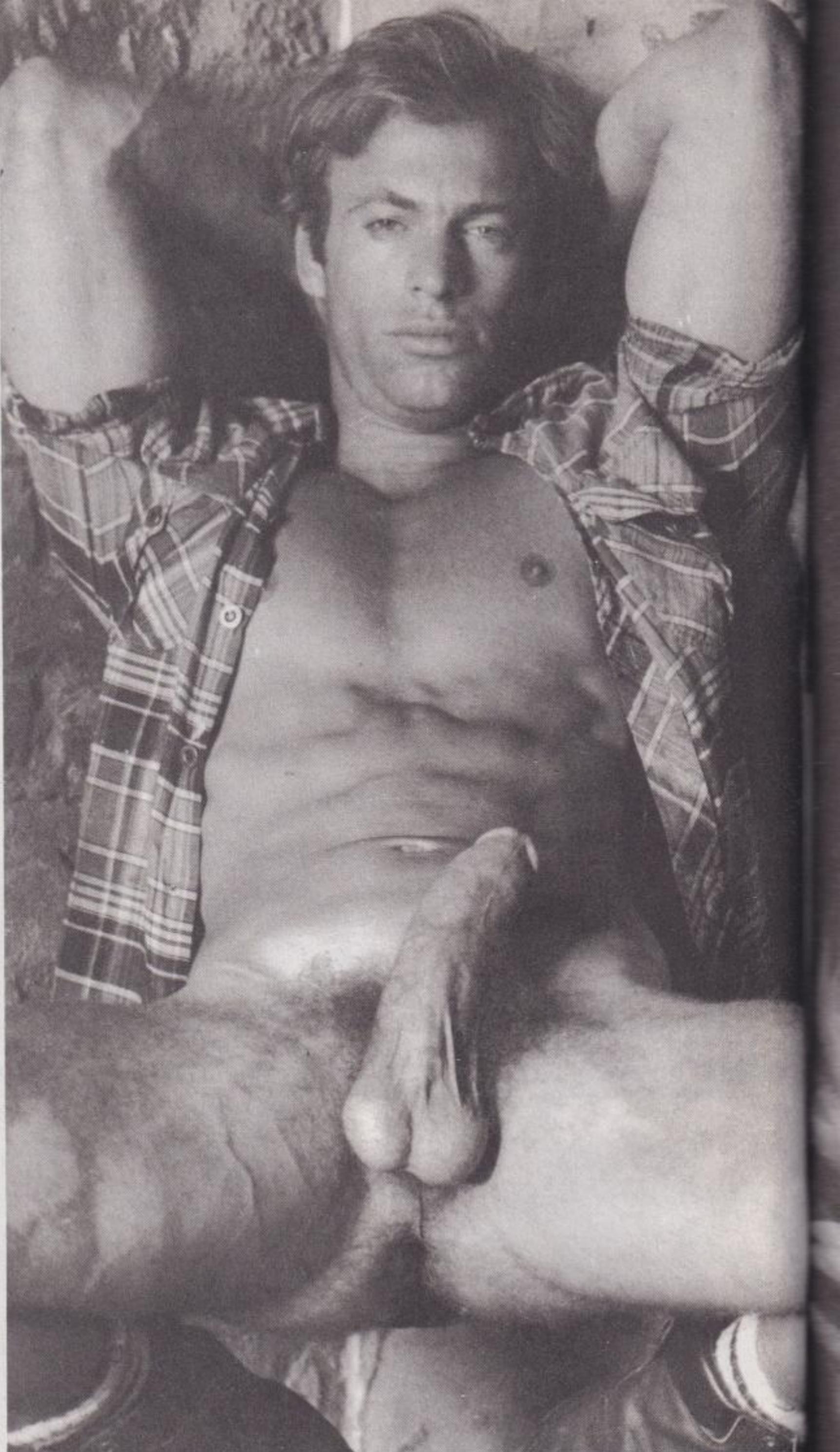
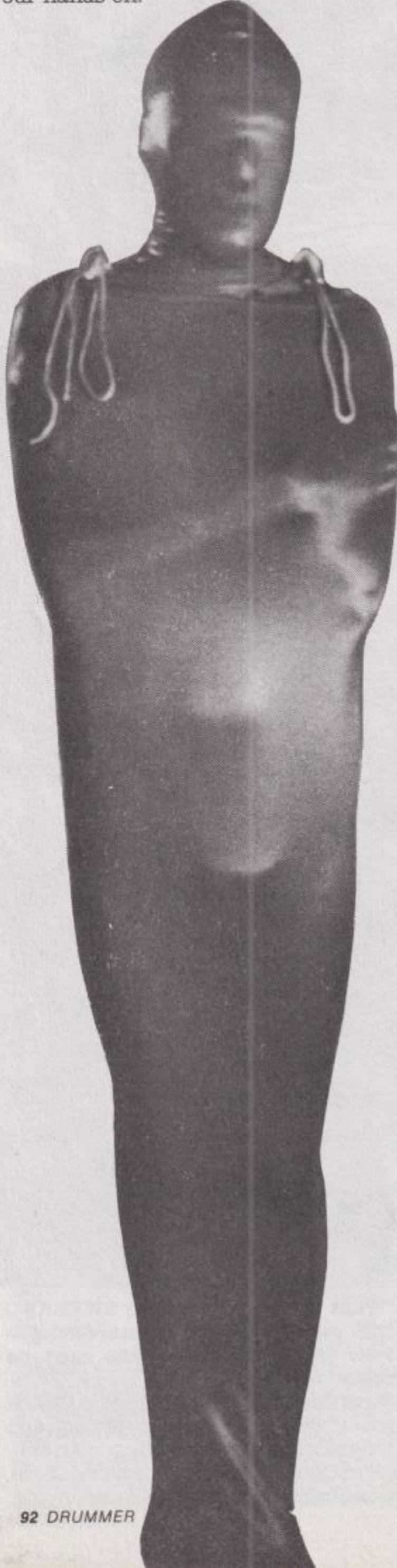


"What are your plans for INFERNO this year? Will it be as interesting as ever for those of us who can't be there?"

We understand that the Hellfire Club is not allowing anyone to photograph Inferno this year, according to an article in DungeonMaster. The photo above, from Inferno 1983, is by Zeus.

"You have had pictures in the past of porn star ERIC RYAN but not for a while. I'm asking for it."

You got it. Here is one by Target showing off many of Eric's better qualities. He is one we would like to get our hands on.



"How come you guys never run anything about rubber? I'd even settle for latex. It is a real turn on."
How come you don't pay closer attention? We have covered The New World Rubbermen's annual gathering

as well as displayed Mark I. Chester's hot rubber and latex photography just this past year. And we'll continue to explore this new-but-growing fetish. Meanwhile, here is something in a body bag for your edification.

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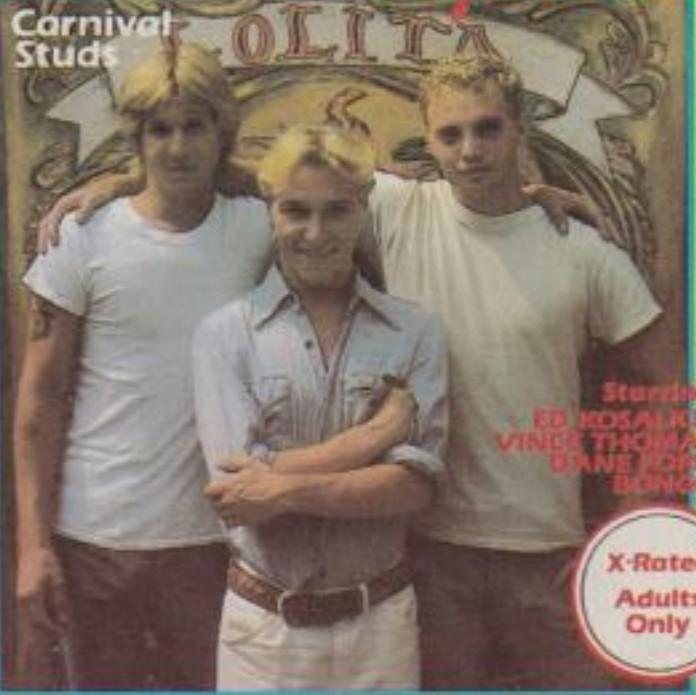
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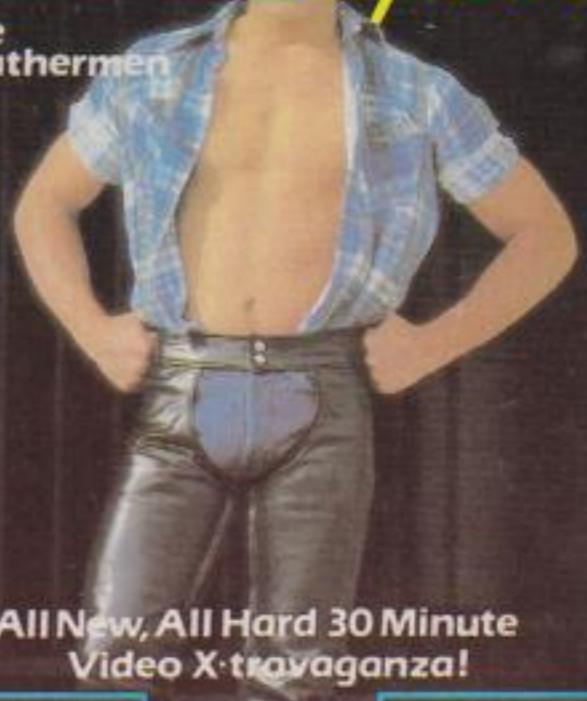
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ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$ _____. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S. ABSOLUTELY NO ORDERS ACCEPTED FROM FLORIDA, TEXAS, TENN. NO EXCEPTIONS. CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX.

YES, I WANT TO JOIN LE SALON'S MAIL ORDER CLUB!
I'M ENCLOSING \$3 (CHECK OR M.O.) SO I CAN RECEIVE MONTHLY BROCHURES FEATURING THE NEWEST & HOTTEST IN MAGS, BOOKS, VIDEOS, FILM AND ADULT NOVELTIES. I HAVE PRINTED MY NAME AND CURRENT MAILING ADDRESS ON COUPON (AT LEFT). SORRY, OFFER VOID IN TEXAS, TENN. AND FLA.

VISIT LE SALON'S 2 STORES—IN SAN FRANCISCO AT 1112 POLK STREET
IN AMSTERDAM AT NIEUWENDIJK 20.

DBA: EXODUS COMMUNICATIONS